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ITALIAN CHARACTERS

IN THE EPOCH OF UNIFICATION

(PATRIOTTI ITALIANI)

BY THE
COUNTESS EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO

AUTHOR OF "THE LIBERATION OF ITALY," "CAVOUR,"
"ESSAYS IN THE STUDY OF FOLK-SONGS"

NEW EDITION

LONDON
T FISHER UNWIN
PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1901

“Over the fruitful earth and across the
sea travels, ever unquenchable, the radiance
of noble deeds.”

PINDAR.

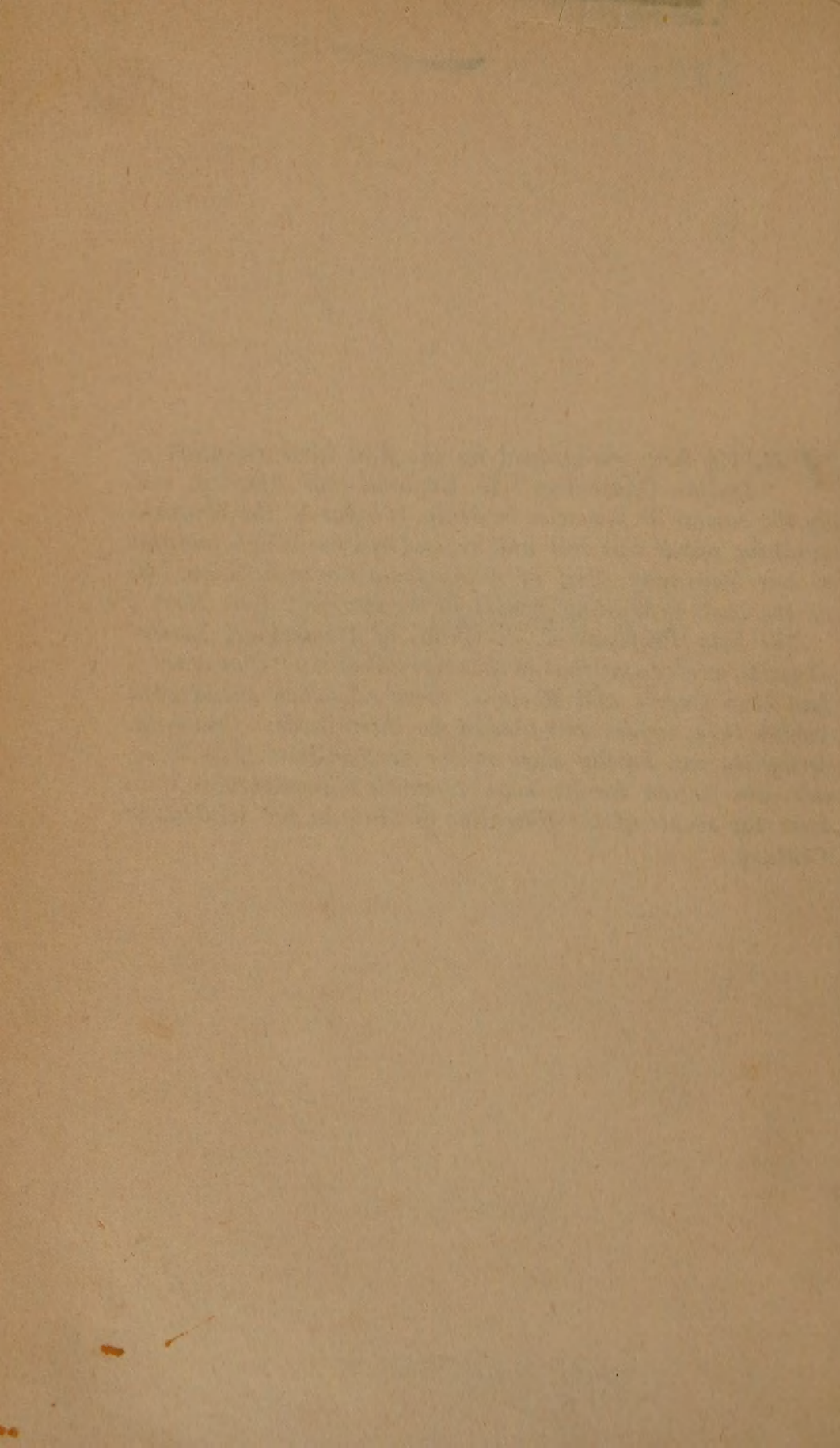
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I HAVE been encouraged by the first kind reception of "Italian Characters" in England and America, and by the favour it has won in Italy, to offer to the English-speaking public this new and revised edition which contains a new biography, that of Sigismondo Castromediano, one of the most interesting figures in the Italian "Hero-Book."

The late Professor F. J. Child, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, wrote to me that if the originals of my "Characters" had been Greeks and Romans, every schoolboy would have known their names and gloried in their deeds. Certainly, antiquity can hardly show nobler personalities than these, nor can fiction invent more romantic circumstances than were the events of the liberation of Italy in the Nineteenth Century.



PREFACE

(Translated from the Third Italian Edition.)

HEROISM is to virtue what beauty is to truth—it is its splendour, the ray which fertilises the ground it falls upon. We live by admiration. What should we be, what would be life, without the types of fortitude and abnegation which we find scattered over the too often arid fields of human history?

I have tried to present pictures, as living and speaking as I could make them, of a few such types taken from our contemporaries of yesterday. It is generally possible to tell what most needs to be known about a man in a limited space, but to write briefly one must think clearly; the writer must be master of his subject and not be mastered by it. To a long preparatory study of the Italian literature of the *Risorgimento* I added the examination of many interesting documents which are not known in Italy, such as the English Blue-books of 1847–48.

My object has been to show the originals of my sketches, not classically attired on far-away pinnacles, but in their habit as they lived; to make them known as friends and familiars of the household. Some of them rendered help to their country which was rather essential than secondary; others only gave it the contribution of a high example. But it is well to remember that Italy was not made by two or three individuals of eminent talent; Italy came into being as a nation because in every province, in every city, there were Italians who preferred the wormwood of martyrdom to the bread of servitude.

I shall be blamed, perhaps, for the catholicity of my choice. Alpine snows are not more unlike the lava of Ætna than were the temperaments and idiosyncrasies of these men, but in the

hour of danger they knew how to sacrifice even their differences, which I hold to have been their greatest merit.

If it is true that the uniting of Italy was achieved by the union of Italians, it is no less true that it will be only destroyed in the event that the nation forgets the existence of something superior to faction, something more sacred than party. It is for the young generation to learn this lesson that it may hand down intact the heritage acquired at so great a cost by those who died and suffered. Comte used to say that it was the dead who governed the living. My best wish for Italy is that she may be governed by her heroic dead.

To the young, with whom lies the future, I dedicate my book, which whatever are its shortcomings, was written *come amore spira* : a love not new, that will last while I live.

SALÒ, LAGO DI GARDA.

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I

SIGISMONDO CASTROMEDIANO *

EVERY year a cosmopolitan crowd makes the modern journey to Brindisi in impatient indifference, with minds shut to the mysterious charm of the forgotten world beyond Rimini—a world of unfulfilled renown which, if it strikes the eyes less, appeals more to the imagination than the famous western shores of Italy. But there are few who pursue their way further than the port for the east. The line thence to Lecce passes through alternate waste-lands and grey olive-woods. Hardly any signs of human or animal life are to be seen; the landscape, bathed in sunlight, appears the typical image of the melancholy of the south. It is a district about which Italians themselves know very little. A few years ago, in that remote corner, a man was living whose personality recalled “the grandeur that was Rome.”

Sigismondo Castromediano, Duke of Morciano, Marquis of Caballino, lord of seven baronies, died on the 26th of August, 1895, in the smallest room of his vast, ruined castle, a few miles from Lecce. He left no heir to his poverty. With him disappeared a house which was already illustrious and ancient when one of its members fought for the fair-haired Manfred at Benevento. On his coffin were placed the chain of a galley-slave and the red jacket worn by Neapolitan convicts. These, he used to say, were his “decorations.” It was not, however, the fact that, for eleven years, he was an inmate of the King of Naples’ prisons that made him so remarkable a figure; it was *how* he wore his chain; how, in sinks of corruption, his moral stature grew. Nor can it be overlooked that, in the after life of thirty-

* Written since the publication of the first edition of *Italian Characters*.

five years succeeding the triumph of the cause for which he suffered, Sigismondo Castromediano never by deed or word cast a shadow on the pure tradition of his years of sacrifice. He was always the same—the man who had never bowed his head, who had never asked a favour, who, in what most of us in our cowardly weakness would call actual want, remained the greatest of *grands seigneurs* just as his tall, spare form retained its erectness, and his blue eyes their lustre, long after age and infirmities were upon him.

It had been long known that the Duke kept locked up in his desk a voluminous manuscript relating to his imprisonment, and he was frequently urged to publish it, by no one more warmly than by Mr. Gladstone, who made his acquaintance during the residence of the Neapolitan exiles in England, when the expostulations of foreign Powers, and, still more, the gathering storm of war in Lombardy, induced Ferdinand II. to open their prison doors. The origin of these memoirs was not quite like that of any other prison book. They were not an after-thought, but the actual work of the years of imprisonment, though no part of them was written down at the time. From the first moment, the Duke promised his companions to be the recorder of their woes, and with great tenacity of purpose, he applied himself to impressing every fact and incident on his mind in the order in which they happened, going over them mentally every day, and referring to his companions when in doubt about any detail. Thus he was able to preserve almost the hour to hour experiences of the whole period. As soon as he was free, he committed his unwritten journal to paper; but the book could hardly have appeared in those days without exposing many persons to the consequences of a still fresh indignation. When Garibaldi asked its author at Naples for the names of the eight judges who condemned him, he answered, “I have forgotten them.” Other causes contributed to the MS. being laid aside, and when, in his old age, the Duke remodelled it in its present form (leaving out all mention of events that did not happen before his eyes), he was not rich enough to print it. Ultimately, the town of Lecce assumed the cost of publication, and the proof-sheets of the first volume were brought to his bedside in the weeks before he died. The sight of them gladdened him with the sense of a vow performed; his brothers in suffering

would no longer lack their historian, while from this narrative the young might learn, if they would, "Come è che si deve amare la patria." What he evidently did not foresee was, that the work must prove a monument more durable than stone to his own memory. "Would that he could keep himself altogether out of it," he says. Happily, it was not possible; even when silent, his silence speaks. Posterity will know his fine, conciliatory temper, his unconquerable courage, his righteous scorn, his pride, and his humility.

His humility made him think little of his powers as a writer. "The inimitable Elegy of the Prisoner of Spielberg will live for ever," he says, "while these pages! alas! hardly read, if they are read, the wind will scatter them not otherwise than dry leaves." But style is what a man is, and these "Memorie" reflect a higher type of character than that of the gentle poet of "Francesca da Rimini." Were it only for the note of impassioned sincerity which runs through them, they would be good literature. Moreover, they are stamped with a culture not wholly like our culture, but which has, perhaps, a deeper root, if a less wide range—a something in the blood, as well as in the brain. Castromediano was imbued, not only by the love of antiquity, but by its spirit. A proof of the first will endure in the admirably-arranged museum of Lecce, which was the creation of his long years of retirement, while every line that he wrote testifies to the second. Even the few tender and simple passages scattered through this grim record, in which he speaks of the effect produced on him by nature, make one think of the direct assimilation of impressions received through the senses, as it is shown, for instance, in the Greek Anthology. When, after traversing the burning streets of Naples chained to malefactors, he and they were embarked on the man-of-war which was to take them to Procida, he forgot the ordeals gone through, the doom awaiting him, in entranced contemplation of the beautiful bay, glorious in the sunset, and of the change from the brief darkness which followed, to the splendour of stars, the flare of torches in the fishing-boats, the luminous haze rising from and enveloping the great city. "There still remains in my soul," he writes, "the grateful memory of that summer night, delicious and fugitive." And he was starting in chains for thirty years at the galleys!

It may be mentioned here that, while his judges were deliberating whether or not to condemn him to death—for death was the sentence desired by government—Castromediano sat down, and fell quietly asleep. When he woke, he observed that the young soldier on guard had been crying. “Be calm,” he said; “if to-morrow I am to ascend the scaffold, you can tell the world that to-day you were present at the sleep of a good conscience.”

That was on the 2nd of December, 1850. He had been arrested on October 30, 1848. As throughout the kingdom of Naples, so at Lecce, they dreamt their little dream of liberty—sweet, but short. In one of those mild, southern evenings in February, when a stirring in the air announces the end of winter, the Duke, with two trusted friends, took a walk outside the village of Caballino in the direction of the town. They spoke of their unhappy country, of the hopes which none yet scarcely dared to express, and at last they lapsed into silence, as people are wont to do who are thinking intently of the same subject. Suddenly, in the clear night air, the sound of bells ringing was borne to them from Lecce. Castromediano sent a messenger forward to ask what it meant; the man returned, bringing the Italian tricolour. Freedom was granted; a statute promised.

Of the youth of the writer the “*Memorie*” tells nothing, for, he says, there is nothing worth telling. As he grew to manhood, influenced chiefly by his mother, “a kind of affection for generous actions and for the good and beautiful” began to find its way into his mind, with a certain aversion for injustice and overbearing, “sentiments which survive in me yet, and I am very old.”

They were sentiments which sufficed to throw him into opposition to Bourbon rule, and he says, “I became a conspirator.”

But beyond the advocacy of constitutional government his “conspiracies” do not seem ever to have gone. He once joined a secret society, but after ten days of mental misery, he severed all ties with it, promising to reveal none of its mysteries, which engagement he faithfully kept. He remained through life a Conservative. The same is true of Carlo Poerio; neither had either the failings or the virtues of the revolutionary. Their treason was the love of common justice and the real proof against them was the rectitude of their lives.

The Neapolitan dream of liberty ended on the 15th of May, 1848, when the folly of some extremists opened the door to a triumphant and sanguinary reaction. The king felt himself strong enough to disown, one by one, every privilege which he had sworn to maintain. But the ghosts of his promises haunted him; the very name of liberal frightened him to death, and to quiet his own terrors he resorted to a terrorism in which the most odious feature was an intricate system of espionage; every private citizen, every public functionary, even to the judges on the bench, were watched day and night, and the spy who would send you to the galleys might be your private enemy, or your own familiar friend, your servant or the priest to whom you confessed. These were the recruits of an all-powerful police by whose order people could be kept in prison for indefinite periods without trial, or detained there after they were absolved by the tribunals.

The arrest of Castromediano was prompted, no doubt, by the desire to make an example of a man of high position. Even the skill of the police could bring so little evidence against him, that the case of the Crown depended substantially on one document signed by him and four of his friends as President and Secretaries of a patriotic club at Lecce. When asked if he knew his handwriting, he immediately answered, "Yes,"—because to have denied it would have seemed to him, in whatever case, dishonest; but he declared that he did not recognise his friends' signatures, a magnanimous falsehood which saved them.

With other political prisoners, sometimes many, sometimes few, Castromediano was dragged from prison to prison before his trial, and from galleys to galleys after it, and of all these places of punishment distributed over the kingdom, only one was in a state which justified confining in it, let it not be said, blameless men whose sole sin was patriotism, but human beings, however depraved. The exception was the so-called Bagno delle Darsena, which was close to the royal palace at Naples and within the easy observation of foreign visitors. There the arrangements were good and the convicts were orderly. As to the other prisons the horrors of Dante's *Inferno* hardly equalled theirs. The *Bagno* of Procida puts one in mind of a pit into which wild beasts of every species are thrown and left till they devour each other. When once chained and confined, the convicts had the awful freedom to do what best pleased them.

All of them had knives. There was nothing that they could not obtain by bribery, even commerce with the infamous of both sexes of the outer world. Vice ran rampant; some prisoners gambled away their clothes and went stark naked, others craved admission to the *segreti*, holes for the refractory in which a man could hardly turn round, protected by a grating through which his food was passed, as the only means of preserving themselves from murder. Some of the murders were executions ordered by the Camorra which reigned supreme in all the prisons, having its laws and assizes and levying taxes like a regular government, only no regular government ever made itself so absolutely obeyed. Others originated in a fit of passion, in a convict getting tired of his chain-fellow (all were chained in twos and twos) in the ambition to be thought a hero by the other criminals; in no reason whatever. Murder was a sport, a game. Generally no notice was taken of these crimes, which by some strange rule could not be punished with death; at worst the assassin could only be sent to the *Ergastolo* where life-sentences were carried out, and sometimes a convict committed a murder in the hope of being sent there. The *Ergastolo* is familiar to readers of Settembrini's Memoirs, who will remember that the prisoners in it were not chained. Forbidding as it was with its pass-word of "*Lasciate ogni speranza*," it was in some respects less abominable than the *bolge* where Poerio, Castromediano, and the other prisoners not undergoing life sentences were confined.

One of the political prisoners at Procida went raving mad; the wonder is how any of them remained sane amidst such scenes. The Duke found an antidote to his surroundings in the view commanded by a little window or slit in the wall in the ward where he and his companions slept. "What a contrast," he exclaims, "between chains and durance and death of soul and mind, and that freedom of the waves, that luxuriant Nature." He sent forth his spirit on the wings of the sea-gulls, and, to reconcile himself with human destiny, he watched the boats in which the fishermen sang as they cast their nets, happy in their toil because they knew that they were earning the bread of wife and children. On some rare occasions he witnessed incidents within the foul walls of the prison which had the effect on him of "a rest in a beneficent oasis in a desert which slays." Here and there a spark of humanity lingered. He relates one such

incident which occurred in the place where the prisoners received their friends—what sort of friends has been already stated. But sometimes there were visitors of another sort: poor peasants who journeyed on foot from the other end of the kingdom to embrace once again some thief or assassin, their father or husband or brother. The fanaticism of kinship has lost none of its strength in the South. One day there came from far-off Calabria an old mother with her two sons, who were children when their father was condemned. Now that they were grown up, they had walked all this way to inquire the name of the man who denounced him so that they might avenge the injury. To their moral perceptions the vendetta was the plainest of duties. The old galley-slave seemed to reflect; then, drawing them to him, he cried, "Go back to your home, and by good conduct make your father's name forgotten. I was a brigand and an assassin, and only fate and my own perversity betrayed me." And he hurried away, to hide himself in the gang of his fellow-criminals.

Money was a power at Procida, and when they first reached the island, Castromediano and his friends were able to secure an almost free use of pens and paper, and the delivery of books and letters. It was here that the Duke read Mr. Gladstone's "Letters to Lord Aberdeen," on the prison and prisoners of Nisida; and not only did he read them, but he was imprudent enough to copy them from the first line to the last, and send the copy in an open packet by post to Lecce. It makes one smile to think of the sentence about "the negation of God" being written out under such circumstances. It is right to add that the Duke states his conviction that those "Letters" distinctly hastened the day of Italian unity; and he continually expresses his gratitude to "the only man who penetrated into the prisons of Naples, and disclosed the martyrdom of those confined in them." Some small material advantages were also obtained by means of lavish fees, but these favourable conditions (if any conditions could be called favourable when men were breathing the effluvia of that hot-bed of crime) were not to last long. The police coerced the prison authorities into tormenting their prey, and as the easiest way to do it, the common criminals were set upon the "politici" to act as spies and informers. Pains were taken to make the convicts regard the political prisoners with envy and hatred. They had begun by showing a profound

respect for them ; nor was this the case only at Procida, but in every prison of which the Duke had experience.

Everywhere the head Camorrista informed the Signori that they were exempted from the rule of the Camorra. Once, in the gaol at Bari, an old bald Camorrista ordered all the younger convicts "to amuse the politici"; and they set to work to tell stories, sing love-songs and recite comic scenes with a grace and humour which charmed their hearers, and made them laugh in spite of themselves. It is impossible not to see in this instinctive reverence for the virtue they had not, among beings the most degraded, the potential force possessed in dealing with southern populations by men who are incorruptible and fearless. If that one white spot survived in the worst, how much could be done with these people? That, even at Procida, some grain of better feeling remained in the savage gang in spite of the efforts to incite it against Castromediano and his companions would appear from the last scene of their contact. One day the gaolers rushed to the "politici" and announced with cries of "Liberty!" and "Long live the King," that seventeen of them were to be shipped for Naples—some great good fortune was at hand. As they were conducted out of the prison, they could hardly move, so densely crowded were corridors, stairs, doorways, with the common convicts who were come to bid them goodbye. Never were adieux spoken more heartily, "and we felt in that moment," writes the Duke, "forgetful of delinquents and malefactors, almost like those torn from the bosom of their families: so true is it that misery makes all men brothers."

The seventeen were conveyed on board a government steamer, the *Rondine*, where they found thirty political prisoners from the galleys of Ischia, among whom was Carlo Poerio. He was seated, being in infirm health; the Procida prisoners gathered round him, much excited, for he was looked up to as their superior by all Neapolitan patriots. Castromediano stood aside for a time; he and Poerio had never met before. Finally, he approached; they clasped hands, and Poerio said, "We shall be friends," and friends they were in grief and in chains, in perils and privations, in the voyage to hospitable England, and in the return to find their country free. "I venerated him as a saint in life; sadly, even now, I weep for him, and it is many years since he died." So Castromediano wrote when he too was near the grave. Are there such friendships now?

The pitiless comedy of making the prisoners believe in an amnesty was kept up through the journey, only the Duke doubted: one warder, hopeful of a last fee, had whispered into his ear that it was all a farce—Montefusco was their real destination. But when he told this to his companions it was dismissed as absurd; the prison of Montefusco in the Avellino mountains had been closed seven years before by Ferdinand II. because unfit for human habitation. Nevertheless, to Montefusco they were sent, fasting, heavily chained, and handcuffed, in the middle of that winter night, and there they arrived on the next night, without having broken their fast, chilled, and almost desperate. For once their fortitude was near to giving way, for, says Castromediano, "there are no born heroes." On the road the last touch of horror had been supplied by the apparition over a hedge of a ragged and half-starved old Chouan of the South, who shook his staff in their faces, hissing imprecations on "Jacobins and Carbonari," and ending with a distich to the effect that "who enters Montefusco and leaves it alive, may say he has been born again on earth."

On their arrival they were locked into their future abode, a dark cellar, reeking with moisture and with the filth of ages, and populated with rats and nameless insects. They had eaten nothing for thirty-eight hours, and it was two hours more before their cries of desperation caused some scanty food to be brought to them.

In the later years of their confinement the prisoners were the objects of constant endeavours to make them sue for mercy. It was thought that so much suffering must have weakened their moral fibre. With some of the weaker brethren the manœuvre succeeded, but the number was inconsiderable, and no name of note was included in it. On one occasion Castromediano was led out with six suppliants who were to have their pardon announced to them. The thought flashed through his mind that the government meant to dishonour him by a clemency which would associate his name with theirs. It seemed to him "the most perilous hour of his life," but he passed through it unscathed; whatever had been the purpose of leading him there, he was not pardoned, and he returned to his cell, "thanking Divine Providence and rejoicing from the bottom of his soul."

Towards the end, the prisoners were taken to the old baronial

castle of Monte Sarchio, a dreary place, but a little less dreadful than Montefusco. Here they received a visit from two Englishmen, friendly to the King of Naples, whom His Majesty sent to see them, in the hope that they would testify that there was not a word of truth in Mr. Gladstone's charges. The plan did not exactly succeed, "because," says the Duke, "the English have an exquisite sense of loyalty, and rarely tell lies." Therefore, the visitors could not affirm that Monte Sarchio was a terrestrial paradise.

Meanwhile, events were moving on; King Ferdinand was dying, and he had an intuition that something else was dying: the fabric of misery he had devoted his life to preserve. There came upon him a desire to get rid of the political prisoners and the ill-luck they had brought him. On the 9th of January, 1859, they were called into the public room, where they found the whole prison staff assembled. A magistrate read aloud the decree conferring the "grace" of perpetual exile on ninety-one political prisoners, thirteen of whom were dead!

Castromediano bribed a gaoler to give him his prison dress and to keep his chain till he could claim it. The prisoners were transported to Cadiz on a Neapolitan man-of-war; as the shores of Italy vanished, Poerio exclaimed: "We shall soon see our country again, free and one!" At Cadiz they were transferred to an American merchant-ship, which had been hired to take them to New York, their appointed place of exile. The story will be told later of how Settembrini's young son smuggled himself on board and by murderous threats of a revolt of the exiles (who were not in a mood to hurt a fly), frightened the captain into changing his course for Ireland.

So they landed at Queenstown, free men on free soil, after a decade of civil death. Some burst into tears, some knelt down on the sand, and, taking up a handful, kissed it. All shook hands and returned thanks to God, who had brought them out of bondage. They met with such kindness that they forgot their misfortunes. The Duke deplored that he did not know English,* but it was sufficient for them to say, "we are

* Afterwards he learnt it well enough to read it. I received the following letter from him in 1895, when I sent him my book on "The Liberation of Italy," which had appeared in Messrs. Seeley's "Events of Our Own Time" series, but had not yet been published in Italian:—

"You will have thought it long from the time when you did me the honour to

Neapolitans," for every sort of friendliness to be showered on them. In London, their first visit was to Mr. Gladstone, who asked Castromediano if it were true that the authorities at Montefusco killed a nightingale because the prisoners listened to its singing; on hearing that it was quite true, he said, with a shudder, "Horrible, horrible! I could not have believed it!" Duty called the Duke to Turin, then the Mecca of Italians; but he left England "with what regret," he writes, "I cannot say; the loving-kindness I received there had made me a man again." Writing thus in his old age, he added that when he thought or it, he felt inclined to start off at once, and exchange the splendour of his southern sky for British mists.

One patriot survives of these who then seemed to their English hosts as men rescued from the tomb. This is Baron Nicola Nisco, whose acquaintance I made at Naples in 1900. When I saw the unbent veteran, walking lightly up the steps of the Grand Hôtel to meet me, I could hardly believe that here indeed was one of the calendar saints of those long-past efforts for freedom. How the words, "For ten years I wore chains," revived the electric thrill of a whole epoch! The conversation of this noble old man who knew the Duke so thoroughly, and who loved him so well, supplied an ample confirmation of the impression left by reading his Memoirs.

Nothing better or truer could be said of these "Memorie" as a whole than was written by M. Paul Bourget, of the two or three chapters of the then unpublished work which he read at Lecce in 1890. The special value of these pages (wrote the author of "*Sensations d'Italie*") lay "*dans le jour ouvert sur la sensibilité de ces grands patriotes Italiens, et elle est si spéciale qu'il faut la bien comprendre pour comprendre mieux la nature de leur œuvre. Ils n'ont certes pas été plus braves ni plus persévérants que beaucoup d'autres combattants d'autres*

send me your beautiful book till now, when I thank you for so much goodness, but after you have heard the reason, you will understand that this has not happened from causes I could control. I wished to read your work, which was a great labour to me, for I am very old; I have eighty-five years on my shoulders, and after having always enjoyed my long life in health and strength I was suddenly attacked by a fatal malady which has kept me to my bed for a year and three months without being able to turn from one side to another. I have said that your book is beautiful; now I add that it has in it the force to correct the moral state of our Italy and to place her again in the path of virtue from which, unhappily, she has strayed. And that it may do so is a wish I pronounce with conviction from my post of pain in these last days of my life."

pays, mais ils ont eu dans ce patriotisme un je ne sais quoi de plus idéal, comme une beauté d'artiste en héroïsme."

The Memoirs are dedicated "Alla carissima Adele Baronessa Savio di Bernstiel." A lifelong romance underlies these words. When at Turin, in 1860, the Duke frequented the brilliant *salon* of the Baroness Olimpia Savio, a lady who combined remarkable literary talent (she was no mean poet) with exquisite tact as a hostess. Her drawing-room was the resort of all that was most eminent in the native and foreign society of the little Piedmontese capital at that exciting moment. There, Castromediano, his hair prematurely blanched by his sufferings, met the young daughter of the house in the earliest freshness of youth, almost a child in years but with a noble character which was already formed. The young girl listened "with sad smiles and sweet compassion" to the first draft of his Memoirs which the Duke was pressed to read before the family circle of the Savios, partly at the house in Turin, and partly in the shady walks of the Baron's villa in the country. That happened which was fated to happen:

"She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them."

But the Duke's scrupulous sense of honour made him hesitate. He wrote to a friend at Lecce:—

"My long misfortunes had accustomed me to indifference, a contempt for what attracts others; in my heart there was no place for hopes and desires for the future. But now I feel re-awakened in me these hopes and desires, and I feel that I could still be happy. The innocent and unconscious work of a young girl, as well educated as she is good, and belonging to a distinguished family, has had the power to give me back to life. With her gifts and her virtues, she has penetrated the mysteries of my spirit, and for her alone will my heart beat till it is still. If God wills not otherwise, I have decided to offer her my hand and my heart. But to avoid days of sorrow—those, at least, that depend on our foresight and on our own will—I wish first to know from you the actual state of my worldly position. Be most minute in your investigations; do not deceive yourself, as I

do not wish to be deceived. You know how I detest falsehood and the deception of others or of myself: you know I like to think myself less than I am. In this, moreover, it would be a question of betraying a father and mother whose love for their child is their very life, and of betraying the most charming and accomplished girl that I have ever known. She is worthy of me, worthy of what I have endured, worthy of my house and of my kindred and friends, of whom she will be the ornament and the chief affection if the Lord gives her to me. Pray God that as a compensation for the past, He may concede to me this great joy, and that He may grant me what is needful to make her happy. Oh! if she were not happy with me, I should be a more miserable man than ever! Believe me, that I continually put up this prayer: 'If I am not the man fitted for this young girl, place, Lord, the most insuperable obstacles in the way of my carrying out my design! Make me die rather than that I should cause her a single tear!'

The answer to this letter has not been published; it could not have given a satisfactory account of the Duke's finances. During the time that he was looked upon as practically dead, many causes (amongst others, I fear, unfaithful service) conduced to involve his property in irretrievable embarrassment. The editor of the "*Memorie*" takes it for granted that an adverse reply to the above letter was the reason why what would have been an ideal union never took place. But in the copy of the book which she gave me, the Baroness Adele wrote on the margin, "It was not this that separated us." What was it, then? Was it that the disparity of age between herself and her "*bel Duca bianco*" (as she called him) was thought by her family to form a bar to the marriage? I had always half an intention to overcome, some day, the scruple which held me silent, and to ask her simply: "Why did you not marry the Duke?" But it is too late now; she is dead.

Though their lives were divided, these two persons, who seemed made for one another, remained friends to the last, or rather, in the highest, the purest, to my thinking, the most romantic sense, they remained lovers. When the Duke was stricken down with mortal illness, Adele Savio hastened to Lecce to clasp his hand once more. After his death, her devotion to him became a cult.

Everything that could contribute to his fame was eagerly sought by her. She begged me, again and again, to make him known to those who in England and America preserve their generous interest in Italian freedom. At my suggestion, she sent his Memoirs to Mr. Gladstone, and they were, I believe, the last Italian book which the veteran statesman read. The Baroness Adele passed away in the spring of the present year. If I were asked to choose an inscription for her grave, I would place upon it only the words with which the Duke closes his dedication, "*A rivederci in Dio.*"

The name of Savio has its own page in the tale of Italian patriotism. Two brothers of the Baroness Adele were captains of artillery in the Sardinian army; the elder one was the only Piedmontese officer present at the battle of the Volturno, on which he had the signal good fortune to save Garibaldi's life. The General asked him to share the carriage in which he and some of his staff were driving from one to another point in that far-extended battlefield. They were some way ahead of their men when, all at once, a detachment of Bourbon soldiers appeared within a stone's throw. The Garibaldian officers made good use of their swords, but Emilio Savio's first thought was the peril of the chief: being very strong and tall, he seized him by the waist and by main force thrust him into a sort of ditch, then, standing before him, he helped to keep off the assailants till the men came up. It was the affair of a moment, but what an issue hung on it! Garibaldi, writing to the Baroness Olimpia, said: "Your Emilio saved my life."

Emilio and Alfredo Savio had listened with their sister to the Duke's story, and they had not listened in vain. They were soon to give their lives willingly to the cause to which he gave his best years. They were killed at their batteries, one at Ancona, the other at Gaeta. The eldest was only twenty-three years of age. Their father died soon after, from the grief of this double loss; the mother lived on, comforted by her daughter Adele, and by a third son, Federico,* who, in 1860, was still a

* Baron Federico afterwards became a judge; he is now the only survivor of the family. He has asked me to write his sister's biography, offering to place at my disposal her large correspondence with notable people. But I feel that such a book—the annals rather of a "Fair Soul" than of a stirring life—should be written by one who knew her more intimately and for a longer period than I did.

child. But her heart was broken by the deaths of her young and handsome sons. Raffaello Barbiera, the clever author of "Il Salotto della Contessa Maffei," once described to me how, at the Turin Exhibition some twenty years ago, he used to see in the early morning a little old lady who stole noiselessly into the Sala del Risorgimento, and arranged and rearranged some objects in a glass case. He inquired who it was, and he was told that this was the Baroness Olimpia Savio, and that she came every day to arrange the blood-stained uniforms of her sons. Mrs. Browning, who knew her, appreciated highly her poetic gift, and drew from her sorrows the inspiration of one of her most touching poems, "Mother and Poet," with its wailing refrain:—

"Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at *me!*"

II

BETTINO RICASOLI

A YOUTH of studious tastes and respectful manners, who scorned idleness, cared little for amusement, and devoted himself to the daily business of managing his estates—such was Bettino Ricasoli at the age of twenty years and two months. To the circumstance that he desired to be declared legally of age before actually attaining his majority (a privilege which the Tuscan Courts had it in their power to grant), we owe an interesting description of the young Baron, contained in a memorial drawn up in support of his petition by the official who had charge of judicial affairs affecting minors. The concession or refusal of the faculty depended, of course, on the character of the applicant: it would have been absurd to hasten the day when a spendthrift or an unformed boy should dispose of his inheritance. But the information respecting Bettino Ricasoli showed him to be neither a prodigal nor an irresponsible child; he was already what he was always to remain—a man whose will seemed to have more in common with some irrestrainable natural force than with human hesitations and pliaibilities.

Left by his father in possession of a large but disordered substance, Bettino's earliest resolution was to rescue his property from the confusion into which it had fallen, and to introduce modern improvements into the cultivation of his land. The desire to be able to begin at once to put his plans into practice was one reason why he wished to get the administration immediately into his own hands. Another reason for his petition was that, averse in all things from delay, he had made up his mind to

marry. A young lady who was both rich and of noble family, Anna Bonaccorsi, then still in her convent school, was the wife he had in contemplation.

Few particulars are known of Bettino's childhood, but one incident, related by an eye-witness, is highly characteristic of the future statesman. It happened that he was condemned by his schoolmaster to the revolting punishment of licking the floor in the shape of a cross. The boy, who was seven years old, categorically refused to obey. "I will never do it," he said; "it is only fit for brutes." Nor did he do it, nor was it ever after possible to inflict the penalty on any of his schoolfellows. His act of rebellion saved the whole school.

To such an end, the heir to the Ricasolis might well feel that he did not come into the world. The origin of the family is lost in antiquity, but when the Baron once said, "I have existed for twelve centuries," he kept within the truth. The first of the race to appear in Tuscany were of Longobard extraction, the original patronymic being De' Firidolfii (De Filiis Rodulphi).*

By and by the De Firidolfis grew powerful and numerous, and one branch began to call themselves Ricasoli, after the castle of Ricasoli; and another Brolio, after the castle of Brolio. The latter, which finally took the name of Ricasoli-Brolio, was the stock whence sprang Baron Bettino.

Bettino, as a Christian name, had run in the family for centuries. Of the first of the house who is recorded to have borne it, it is told that being an adherent of the Guelphs, and desiring to exclude the Ghibellines' descendants from any share in the government, he convoked the Council of Twenty-Four, and as soon as they were in the palace he had the doors locked, set guards over them, and took away the keys. This done, he

* The habit of calling the sons by the father's baptismal name is not extinct in Italy. Thus the daughter of a man named Maximilian is known as *La Massimiliana*: only when she became involved in some law business did it transpire that her real name was Giulia Zanini. The four sons of one Giovanni are simply called *i Gioai* ("the Johns"). The other habit, so constantly met with in Italian history, of families adopting the nickname given to one of their members, is also still followed. A family goes by the name of Nedrot (Duck, in the Brescian dialect), given perhaps, in jest, to an ancestor on account of some personal peculiarity. It is known that they have another surname, but no one knows what it is. These examples are taken from Salò, but they might everywhere be multiplied *ad libitum*. The memory of the people retains what savours of a story, what appeals to the imagination, much more easily than a sound to them signifying nothing.

swore that no one should leave the place till the decree was voted. At a late hour of the night they yielded, and they were then allowed to go. This Bettino was born in 1348. Had his namesake come into the world at the same date he would have been very likely to do the same thing.

Brolio, the Baron's chief ancestral possession, lies within sight of the towers of Siena, in the wine-yielding Chianti district, where nature, though productive, is rather severe than smiling. The estate is dominated by a mediæval castle which crowns a lonely eminence and bears in its every part the mark of having been built by people who meant what they made to last. Its massive walls have never fallen into disrepair, and would be as ready now to stand a siege as in the days when they stood more than one. Visitors to the castle in the Baron's time found the gates guarded by growling mastiffs which formed no bad representatives of the *bravi* of old, while indoors the illusion evoked by moat and portcullis was strengthened by the collection of shining coats of mail and ancient weapons, seemingly only waiting to be used. The place showed few concessions to modern taste save in the library, which was well stocked with new as well as with old books, and in the garden, which was gay with flowers.

Into this austere abode, in 1830, the Baron led his youthful bride, who in the summer of the following year gave birth to a daughter, Bettina, the sole fruit of their union and henceforth the absorbing preoccupation of both her parents.

The first years of marriage were not passed exclusively at Brolio, but when Betta had reached the age of seven the Baron told his wife that he thought it of advantage to the child to fix their residence altogether in the country—a retirement which had in reality formed part of his plan of education from the beginning. This plan embraced the complete development of the young creature, and in its execution Ricasoli reckoned largely on maternal influence and the effects of environment. To give ample play to the first, and to provide surroundings favourable to the growth of mind and body during the most impressionable period in the formation of each, the Baron conceived the idea of shutting up his wife and daughter, and, with rare and brief exceptions, himself also, for a long space of years in the solitude of his feudal castle.

At the date when Ricasoli's name was on everybody's lips, some of those persons who profess to know everything about celebrities were fond of representing the Baronessa Anna as a new Pia de' Tolomei, placed by her husband to languish in the Maremma—where, as it happened, he did not possess a rood of land till after her death. The breezy height of Brolio had as little resemblance to the fever plain as Bettino Ricasoli had to Nello della Pietra. If the Baroness remained there for nine long years it was by her own consent. Yet it is not to be denied that the giving of this consent was a hard matter. When the Baron first propounded his project, her face fell. To ask a woman of twenty-seven, and above all an Italian woman, to bury the best years of her life in isolation, is not a small demand. "If you think it useful to the family, I am ready," she replied; "if you care to know my feelings, I cannot conceal from you that I feel a certain reluctance." Then, one day, she said: "We have been here for six months; I shall see if I can stay a year and longer. Decide as you think best, and wherever you believe lies the good of the family, there I shall be; I will do all you mark out for me." And she was as good as her word.

It is inevitable that we should ask, Was the sacrifice needful? Ricasoli thought that it was, and clearly never had the slightest remorse for having exacted it. He was not a man of remorse. But the question must occur to us, which never occurred to him—of whether the sacrifice of one individual to another in families is not always doubtful, and often profoundly mistaken; and secondly, whether in this case (as may be, oftenest happens) it was not required quite unnecessarily? Granting that country life is better than town life for any child, was there cause for pushing the theory to such an extremity? What harm could have been done by an occasional absence, which would have relieved the monotony of the young wife's existence? The matter was not dependent on reasons of economy, as the Baron was then in the enjoyment of a large income. His insistence seems, therefore, to English ideas almost inexplicable; but it has to be remembered that in Italy the notion is to keep girls from six to sixteen in convents, which they never leave, even for holidays. Ricasoli, who condemned the part of this system which touches the separation of children from their natural and best guardians, was probably more influenced by its general

scheme than he was aware when he resolved that Betta should not leave Brolio till the last stage in her education was reached.

After the first inward struggle, it does not appear that the Baroness was unhappy or discontented. The few guests who were received during these years were charmed by her unaffected gaiety, her native good sense, her affectionate and unselfish disposition, her thorough interest in her husband's undertakings. *La massaia* and *la massaina* is what Raffaello Lambruschini, Ricasoli's most tried friend, playfully styles his hostess and her little daughter: the "house-mother" and the "house-motherkin." He recalls the cheerful evenings at the castle in chill October—how Betta would patter up to the fire with a fresh handful of sticks, how the Baroness tidied and collected the gloves and other scattered effects of the absent-minded bachelor visitor, how the Baron put off from minute to minute retiring to write in his study. There is nothing depressing in the picture.

Ricasoli was ceaselessly active in his retreat. After the education of his daughter, the things nearest his heart were agriculture and the improvement of his peasants. The history of his agricultural experiments may still be read with profit, but his efforts to elevate and humanise the cultivators of the soil have a deeper interest. Ricasoli, the Brolio landlord, is no less worthy of remembrance than Ricasoli the king-maker. It does not take from his merit—rather it gives it a last beautifying touch—that in all he undertook for the benefit of his dependants he had in view, not only their welfare, but also Bettina's. Nothing in the world, he considered, was so fit to raise the souls of children as the daily spectacle of self-sacrificing labours for the good of those around them. As he was unaccustomed to do things by halves, the idea of merely dabbling in philanthropy never entered his mind. To him his self-imposed work meant hard work and serious thought. "Friend," he wrote to G. P. Vieusseux, the originator of circulating libraries in Italy, for whom Ricasoli had the highest esteem, "Friend, agriculture in Tuscany needs heart and head; it seems to me an apostolate. Hence, when one desires to promote it in earnest, he must begin with the cultivator, since he is the perennial fount that renders all the field fruitful. Systems and methods become secondary; without the consecration of one's influence to this end, without giving one's-self, in a word, body and soul to the education of the

peasant, it is idle to talk about the rest. On the obstacles in the way of this self-renunciation depends the chances of agricultural success. The Tuscan proprietor is a born missionary; if he acts up to his part, national prosperity and public morality will flourish; if not—I do not know.”

It was Ricasoli's opinion, based on the severe view he took of life in the aggregate, that the material poverty of the poor was the least of their misfortunes; for him their real poverty was “the want of that second birth which forms the heart.” Thus, while applying his capital and his scientific knowledge to improvements which, by the nature of Tuscan cultivation, were of as much advantage to the peasants, who shared the profits, as to himself, his dearest endeavours were directed towards that moral and intellectual progress which he regarded as the root of the whole matter. He instituted a Sunday school, probably the first in Italy, where he taught himself, and of which he considered one of the chief uses the fact of bringing master and men into close personal relations. An evening school for mutual instruction was also established, and here presided the Baroness Anna, assisted at a very early age by the little Baroness—sole heiress to all these fair lands.

To encourage thrift, the Baron kept his peasants' accounts for them, taking charge of their little hoardings, which he invested in the savings bank. How truly he made their pains and sorrows his own is displayed by the passionate indignation expressed by him at the treatment which the poor sometimes received in the hospitals. One of his peasant-girls had been taken to Siena for advice as to some slight ailment; bleeding was ordered, and the doctors carelessly allowed her to lose so much blood that she lost the use of her arm, and was likely to remain helpless for life. “Because it is flesh of the poor,” exclaims Ricasoli, “they treat the sick in the hospitals like so many dead bodies for dissection. Let them tear up these last to their hearts' content, but that the sick should be left to the butchery of a lot of ignorant scoundrels is a thing so monstrous that I would give half my own blood to take solemn vengeance on them. They treat thus the poor man who has nothing to look to but his physical strength; no one heeds his sorrows; his fount of hope and sweetness is oftenest exhausted before it has gushed forth, thanks to the abandonment in which he is left; and, to crown

all, in the asylums built for his succour he finds not comfort, not health, but irreparable affliction ! ”

In 1841 Ricasoli instituted a yearly festival, of which the special feature was a grand review of the farm animals employed at Brolio, which numbered over a hundred. Prize medals were distributed among the peasants whose four-footed charges were in the best condition. The management of the oxen on a large Italian estate forms a department in which it is impossible to say whether humanity or interest be most concerned. How much suffering and how much loss could be avoided by a more intelligent care of these co-operators in man's labour can hardly be overstated. Not only is kindness wanted, though this, with oxen as with other creatures, is nine parts of the law—knowledge and judgment are also required, since, like all ruminants, the ox is a very delicate animal, which may be destroyed by what appear to be small errors in management. The award of the medal depended on the ruling of a jury elected by the peasants. Another point which shows how earnestly Ricasoli sought to steer clear of that rock of philanthropists—doing more harm than good—was the purely honorary character of the distinction. He did not wish to lower it into a mere matter of gain. To the mark of honour assigned by the vote of their fellow-workers, he, the master, might add in an unostentatious way some token of his private satisfaction—a suit of clothes, a hat, or other useful present ; but this was not the prize. The medal was purposely not a thing of value ; half a *scudo* covered its cost. It was accompanied by a written certificate of the deserts of the recipient. Simplicity of form, small material importance, great effect on the imagination : this is what he aimed at. He wanted to appeal to the *humanity* in man, not to his self-interest. The medal bore on one side the effigy of the Castle of Brolio ; on the other the inscription : “ To diligent and capable husbandmen,” and “ All can be done with labour.” Ricasoli rejected the idea of making the honour a reward for virtue. Prizes may excite industry and stimulate activity, but they cannot manufacture honesty. The introduction of such an element in the decision would only lead to an odious inquiry into the private conduct of the candidates. Moral qualities, said the Baron, must be fostered in a different fashion.

As the peasants associate all events with saints' days, Ricasoli

took a peasant saint, by name Isidoro, as patron of his festival. He admitted in confidence to his friend, Lambruschini, that he knew nothing about this individual except that he was a husbandman; but, with pardonable casuistry, he argued in his little discourse to the assembled rustics, that since Isidoro was a saint, he was certainly an obedient and steady son, a loving and just father, a faithful husband, and, as a peasant, one who gave his whole being to doing well in the estate wherein God had placed him. Doubtless his field flourished exceedingly, to the amazement of others, who failed to see that diligence and probity had worked the miracle.

This imaginary biography was related by the way, and without investing it with too much importance. The solemn function of the day was the Mass, celebrated by the chaplain of Brolio, who had instructions to say nothing of the saint, but to seek to raise the people's hearts to God alone. Isidoro was kept for out of doors, and as an example of human and imitable virtues.

In this connection Lambruschini wrote a letter to Ricasoli, which is remarkable as coming from a cardinal's nephew. The subject is the veneration of saints. "The principle," says the writer, "of this cult is just; that is, the love, admiration, imitation, of one who, being man like us, was more virtuous than we; but the practice is highly deleterious. A power is attributed to the saints which they never had, and have not; people fly to them instead of to God, or at least, more than to God. We grow alienated from God and from Christ in order to communicate with an imperfect creature; prayer is no longer a lifting of the soul to its Creator, a purification, an adjustment of our spirit; it becomes an interested invocation, an obeisance to the goods of this world, an incitement to egotism. I would not abolish saintly veneration, but I would modify it in such wise as to lead men more to God, and to make them think far less about the saints."

These ideas were warmly applauded by Ricasoli. It has sometimes been questioned whether there could exist within the pale of Catholicism, not scepticism or indifference, but earnest faith in the dogmas of Christianity as distinguished from the excrescences which time has added to them. The *aut Caesar, aut nihil* argument, which is advanced in and out of season by the Roman Church, has been accepted as the last word in respect to all who

come under her jurisdiction, even by those who refuse to apply it to themselves. Ricasoli and Lambruschini are a proof to the contrary. As a matter of fact (from whatever point their acceptance be regarded), they accepted dogma; but their dogmas were those of Paul, not of Pio Nono. Why, then, some may ask—and some did ask—did they not become Protestants outright? It may occur to such, on reflection, that the answer is best left to the persons whom it concerns. The form of Protestantism most known to Ricasoli—that in force at Geneva—not only failed to attract him, but it inspired him with an extreme antipathy. Religion, in his conception, was a thing of beauty; “our Duomo,” he once said in words worthy of a compatriot of Dante, “is sufficient of itself to recall a lost soul who for only one moment chanced to enter it.” Again, his aristocratic sentiment—to name only that—revolted against changing the religion into which one was born. In the case of a woman such a step appeared to him peculiarly obnoxious. When, in 1849, the family went to Switzerland, he was as nervous about the possible results of Betta’s intimacy with Swiss friends of rather proselytizing tendencies, as a Scotch father of the old school might be about his daughter’s acquaintance with enthusiastic ultramontanes.

These remarks on Ricasoli’s religious views had seemed essential to understanding a character on which religion had so important an influence. They lead us naturally to what was the dearest work of his life—the education of his only child. She was a bright, intelligent pupil, quick to learn, and, as her father somewhat ruefully confides to Lambruschini—who took a practical interest in all educational matters—quick also to forget. At nine years old she made her appearance as instructress in the evening school, and she was her mother’s constant companion when the Baroness was engaged in rural duties, such as the superintendence of the silkworm rearing which, being performed wholly by women, falls under the direction of the ladies on Italian estates. She helped her father, too; at ten we find her making copies of a prayer which Lambruschini had written for distribution among the peasants. Besides the usual studies, which were all conducted with thoroughness, Ricasoli wished his daughter to acquire a real mastery of the science which above all others enriches a country

life, namely botany. On taking his family to Paris in 1844, a journey which broke up the long seclusion at Brolio, the Baron immediately sought permission to frequent the Jardin des Plantes at all hours, so as to enable Bettina to widen her botanical observations. At the same time he engaged French and music-masters for her, and a German master for himself; for he had no intention of passing his holiday in idleness.

After this sojourn abroad, the life at Brolio did not resume its rigidly unbroken character. Whether at Brolio or elsewhere, however, Betta remained the first consideration in the Ricasoli household. "I belong to no party and to no person," the Baron wrote on one occasion; "the only person I belong to is my little girl." The thought that public affairs might cause him to break off his work of education before it was done, or even to relax for an instant his constant care of Betta, filled him with sorrow—he foresaw a conflict of affections which would put him on the moral rack. Faithful always to duty, and aware that the larger obligation must annul all others however sacred, he knew beforehand which side must yield; if the country needed him even Betta must do without him.

For sixteen years (he wrote in 1847)—that is to say, from the day of her birth—he had never been separated from "this dearest part of himself"; and separation now, at the critical point of giving the finishing touch to all his labours, could only be of harm to her as well as bitterly mortifying to him. He had conceived her education as one unique whole which, piece by piece, as circumstances required, had been in process of building. Every day something was contributed to the general design. He added rather sadly, "In a couple of years I shall be at everybody's disposal—you know that fathers form their daughters, and then they lose them. Yet God go with her!"

On this subject of his child's marriage, he expressed himself in terms which reveal the man entirely: "Felicitous or unfelicitous, good or bad, I hold that one cannot have but one country. Thus it has been my intention to educate Betta for her own country, Italy. How far I have succeeded we shall see in the future; I have done what I could. Hence she is free to marry or not to marry; but if she marries it must be in Italy, to an Italian, and, if possible, a Tuscan."

When Ricasoli spoke of his belonging to no party, he stated a

fact that had deeper roots than in the situation of the hour. The tenor of his mind was intolerant of following the lead of others, and he was slow to recognise his own fitness for the rôle of leader. He frequently said that it was not a time for mediocrities. Though he had no constitutional fear or dislike of political change even on a vast scale where he thought it necessary, he had been accustomed all his life to believe that reforms should begin at home, with the individual. What would have saved the city was the presence of ten good men; what exalts nations is righteousness. Instead of seeing only one question—the political—he saw others not less momentous or pressing: the social, the educational, the industrial and commercial problems which every day called more loudly for a solution. He was one of the first to imagine a foreign outlet for Italian wines, and by improving the quality of his own vintages and the methods of wine-making on his estates, he worked patiently and steadily towards the realisation of what then seemed a dream. When Mr. Cobden went to Florence, Ricasoli was not at the banquet given in his honour by the Marquis Ridolfi and other leading Florentines, his annual rustic festival, from which he was unwilling to absent himself, falling upon the same date; but to represent him he sent forty bottles of Chianti-Brolio of the exquisite vintage of 1841, which “for no king on earth” would he have parted with. He had to wait a long while before Tuscan wines figured on British tables, an advance he hoped would be the outgrowth of Free Trade; but he lived to see a beginning made in this direction. Chianti, and especially Chianti-Brolio, is no longer an unknown name to English wine connoisseurs. The high character of the Brolio wines has been maintained to this day; and now, as formerly, they can be bought, even one flask at a time, at the ancestral palace of the family in Florence; a custom not only observed by the Ricasolis, but also by many other of the most illustrious Florentines, and one which recalls the fine old Tuscan contempt for those who looked on commerce as below their dignity.

In the years which preceded 1848 an intellectual movement was in progress at Florence which, under the form of a revived interest in the national history and literature, was intended to serve a directly patriotic end. Its most brilliant ornament was

the Marquis Gino Capponi, the historian of the Commonwealth, whose indomitable mental energy overcame the disability of blindness which fell upon him in the prime of life. The impression made by Gino Capponi, even in his old age and on foreigners, may be judged by the eulogy of M. Thiers, who, when in Italy in 1870, pronounced him to be the greatest among living Italian thinkers and scholars, an opinion based especially on the "many-sidedness" of his intellect.

Ricasoli had the strongest affection for this distinguished man, and he was far from undervaluing the importance of the literary revival, but, except in a very limited sense, no persuasions could induce him to be drawn personally into it. When urged to write something, at least, on those agricultural subjects on which he was so competent to speak, he replied that both by temperament and circumstances he had always been inclined to think more with a view to personal action than in order to communicate his ideas to others for them to carry them out. When at length he consented to make public some few of his agricultural experiments he was modestly diffident about his style, although what he did write he wrote remarkably well, as is commonly the case with men of action, for, in truth, the man makes the style, not the style the man.

In December, 1847, Ricasoli, yielding to the pressure put upon him, and to the conviction that a grave national crisis was imminent, assumed for the first time a public office by becoming Gonfalonier or Syndic of Florence. Earlier in the same year he had in an independent and private manner tendered his advice to the Grand Duke through his ministers, respecting the abuses which he believed to be rapidly sending the country into a condition of anarchy. The defects of the Tuscan administration, which enthroned the policy of Let-Be and relied upon the resource of drifting; which lacked order, principle, backbone, in short; were of a kind not likely to be leniently judged by a man of Ricasoli's stamp. The other States, having every reason to rue the misapplied energy of their rulers, might envy the Tuscans their weak, but never ferocious, government; but to Ricasoli weakness was the unpardonable sin. "An honest man," he said to the Minister Cempini, "should speak the truth, cost what it may;" and both as to the errors of the Government and the other evils from which the State suffered,

he proceeded to express himself with the utmost frankness, signalling as foremost among the latter the lack of learning and moral excellence among the clergy, and their excessive number.

He held the office of Gonfalonier till October, 1848, when he resigned it because unable to adhere to "the revolution completed among us." The Grand Duke was still there, but the power had slipped into the hands of the extremists, Montanelli and Guerrazzi, men of talent, and doubtless of patriotic intention, but with less faculty for governing than the first child you meet coming out of school. Montanelli had fought with the Tuscan volunteers at Curtatone, where he was wounded and had passed for dead. He was taken prisoner by the Austrians, but released after the armistice, when he returned to Florence. Guerrazzi, as students of Italian literature are aware, was the author of "*L'Assedio di Firenze*" and other romances of which the real, if sometimes too high-flown, eloquence fired the youth of that day with frantic enthusiasm. Like his colleague, and even more than his colleague, he was stronger in rhetoric than in practical common-sense.

At the opening of the Tuscan Chambers in January, 1849, the Grand Duke still professed sentiments the most ardently Italian, but less than a month later he threw up the reins, and departed on board a British vessel. The reason he gave was a scruple of conscience; the Pope had informed him that the co-operation of his Government with the lately proclaimed Roman Republic would expose him to the censures fulminated by the Head of the Church from Gaeta. To avoid the dilemma in which he was placed he took his departure.

The short-lived republic of Tuscany lasted from February to April, when it died a natural death of ineffectualness. Ricasoli was one of those who in the prevailing chaos called upon the Grand Duke to return to his people, by whom he had never been hated.

The story of the Tuscan revolution has been told—without detail, which in this case is better absent, but with truth and actuality—in verse which has the speaking force of current impressions recorded at the moment, with no room for after-thoughts or conclusions. *Casa Guidi Windows* well merits the loving inscription which the Florentines have set upon the house of the English poet.

Leopold of Hapsburgh-Lorraine, who was recalled by the almost universal will of his subjects, stands in several respects alone among the Italian princes. In spite of his race, no one had seemed to share more warmly than he in the thrill of '48. Was it real, any of it? When he spoke of the holiness of the Italian cause, of liberty, of independence; when he said that the only title he coveted was that of father of his people; when he dropped the "imperial" prefix and declared that he desired no other than the Italian name? In a way it may well have been real. Italy has the secret of inspiring in stranger hearts a love as great as love of country, and for the rest Leopold was a native of Italy. He was not of the mould of the Neapolitan Bourbons, of whose generous utterances there was always the same explanation—they were afraid. It may well be that for one short hour his heart beat for the land which he hoped to give to his children. But on his summons back he committed a mistake so fortunate to the unity of Italy, so fatal to himself, that one can only believe him to have been seized with the madness which the gods inflict on those whom they would lose.

Leopold returned with the Austrians at his heels.

Was it possible that the fair words of last year were washed so utterly out of his mind for the thought not to come to him that death, exile, defeat, were preferable to this? Did the Pope's approval and the scornful applause of his German kindred bung up conscience to such a point?

"I can go to America any day and be plain Monsu de Savoja," said Victor Emmanuel to those who told him that if he stood by liberty he must lose his crown.

"I can die but once, but *MM. les Assassins* are mistaken if they think they will make me kill freedom," said Umberto to those who assured him that he must curtail liberty or lose his life. He lost his life, but he did not curtail liberty.

What threats or blandishments from without, what timidity or mistrust induced Leopold to become an accomplice in the Austrian invasion, it is needless now to inquire. The Austrians stabled their horses in the Convent of St. Mark, and helped the Grand Duke to keep his throne for ten years and to forfeit it for ever.

The dismay and anger, especially of the men who had taken an active part in the restoration, were past words. Gino

Capponi was heard rejoicing that he was blind, so that his eyes could not see the foreign soldiers tramping down the streets of Florence.

Ricasoli retired into private life, having thrown away, as he said, two years to nobody's profit, and to his own and his child's loss. Now, once more, he devoted himself exclusively to her.

The last stage was reached in the plan of education, and in agreement with what had always been his design, the Baron decided to take her out of Italy for two years. He counted not only on the educational advantages to be found abroad, but also on the effect of change of scene and air, and on finding a social atmosphere more healthy for a young girl's first entry into the world than that of Florence. He sought a society where the prevailing tone was robust, moral, and domestic, and in aristocratic circles at home (the only ones in which Betta could appear) he discerned nothing but ignorance and nervelessness. Speaking of Gino Capponi's granddaughter, a young girl of Betta's age, he said that if her mother could not follow his example and take her abroad, she had better keep her under her own eye till she consigned her to a husband, "and even after, as things are in Tuscany." To which he adds, "Good God! and then they talk of regenerating Italy!"

A last reason against mixing in Florentine society was the presence of Austrian officers at all official entertainments. The Baron was indignant at the insertion of a statement in a scurrilous Piedmontese journal to the effect that the ladies of the house of Ricasoli had been seen taking part in these festivities.

When the Baroness Anna heard of the proposed residence abroad, which, though discussed in earlier years, had fallen out of sight in the late political excitements, her countenance fell once more. Habit grows to be second nature, and the prospect of leaving her home and country, not only for months but for years, was as little welcome to the poor woman as that of the total seclusion of Brolio had been when she still had her youth and strength. The Baron told her to think it over and to weigh the advantages of the plan to Bettina, particularly as he did not wish her to marry till she was twenty. Reflection brought not only acquiescence, but it would seem, this time, persuasion also; and during the whole of their travels, the Baroness seconded her

husband with unfailing tact and cheerfulness. Happily, too, at this period she enjoyed better health than usual.

The family spent some months at Zurich, and afterwards settled at Geneva, Ricasoli's misgivings about the religious effect of the Geneva air having been tranquilised. In the fine season father and daughter made long Alpine excursions on foot, to the equal delight of both. Ricasoli was only too happy to be able to devote himself again to his paternal mission. "I am occupied with Betta," he wrote, "whom I neglected for two years without being useful in any other way. I have consecrated myself wholly to this office; duty, affection, and hope bind me to it. Perhaps the only way in which I can be of use in some small degree to the country is by giving it a woman of noble character. I am all the more diligent, because I grow daily more satisfied with my resolution. Betta's conduct inspires me with the most grateful hopes, and as far as is in my power I shall persevere in my design and not touch Tuscan soil until 1851. I reflect that the years are passing, and I say to myself, 'Henceforth no other hope remains to you of leaving a trace of your footsteps on this earth: make a mother worth something.'"

In the spring of 1851, Ricasoli prepared to return to Tuscany. There was little to attract him in his native State; the lessons of history seemed forgotten; men in authority acted like children; society was unreal and flippant. A presentiment of sorrow haunted his usually stoical spirit. "Oh! the abandonment of these Alps costs me dear!" he exclaims in one of the rare poetic outbursts of a temperament which owed to its very aridity a certain virginal freshness; "*They stand mid-way to heaven.*"

The first thing he did on his arrival at Brolio was to renounce for that year, which was a bad one, all profit in the cocoon-harvest to the benefit of the women who had charge of the silk-worms. He had not ceased, therefore, to care for the welfare of his peasants, but the impression he received on returning amongst them was one of discouragement, possibly far greater than the facts warranted. It appeared to him that the fruits of his labours were turned to dust and ashes. It is the common case with too sanguine reformers; results fail to keep pace with their expectations, and so everything is pronounced null. The more patient womanly heart of the Baroness Anna, who was

formerly, it is pretty certain, less led on by extravagant hopes, did not yield so readily to disappointment. In passing in review the sixty and more families whose moral and physical state they had tried to ameliorate, while Ricasoli looked at the want of collective success, the Baroness pointed out the individual instances of those whom they had found in a wretched plight of soul and body, and who, by their efforts, had been drawn from the wrong path. She, who had so long laboured among the women, striving to allay their quarrels and to relieve their wants, was better able than her husband to know where and to what extent there was a change for the better. "Look at such and such a family which was on the road to destruction when we came," she would say; "now they have paid off their debt, they farm their land well, they are at peace between themselves, and an example to all. Do you think that the rescue of one family is a trifle?"

Next summer Betta was engaged to be married to Baron Alberto Ricasoli Firidolfi, the last representative of the other, long severed branch of the family, a young man of good parts, two or three years older than his bride-elect. Hardly was this alliance arranged, than the Baroness Anna, who had been unwell with what was thought a slight ailment, was declared by her physicians to be suffering from an incurable complaint. Ricasoli, who shirked no ungrateful duty, charged himself with telling his wife of her danger: news which she received with the greatest calmness—who knows? perhaps it was no news to her. One cannot but think that she must long have concealed or made light of her illness. She strongly expressed the wish to see the young people united before her death, and Ricasoli, who looked on all the events of life in a serious light, offered no opposition to her wish; a natural one, indeed, and yet who can help feeling for the young hearts that were joined together in the gloom of so deep a shadow?

Never was anything more mournful than this wedding. In the evening the Viaticum was administered to the dying mother; in the morning, in the private chapel of Ricasoli's palace at Florence, where they were then living, the Nuptial Mass was performed, and the Communion received by bride and bridegroom. Ricasoli had not taken off his clothes for a week, having passed night and day in attendance on the invalid whom he only left to be present at the ceremony. Betta, dressed in bridal white,

went with her young husband from the altar to her mother's death-bed—her father leading her with one hand and him with the other, and saying: "Here are our children, give them your blessing." When she had blessed them they wept for a time—she only remaining serenely composed. Then Ricasoli, lifting his hands above them, said: "Be comforted, be of one mind, dwell in peace, and the God of peace and charity descend upon you and on your children." After that, he kissed them, and desired them to give one another a holy kiss. This was on the 24th of June, 1852. On July 3rd, as Ricasoli and Bettina sat watching in silence, the sufferer suddenly opened her eyes and said, "Ah! my Bettino, I feel that the end is near; I commend the children to you, do not forget me." That evening all was over.

Her body was carried to Brolio, where one day her husband's was to rejoin it. The last sad offices had been performed by him; he would allow no one else to touch what was left of her.

The young couple passed a week or two with Ricasoli at his country villa near Figline, at the end of which time they were still unwilling to leave him, but believing that he had no right to keep them as the companions of his sorrow, he resolutely sent them away. Young married people, he held (in which he was more English than Italian), should look to themselves and found an independent house. So without flinching, but with a heavy heart, he entered what he called his "desolate solitude"—wife and child practically lost at one blow.

The burden was great. In bearing its weight, and in making his life still converge towards the perfect goal which he believed to be prescribed to immortal spirits, he hoped to derive aid from the remembrance of the pure, lofty, and gentle being who had been so long his earthly helpmate. To voluntarily give way to grief was not a part either of his creed or of his character. But a year did little to fill up the void; he preyed on himself; his old daily interests had grown dumb; though constantly occupied, it was a forced occupation, the fruit of habit and will, and all his acts became mechanical. He knocked at the door of his early tastes; he tried vainly to revive the pleasure he once took in drawing, chemistry, natural history; but in everything he did he felt like a somnambulist. He deplored not having a regular profession, and advised every one, when young to adopt some

definite calling. As a last resource, he sought distraction in his former agricultural pursuits, and in a routine of useful activity ; but this too, alas ! proved stale, flat, and unprofitable. Brolio was too full of associations with the past for it to be endurable in the altered present. Such relief as he had was found in reading Cicero, Machiavelli, or the Bible. " Strange," he says, " I seem like one whom death has forgotten in his passage ! " Even his rides saddened him with the recollection of the pleasant hours so spent with Betta at his side ; he asks his brother to get him a spirited horse which will give him trouble, and so kill thought. In another age he would have craved a refuge in the cloister, and might have immersed himself in one of these monumental works of lifelong labour, manuscripts, illuminations, or what not, in which we are accustomed to see proofs of colossal patience, but which were oftener, perhaps, the valve of feverish unrest or consuming regret. But since the cloister with its soul-narcotics was out of harmony with the time and with himself, he thirsted for action, strife, and danger. On hearing that the country round was swarming with aggressive vagabonds, he says that nothing would please him better than to meet one face to face and fight it out with him. He wishes there was need for him to plunge into a fiery furnace for some one he loved—that might effect his cure.

His state could not but end by exciting the serious concern of his two brothers, who were sincerely attached to him. Baron Gaetano Ricasoli, meaning kindly, but with a rather prosaic lack of imagination, recommended him to marry again. As might have been expected, the suggestion irritated him : not that there were not candidates and to spare for the Baroness Anna's vacant place ; but a step against which he had felt a prejudice even when he was not himself in question did not grow in attractiveness from being looked at nearer. Vincenzo Ricasoli, who had in early life taken service in the Sardinian army, hit upon a more likely plan for bringing back Bettino's mind to its just equilibrium. This was an enterprise on a large scale for reclaiming a portion of the Tuscan Maremma. Vincenzo already had an estate there, and he warmly urged Bettino to buy another, within a short distance of Grosseto, the capital of the fever district. The undertaking proved the saving of Ricasoli. Novelty, difficulty, and that element of personal risk which is a precious

balm to minds diseased, were all included. To fight the gaunt fiend of fever was as good as throwing oneself into the fire, or coming to blows with a sturdy vagrant.

The wonder was not, indeed, worked in a moment. At first the Baron applied himself to the new task in the resolute but listless manner in which he had tried to conjure up the ghosts of his old hobbies. Little by little, however, his heart was renewed, and to the self-imposed artificial mental effort there succeeded a real and spontaneous interest.

He meant to introduce machinery into what he now began to call *la Nostra Maremma*; and this took him to London, where he stayed for a month in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Grieg, both of whom he had known at Florence. Mrs. Grieg's parents had, when she was a young girl, occupied a part of the Palazzo Ricasoli; her husband, who was a son of Mrs. Somerville by her first marriage, had also lived much in Italy. In sharing the peaceful and affectionate family life of these excellent friends, Ricasoli found pleasures which he had lacked for three years.

The Crimean War was then being fought, and his brother, Vincenzo, was doing good service in the Sardinian contingent, a fact not likely to lessen the sympathy which a guest of Ricasoli's standing was sure to meet with in England. Every one was anxious to further the object of his visit; only in England, he said, did agrarian economy rise to be an art and a science. He was attracted by the serious and homely character of the English people, which he contrasted with the levity of their nearest neighbours, from whom they were divided "still more by the spirit than by the sea." The French struck him as overgrown children, the English as grown-up men of vigour and experience. This, it is to be remembered, was in 1855.

Ricasoli was inclined to wish that the *Maremma* was at the bottom of the Mediterranean when the day came for him to bid adieu to his congenial English acquaintances; but he did not hesitate or delay: on the contrary, he travelled straight to his new property in the solitary swamps, where he set to work at once and in earnest. A prophetic instinct told him that if he wanted to do anything he must do it soon. He felt that great events were in preparation in the development of which Italy would have need of all her sons. It behoved the provident to put their houses in order, and to make whatever enterprises they

might have in hand as independent as possible of their personal guidance. People should husband their forces, and not fritter these and themselves away on trifles, that they might be ready and able to serve when they were called. Hearts and minds should be disciplined and educated for the great occasion which every day brought more near. These sentiments, set forth in a letter to his brother Vincenzo, show how little Ricasoli is open to the reproach of having abandoned himself to his ploughshares to the point of forgetting the vaster interests of Italy.

Ricasoli's history, politically speaking, between 1849 and 1859, is a history of expansion :—

“ Depuis qu'on ne t'a vu, qu'as-tu fait ?
J'ai grandi.”

After the Austrians entered Florence in the wake of the Grand Duke, he kept aloof from public affairs, but he did not leave off thinking about them. And the conviction came to him that there must be no more pottering and tinkering—that if a new Italy was to arise, she must consist of one solidly welded together state, with one sovereign, one parliament, one army. The ever-growing ineptitude of the Government of Tuscany, the petty pride, the general childishness which swayed the councils of her rulers, all tended to establish his belief that in heroic measures lay the sole remedy. His eyes turned more and more towards Piedmont and Piedmont's king. As early as 1855 he spoke of Victor Emmanuel, then little known, and by many less understood, as “the true strong column of that land.” A year later, he wrote to his brother Vincenzo in language which, to all save the extreme revolutionary party, would have sounded wildly utopian. Abhorring feebleness in every shape, he rejects all projects which merely offer palliatives, and proceeds to dwell on the folly of supposing that, with the exception of Victor Emmanuel, any of the Italian princes would or could really co-operate in fighting the Austrians. Moreover, were these by a miracle expelled, it would only be a step nearer the end and not the end itself. The first necessity was a revolution which should sweep all the princelings out of Italy, to be followed by a compact movement against Austria. If the Austrians were got rid of, it would be a miserable sequel to re-make an Italy if not of seven pieces, then of three or four, instead of giving her once for all

the strong and fruitful unity to which all things pointed : a unity which would close the revolutionary epoch for ever, while any other arrangement would leave the want of new revolutions. He cannot imagine how good Italians can aim at making their country a thing of shreds and patches, as if a body in scraps could be called a body. He cannot tolerate the short-sighted and conceited municipalism which even advanced writers had accepted and justified. If it were said that unity was not possible to-day, why not prepare it for to-morrow, instead of wasting blood and strength in trying to obtain smaller results ?

A conservative by birth and education, Ricasoli, as has been remarked elsewhere, had no fear of revolution, provided it was so conducted as to effect great and lasting, not small and temporary changes. His character was composed of elements which may seem contrary, but which, welded together, wrought a whole of granite. Ricasoli assembled in himself, as it were, the hardest, strongest features in commonly dissimilar natures. Francesco Dall' Ongaro, an accurate observer, said that he combined a certain haughtiness of manner with a simplicity almost rustic. A lifelong partisan of monarchical institutions, he was not merely joking when he affirmed that if every one were as republican at heart as he was, they might set up the republic to-morrow. But he added, this would only happen in the golden age.

Never was any one less luxurious. He preferred the common bread eaten by the peasants to any other. The people, who were afraid of him, but who trusted him implicitly, called him to his face as well as behind his back during his absolute rule in Tuscany, plain *Bettino* ; and he was nowise disposed to quarrel with their familiarity.

That time was approaching now. In April, 1859, a bloodless and most orderly revolution overthrew the Government of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Leopold departed peacefully from his State, and because his people bade him a not ill-natured good-bye, he cherished the hope that history would repeat itself, and that in a short time they would invite him to return. So radically did he misunderstand the situation and ignore the insurmountable barrier which had grown up between his subjects and his house.

Tuscany thus became her own mistress ; what would she do

with her freedom? The experience of 1848 was not encouraging. This time, too, vacillation and incapacity would have far graver consequences. The fate of Italy depended on what Tuscany would do.

In the evening on the day on which the Grand Duke made his exit, some of the most influential Tuscans invited Ricasoli to place himself at the head of the revolution. He replied, in substance, that if it was the old story of little Tuscany they could manage matters to their own taste—he would stand aside; if, on the contrary, there was a prospect of creating a great and united Italy, they might count on him, he was ready. He accepted the office of Minister of the Interior on the 8th of May, for two months only. On the sixtieth day he was resolved to return to his swamps and to his Cincinnati life, unless the country were in danger. But instead of two months, he remained for nearly twelve, *de facto* dictator of Tuscany, and to an extent known, even now, only to the closer students of these times, arbiter of Italian destinies.

The country could not well have been in deeper peril than at the end of those two months which Ricasoli had proposed as the term of his public labours. The peace of Villafranca was just signed, behind which lay much more than the sacrifice of Venetia. An Italy, of which the Pope would be supreme head, with the realm of Naples re-consolidated under the Bourbons, Tuscany and Modena given back to Austria's satellites, and Piedmont asked to be content with the loss of two provinces and the gain of one—this was what may be called the diplomatic plan. It was warmly espoused by Napoleon, with the mental reservation that if Tuscany could be had for his cousin and so become a French outpost, not many tears need be shed for the discomfited Leopold. An army corps in the command of Prince Napoleon was quartered in Tuscany to prepare the way. In short, in place of one foreign master, Italy was threatened with two.

Through the year of his ascendancy Ricasoli aimed straight at one end—Italian unity. His unsleeping sagacity and immoveable firmness then won for him the name of "The Iron Baron," and on that one year rests his right to be ranked with those who have greatly served their country. Humanly speaking, without Ricasoli, the ship of Italy would have foundered among

the rocks and shallows, the storms and fogs, through which its course lay. It would take long, and the task would be wearisome, to trace all the complications, the intrigues, the divided and contrasting interests which fought against a fortunate conclusion to that long-drawn-out crisis. Napoleon, even had he wished, could not disregard the absolute consensus of French opinion against one Italy. When he saw that his own little plan did not prosper, he gave his unreserved support to the Grand Duke. Count Metzburg, French *chargé d'affaires* at Florence, once told Ricasoli that if Tuscany united herself to Piedmont, "France would impose her veto"—a piece of information which called forth such a reply that the diplomatist saw fit without delay to modify his statement by saying that France did not mean to run the risks of a new war with Austria, which would inevitably consider the annexation a *casus belli*. Something of the same kind was communicated to Cavour, who nobly answered, "Rather than abandon Tuscany we are resolved to fight Austria single-handed."

The machinations of foes and "friends" abroad were, however, less fraught with fatal danger than the least mistake in internal policy or weakness in the attitude of the newly emancipated populations would have been. Ricasoli was determined to prevent any temporary or provisional arrangement which, missing the full character of complete unity, would have admitted the thin end of the wedge of an indefinite adjournment of the real point at issue. Such an arrangement was proposed and pressed at Turin in the form of a "fusion" of Tuscany with Piedmont—as distinguished from amalgamation with the other Italian States under the sovereignty of Victor Emmanuel. In another form, that of a provisional union of the four central states, leaving out the question of rulership for the moment, it was supported by Farini and Minghetti, who thought thus to allay the outcry in France and Austria. Ricasoli took no one's advice, and refused even to listen to any of these plans. At the time he was severely blamed, but to that he was quite indifferent. When he told an Italian starting for Paris to assure the French ministers that he would give the last drop of his blood to maintain the integrity of his political programme, he stated a fact which no one who knew him could doubt. Since he had been in the Government, he said, he had not known one

moment's uncertainty nor one of weakness ; what had weakness to do with a man who asked and desired nothing of his country, and who, fearless of sacrifice, was intent on giving himself wholly to her good ? What had he personally to gain or lose, the last of a race which had endured for twelve centuries ?

He grew every day more convinced—if that were possible—that without unity in the most absolute sense, independence would be a myth and a delusion. “Great God !” he cried, “if Italy be not one, to what end has so much blood been spilt ?” He answered all interference by saying, “Tuscany is in my hands, and I alone can judge.” The period of suspense was long ; there was time for new enthusiasms to cool and for old prejudices to gain ground. It does honour to the Tuscans that, proud as they are of their glorious traditions and of the peculiar gifts to which their long-cultivated race lays claim, they still stood fast in their great renunciation, resisting hankerings for an automony which would have strangled new Italy in its birth. That they did so remain steadfast is Ricasoli's supremest achievement.

He had two invaluable allies : the Marquis Gino Capponi, whose influence with the aristocracy was great, and who of all men could be the least suspected of a lack of Tuscan patriotism ; and Giuseppe Dolfi, who possessed the trust of the people.

“Beppe” Dolfi kept a baker's shop in the Borgo San Lorenzo. Again and again his modest roof had sheltered patriots, and under it in this eventful year, Mazzini himself remained for three months—scarcely any one in the city being aware of his presence except Ricasoli, who kept it secret even from the other ministers. No two men could have been more unlike, or one might say, more antagonistic than the Iron Baron and the veteran revolutionist ; but the vital point of national unity made them kin. Dolfi was the intermediary in the communications which passed between them. He had, also, laid down his republican predilections, which yet were of old date and very near his heart, for the public weal. Like a watch-dog in charge of a vast flock, he laboured to keep the people from straying. There were three days, after the fall of the Grand Duke, and before Ricasoli took office, when Dolfi was the one man of power in Florence. Even earlier than 1848 the Florentines had begun to trust him. He had all the personal gifts which bestow popularity : a tall and

robust figure, an honest, pleasant face, an extremely winning voice. His speech, too, had a choiceness both natural and acquired, for like many men of the people in Tuscany he had read a good deal, and his reading, so far as it went, had been of good and great books. His father left him a fair fortune, but it did not occur to him to retire from business or to seek "gentility" in a more polite calling. When Victor Emmanuel came to Florence he called the *popolano* to the Palazzo Pitti and would have decorated him with his own hands, but Dolfi answered: "Maestà, to bake good bread and to serve my people suffice." He would never accept the smallest reward for what he had done. He had been frequently trusted with secret revolutionary funds, and with the administration of succour to distressed immigrants from the other states; and whenever the money proved insufficient he added some of his own, by which means he exhausted his inheritance and his savings, and died in 1869 very poor, but beloved by the whole city.

On March 22, 1860, Ricasoli consigned to the king of his choosing the results of the plebiscite which gave him two million new subjects. The unanimity of the vote stopped cavilling; Europe bowed before the accomplished fact: there was no more talk of vetoes or of armed intervention.

The Iron Baron had fulfilled his own peculiar, inalienable mission. The rest of his life seems almost like an epilogue of which it is sufficient to say that it was worthy of what went before. At the death of Cavour and in other emergencies he took office, and his name alone was enough to inspire fresh confidence and raise the national credit. His "*Siamo onesti*" ("Let us be honest") became proverbial.

In 1865, he had the grief of losing his beloved daughter, who left one son to be heir to the Baron's possessions. Ricasoli passed his concluding years in retirement, but he was accessible to old friends, who found him but little altered. Latterly he lived a good deal in Rome, in a villa near the Porta S. Pancrazio, which, in a prescient spirit, he had bought of Prince Doria in 1863. To no one, probably, did the extinction of the Roman Question bring more gratification than to himself. Though of a mind pervaded by religion, he had always approached it without a shade of prejudice, and that the knot was at last cut, instead

of being—as Cavour fondly hoped—untied, did not greatly afflict him. From the first he looked on the temporalities of the Pope with Dante's eyes and with as few scruples.

His health was unsatisfactory, but he would not adopt the ways of a valetudinarian. At Rome he was often seen riding with no more caution than a man of thirty. A lady who ventured to suggest that he ought to take more care of his health, got the reply: “Madam, I carry on my shoulders the trifle of seventy-one years, and I think that when a man has reached seventy he has had all he deserves and the rest is a pure gift. Now, since no man has a right to gifts, and I never wanted them, I do not know what to do even with this one.”

In the summer of 1883 he had a severe illness, but in the autumn he was apparently cured. On Saturday, October 23rd, he was particularly well and active, and spent the day in attending to his usual affairs at Brolio. After dinner he retired to his own apartments, into which a servant went at six o'clock with the letters which had just arrived by the post. The Baron was sitting in his arm-chair, motionless and insensible. A few hours later his pulse ceased to beat, and the race of Ricasoli-Brolio became extinct.

III

LUIGI SETTEMBRINI

“**I** SHALL have to speak of so much that is melancholy—let me first refresh my spirit with the memories of my early years when I made my entry into the world which looked so fair and joyful.” With these words Luigi Settembrini begins his *Ricordanze della mia Vita*, a life outwardly troubled by trials as severe as could fall to the lot of any man, but inwardly of a rare serenity and wholeness. If, in his extremity, his strength sometimes failed him, it was but for a brief space; the just balance of his mind was soon regained; the source which was agitated for a moment became once more clear and pure. He was proof against oppression as against flattery, and through all his ordeals he carried the double talisman of an unspotted conscience and a capacity for affection, remarkable alike for its own amplitude, and from the fact that seemingly it was never abused, never wounded by an ill-return, or chilled by the discovery of unworthiness in its objects. It is for these reasons, and not because he was extraordinarily clever, or because he achieved great things, that the story of his life is one which it is good to know.

Luigi Settembrini was born at Naples on Holy Saturday, in the year 1813. He was a wild child, always running about the house and breaking anything that came in his way, and his father, who was in weak health, and who, therefore, suffered from his noisiness, would often recall how a woman, present when he was baptized, had prophesied that he would grow up to be a sad scapegrace, as the result of his having “broken the fount,” by which it was meant that he had been christened in newly-blessed

holy water. His father, and also his mother's father, were lawyers, and when Luigi was about seven years old, the family left Naples for Caserta, where the bread-winner exercised his profession in modest obscurity. Luigi remembered how one day, not long after their arrival, they went to a church crowded with people, all wearing tricolour rosettes, while the priest was girt with a tricolour scarf. It was a demonstration of the Carbonari. Some one, unknown, decorated the little boy with a cockade. After that, many soldiers passed through the town, and one of the officers asked the child if he would like to come with them to fight the Austrians, and he ran to his mother, and asked her to let him go. "Pray God to protect our country, and keep the Germans out of it," she answered. But the Austrians came, and several of the officers were lodged in the Settembrinis' house. The child, Luigi, needed much persuasion to induce him to sacrifice his tricolour ribbon, and to eat with an iron fork; the plate and other few articles of value being hidden away. Conversation turned upon sad topics: so-and-so had been imprisoned, some one else was deprived of his appointment: from the priest who was Luigi's master were taken both his cure and his school, and he was left a beggar. One morning the sounds of a bugle, mingled with a cry of pain, came up from the street; Luigi's mother went to the window, and when the child ran to join her, she clasped his hand and fell back fainting. His father looked out, and exclaimed, "It is the knout!" then he shut all the windows. Afterwards Luigi heard from his mother what had been the spectacle which caused her emotion. Bound to a donkey was a man, on whose bare back the soldiers were showering blows. This was the punishment then in force against the Carbonari. Luigi never forgot the sound of that bugle, and the sight of his mother stretched on the floor. It was thought best to put the boy out of the way of such scenes, and out of the way also of compromising the friends of the house by his outspokenness of an *enfant terrible*. He was sent to a large scholastic institution, conducted chiefly by priests, at Maddaloni, where his brother soon joined him. In 1825, the news reached them of their mother's death, which had occurred without their being able to see her again. They went over to pass the day with their father, and were sadly impressed by the house which seemed so empty and desolate, where they were

greeted by their baby brothers and sister, dressed in black, and crying as they met. Pale with grief, their father said: "She blessed you before she went, and I bless you all, my children, in your mother's name." This first loss, this first "end of the world," which, in childhood, gives the fact of mortality the force of a revelation, inclined Luigi to listen with fervent attention to the preaching of a venerable priest who came that year to the school to hold the annual course of spiritual exercises. A school-fellow, named De Silva, his bosom friend, shared his excitement, and the two did nothing out of school hours but recite prayers and read the lives of the saints. Their companions called them "the Monks," and, in fact, they had both quite resolved to join some religious order at the earliest opportunity. "Learn your lessons, and when you are eighteen we will speak of it again," wrote Luigi's father. He continued however, writing on the subject, and even lecturing his father, with the absurd presumption of his age. It ended by his being removed from the school, and when once at home his monastic tastes soon began to fade out of being. Instead of the Latin devotions he was in the habit of composing, he found himself one day scribbling a sonnet to a pretty neighbour, which was followed by not a few successors. Looking back to that time, he says: "Oh! do not laugh at these childish fancies! If, never in your life, you thought of going into a convent, never wished to kill yourself, never got into a scrape, and were always sensible and well-behaved, I pity you, and I would not have you for my friend. Wisdom without a spice of madness sterilizes the soul, and is like the sun without the dews of night."

To complete his cure, his father tried to instil into him other and more robust ideals. He read aloud the accounts, then appearing in the papers, of the events taking place in Greece. "Those are real men," he would say. "Tell me, would you rather be a monk than a Marcos Botzaris? Is not his death that of a glorious martyr for Christ and country? Would not you like to die so? The generous-hearted man loves his land, and strives for her good in honourable activity, not in the indolence of the cloister." Thus his earliest feelings for liberty were kindled, and the reading of Chateaubriand's "Atala," which wrought the youth of that period, from Victor Hugo downwards, to the wildest enthusiasm, gave him a desire

for an untrammelled life, which he satisfied as best he could by passing whole days with his books in the splendid forest of the royal demesne of Caserta. Once, on seeing the trees in a certain spot clipped so as to form a screen, he exclaimed that he would like to write a book against the tyrannical practice which spoils the beauty of nature by attempting to improve upon it. This provoked the warning that it would be wiser in future not to talk about "tyranny" on royal ground.

In November, 1828, Luigi was sent to Naples to complete his education and to study law, as his father destined him for the Bar. He learnt little: education in those days at Naples was little more than a farce. His fellow-students, like all Neapolitans, did not lack talent, but they lacked steadiness, order, discipline: they were ignorant, and dreaded mental application; and the men—chiefly priests—who were supposed to be their teachers, were incapable of turning to account their good qualities, or of correcting a single one of their defects. Settembrini formed a closer friendship with a few of the more cultured of his companions, with whom he passed pleasant days—talking politics, sometimes, but only when they were in the open country, for the police were always on the watch over the students, and the least political allusion might lead to untoward consequences.

In 1830, shortly after the ferment created by the news of the Paris July days, Luigi Settembrini was summoned to Caserta to his father's death-bed. "I do not leave you riches," this good man said to his children, "for I never had them, and I have only just been able by dint of work to support life. I leave you an honourable name for which you will never have to blush. No one will say that I injured him; some will tell you that Raffaele Settembrini was of help to them. I am sorry to leave you so young and poor, but God will be your father. Put your trust in Him, love one another, love work, and take my blessing. To you, Luigi, I recommend your younger brothers and your sister." "This is the legacy which my father left to me," wrote Luigi Settembrini, towards the close of his own life, "and this I leave to my children."

He was only seventeen, the oldest of a family of six, who were now dispersed here and there among relations. Luigi took one brother with him to Santa Maria di Capua, where the Tribunals sat, and where, little as he knew of law, he began to practise as

an advocate. But after six months, he was so disgusted with the whole administration of justice as then carried out in the Neapolitan States, that he cast his law-books to the winds and fled to Naples, determined to adopt any profession rather than this.

An aunt of his, Carmela, Baroness Sifanni, introduced him into several aristocratic houses, thinking that to see something of society would be a useful experience to him, but he was rather bored than dazzled; the general spirit was that of apathy and insipidity; serious subjects were never discussed, scandal and the smallest of small talk taking their place. His patience, together with his only presentable suit of clothes, began to wear out, and he left off frequenting these circles. The conviction came upon him strongly of the insufficiency of his own knowledge, and he entered his name at the University of Naples, where gratuitous instruction had always been given, with a view to filling up the gaps in his classical and other studies. Meanwhile he lived by giving lessons in a few private houses, and coaching some of his fellow-students who were still more backward than he was. His brother Giovanni, who was with him, was engaged in qualifying himself to become an architect. He was a light-hearted youth, who sang about the house the airs from the last new opera, *La Sonnambula*, and who had always prepared their modest meal by the time that Luigi came home. One day, which Luigi had passed in re-reading the whole of the Georgics, the brothers dined off two pigeons, which they had received as a present, and they were happier than kings.

About that time (1834) Settembrini joined a secret society called "Young Italy," but having no connection with the *Giovine Italia* of Mazzini. This society, when he joined it, only consisted of himself and the founder, "a young Calabrian named Benedetto Musolini, an ambitious dreamer, who thought that nothing was beyond his powers, and who aimed at the creation of a free and united Italy, formed into a great military republic with a dictator at Rome. The programme was magnificent; the means at the conspirators' disposal were small, and their practices rather childish, but, as Settembrini says, without the faith which possessed the youth of that period, men of common-sense would have been still engaged in discussion, and nothing would have been done. Both the mad and the sane

have their uses, but to begin with you always want madmen. Settembrini was by principle opposed to secret societies and considered that their only justification could be found in a *régime* like that of Naples under the Bourbons—"the negation of God erected into a system of government"—where all free speech and action were utterly stifled. On the other point, the republican character of this boyish association, he wrote, after the establishment of the Italian monarchy: "I was a republican then, because in the republic I saw liberty; to be a republican now would seem to me tantamount to dissolving the unity of Italy, and handing her over again to Pope and foreigner. In these days, to set up a republic would be an act of parricide."

Settembrini did not let his new-born political ardour interfere with his work or his studies, nor did these prevent him from doing what most people would have said was a very foolish thing, situated as he was, but what in fact was a very wise one—to wit, falling in love. One day in the street he saw a young girl, just emerging out of childhood, who was taking a walk accompanied by a nun. For a year he saw her no more, but the sweet angel-face haunted him through all that time, and when by chance once again she crossed his path, he did not rest until he had learnt her history. Thus he ascertained that she lived in great retirement not far from his lodgings; the nun was her teacher; and her parents, quiet people and very devout, destined her for a conventual life. He became deeply in love, and sought occasions for seeing her now and then at a distance, either out of doors or in church. Then he was told that soon he would see her no more, as her family was about to send her to a convent, where she would remain till it was time for her to assume the religious habit. "Oh! this shall never be!" Settembrini said to himself, and he went straight to her parents and asked their daughter in marriage. It required no little labour to overcome their scruples, and to persuade them to give their consent; they had not desired to see her married, and her pure girlish soul had accepted with much alacrity the prospect of the life planned for her. They were good, pious folk, who only followed what seemed in that time and place a natural and laudable course. Had they stood firm in their opposition, their child would have probably lived very peacefully, like the lilies in a walled garden, protected from every wind, and, in the end, looked upon as a

saint by her companions. But who shall rate the still waters of such a life as preferable to the storms and anguish that were in store for her, or say that the pale crown of contemplative sainthood would have been more blessed than the clothing of strength and honour which she was to gain? It is worth while to contrast the two roads, and then ask ourselves, who are commonly so afraid of sorrow, so wont to identify happiness with the absence of pain—which path would we have chosen?

Love makes eloquent, and Settembrini won his suit, but with the proviso that the wedding could not take place till he had been appointed to a professorship. As soon as the consent was given, he saw his betrothed close at hand and spoke to her for the first time. Her name was Raffaella Luigia Faucitano—she was called by the diminutive, Gigia. She was only sixteen, and very shy, and during their conversations she never left off working at some piece of pretty embroidery, but now and then she raised her eyes to his with the sweetest of smiles.

He was in hopes of obtaining the professorship of Greek and Rhetoric at the college of Catanzaro, where his brothers Peppino and Giovanni were already living—Giovanni's place at Naples having been taken by two smaller brothers and the sister, who, since the death of their grandparents, had been thrown wholly into Luigi's charge. He wished to reunite the little family which was scattered after their father's loss, and now he had a yet dearer reason for desiring to obtain the post. So he worked on indefatigably, though not without fear and trembling. "What should you fear? you work so hard!" said Gigia. "And if I grew confused at the examination?" "If you really love me you will not grow confused." "If I love you——!" They chattered the eternal language of love's daybreak, and were supremely blest. As he walked along the streets, Luigi read Homer or repeated the lines of the Iliad aloud, and then, all at once, he forgot all about ancient poets, forgot even where he was and what he was doing, and thought only of one gentle voice, one winning smile. "Oh! who will give me back those years, those studies, those days of love and hope?"

Settembrini passed the examination with flying colours, and the post was at once assigned to him. "Thus, for four scribbles in Latin and four in Greek, I was appointed to the Chair of Eloquence when I was but twenty-two, knew so little, and ought

to have been sent to school myself." He hastened to take the news to Gigia, who met him with the first kiss, which forty years after he recalled as the truest sweetness of his life. They were married on the 8th of October, 1835, Gigia's good old parents giving her to her husband with tears in their eyes, and with the words, "She has been our consolation and our hope; God bless you both." The wedding was very modest and very joyful. A month later bride and bridegroom were on their way to Catanzaro with the little brothers and sister who were to form part of their household.

The young couple found a happy home at Catanzaro, a city perched on a height in the middle of Calabria, among vineyards and orange groves, and broad pastures, trodden by innumerable flocks. Behind, the mountains rise higher and higher till they reach the pine-girt and snow-crowned range of the Sila, while before, far below, lies the blue Ionian sea. The healthiness of the situation caused it to escape the cholera epidemic of 1837, but the wild panic which spread over Calabria and Sicily ascended even to Catanzaro, and Settembrini could not argue educated people—and much less the ignorant—out of the belief that the disease was the result of poison introduced into the wells by order of Government. With curious accuracy, the populace hit upon impure water as the chief disseminator of cholera, only instead of recognising the poison to be the result of their own unhygienic habits, they were convinced that the infection was spread with the object of diminishing the population. Hence disturbances, and acts of abominable cruelty towards the supposed agents; with hardly less cruel and more wholesale massacres by way of repression.

In the April of the same year Gigia had given birth to a son, who was named Raffaele. Teresina, Settembrini's sister, went to school in a convent, in which some years later she became a nun; one of the younger brothers made himself a priest; and the others were in a position to support themselves, except the youngest, who remained with Luigi. Things might have gone on quietly enough, had not Settembrini felt too deeply the political degradation of his country to sit down and enjoy the goods, modest and yet infinite, which fortune had bestowed on him. The one good and pure element at the corrupt Court of Naples had lately disappeared with the death of the admirable

Princess Cristina of Savoy, who possessed every charm of mind and person, and who passed away in the midst of the public rejoicings at the birth of her first child. It was well known that she had used all her influence in the interest of mercy, but the king's second wife, the daughter of an Austrian archduke, whom he married five months later, gave him advice of another kind. It was said that she detested the Neapolitans, who were always singing the praises of her predecessor, and that she constantly repeated to her husband in her broken Italian: "Castigate, Fertinante, castigate!"

"I conspired," says Settembrini, "because I knew neither how to hold my peace among the oppressed, nor how to take my place among the oppressors, and to remain inert seemed to me to be cowardice." He sought adherents to the secret society founded, as already mentioned, by his friend Musolino, and one of those who sympathised with his aims, introduced him to a priest who professed the most liberal sentiments, but for whom Settembrini felt dislike from the first. This, however, he overcame, deeming it a prejudice arising from the ill-favoured countenance of his new acquaintance; and when the priest announced that he was going to Naples, and that he particularly desired to have letters introducing him to persons connected with the society, his request was granted. Armed with these documents, Don Barbutto (that was his name) went straight to the authorities and revealed everything, in the hopes of receiving a substantial reward for his treachery. Settembrini was arrested during the night of May 8, 1839, and was henceforth watched night and day by the gendarmes, one of whom, a handsome young man, said to him: "You are a professor, and I should like to teach you something which you would do well to remember—the three worst enemies of man—are pen, ink, and paper."

A week later he was conducted to Naples in the charge of a humane gendarme, who did all that he could to make the journey as little irksome as possible. Throughout Settembrini's long experience of the instruments of Bourbon oppression, they proved themselves to be very much better than their trade. Arrived at Naples, he was placed in one of the cells called *criminali*, in the prison of Santa Maria Apparente—a damp, dirty room, with no pretence of a bed. Next day he learnt that,

by paying for it, the prisoners could have—not a mattress—but what was termed a *farto*, which consisted in a sack of fibre refuse. The food was one day common beans, one day haricot beans, and the third day macaroni, which was always uneatable. Bread was also supplied, but only the crust could be eaten, as the crumb was completely mouldy, and the water so swarmed with insects that, when driven by thirst to drink it, the prisoners used to shut their eyes. Such was the change from the bright home at Catanzaro. Settembrini passed sixty-six days in the *criminali*, and sixteen months in a larger and loftier cell, which would have been bearable had it not been poisoned by the fumes of sewer-gas.

After his departure, his wife sold most of their possessions, except his books, and followed him with the child to Naples, where she took up her abode with her parents. Thus when he had been in prison for about a month, the gaoler brought him the welcome news that his wife and child were waiting to see him. He had felt much anxiety about them, having received no tidings since the night of his arrest, and great was his impatience to see them; but that day, after all, the promised permission did not come. At the end of three long hours, Settembrini, clinging to the grating of the small window, saw a woman leave the prison with a child in her arms. He knew it must be Gigia, and, throwing himself upon his sack, he wept bitterly.

Three days after she was admitted. Settembrini had expected to find her broken down with grief, knowing her gentle character and her youth (she was barely twenty). Besides the shock she had sustained, she had just made all alone a trying eight days' journey, with the child always in her arms, and being herself within a short time of her confinement. But her trials seemed to have transformed her. Unflinching in courage, she only thought of how to console her husband, and to be of assistance to him. She left him strengthened in heart, and full of wonder at her brave spirit. She was allowed to send him his linen and food, and she managed to establish a secret correspondence, which went to and fro in the shape of little notes rolled up in a green leaf at the bottom of the dark-coloured wine-bottle. The notes came out quite legible when the wine was poured away, and no one ever thought of examining the bottle.

One day—it was the 11th of August—the dinner did not

arrive at the usual hour, and late in the afternoon the head gaoler in person entered with the words: "May we live to see her an abbess." "What is it?" "The signora has given birth to a daughter: good health to everybody; may you be set free, and she become an abbess." This characteristic mode of expression still lingers in the South of Italy, where to be the head of one of the great and wealthy conventual houses was looked upon as the summit of feminine ambition. The babe whose birth was thus announced to Settembrini was christened Giulia Eleonora Beatrice. When she grew up and was married, it was only from his prison that he could bless her, and when in her turn she became a mother, he was still in prison. She was brought to Santa Maria Apparente when a few days old, and opened a pair of blue eyes on her father, and laughed. All that the mother had gone through reacted on the child, whose poorly nourished little body seemed as if it was withering away. But it was not her fate to die. Gigia was in want almost of the necessities of life, both then and often afterwards, but she never asked help of any one, and concealed her straits as far as she could from her husband. When the children were brought to see him they were always neatly dressed, in the little frocks made by their mother. What tried her more than material deprivations was the gnawing anxiety in which she lived. She went to the Royal Commissary to beg him to hasten on the trial, and only got the answer, "Think no more, madam, about your husband; he will be condemned to twenty years in fetters at the shortest—think about yourself."

Settembrini and his friends managed to communicate with each other through the walls by means of an invented language, which would have been unintelligible to the upinitiated even had their conversation been overheard. He thus got to know who were those arrested at the same time as himself. He asked for books, and he was given two—a Greek Testament and a volume of Monti's poems. A gaoler named Liguoro opened the Testament and inquired in what language it was written. "In Greek." "And you can read Greek?" "A little." On this the gaoler began to tell him how he hated his occupation, how he had four daughters and many debts, and he implored him to help him for the sake of his unfortunate family. "But what can I do?" said Settembrini; "I am not rich, I have no money

to give you." "You can do everything," was the reply. At last it came out that what the man wanted was that his prisoner should reveal to him three lucky numbers for the lottery! No arguments could persuade him that one who could read "that sort of book" was not master of the whole arcanum of cabalistic lore. "It is all because I am a gaoler that you will not help me," said the poor man, almost weeping.

One morning, when Settembrini felt profoundly dejected, he heard a girl singing so sweetly that, as he says, it seemed as balm to his wounded spirit. "Who was the girl who sang so well, and what was the song?" he asked Liguoro. The singer proved to be the gaoler's own daughter, and the song was "the new song": "*Te voglio bene assai, E tu non pienze a me.*" "You like it? Well, I will tell her to sing it often. But you think neither of her nor of me," said Liguoro, with a play on the words, which was meant as a reminder of the lottery grievance.

Every year at the feast of Piedigrotta (September 8th), the Neapolitan people assemble in the grotto of Pozzuoli; and one after the other those expert in the popular gay science throw down the challenge to improvisation. The song which is judged the best is sung all over Naples through the year. But *Io te voglio bene assai* had a wider vogue: in an incredibly short time there was not a cottage or a drawing-room in Italy where it was not sung; a farce was even written about it, and efforts were made to discover its author, but in vain. That "the folk-song makes itself" remained true, for of its origin, nothing except the date was ever known. Such was the story of the "*canzona nuova*" of the year 1839, which brought two other novelties to Naples—gas, and the first railway.

After spending twenty months in the *criminali* of Santa Maria Apparente, Settembrini and four others arrested on the same charge were handcuffed, and conducted in the wake of a chain of convicts to La Vicaria (Castel Capuano), which, built as a royal palace for the Norman kings, had been converted by the Spanish viceroys partly into law courts and partly into a vast prison. Grim memories were attached to the place which in the minds of educated prisoners who had read history could not fail to heighten the impression caused by its unclean and abominable realities. Settembrini had six months' experience

of the Vicaria before the end of his trial, and again another five months after its conclusion. The charges against the prisoners were pronounced "not proven," but four of them were retained "at the disposal of the police." In January, 1842, Settembrini, with two of his companions, was transferred as a favour to the Ospedale di S. Francesco, a House of Detention, where they had light and air, and were allowed to take exercise in the galleries, and where Gigia could visit her husband. During the months passed in La Vicaria he had not allowed his wife and children to come to him, as he could only have received them in the public room in which prisoners of all sorts saw their friends, and where there was often heard language unfit for decent ears. Gigia continued to labour incessantly to obtain a release, wearying the authorities and the king himself with her prayers, till the latter told his ministers that "he would have no more of these vexations," and (on October 4th) the prisoners were all discharged, fortunate, as they thought, in having escaped with a three years and a half loss of liberty.

It was towards evening, and the rain was falling; Settembrini walked rapidly to the house where he knew that his wife lived, and asked a servant if there was a lady here, whose husband was in prison? The woman looked hard at him, and then exclaimed, "It must be the signora's husband!" His son Raffaele ran to meet him on the stairs. "Papa," he cried, "do not go back again to prison!" In a moment more all his sorrows were forgotten in the presence of his three dear ones, while his wife's old mother wept as she blessed them all.

He had lost, of course, all chance of regaining a position such as he had held at Catanzaro, but he once more hoped to earn his livelihood by teaching. He gave lessons in private houses, and a few boys came to him in the day to receive instruction. He had been told that he would never have permission to open a school, but a friend observed to him, "Do you not know that everything can be done at Naples *without* permission?" As the boys were few, and politics were eschewed, he was not interfered with. The work was laborious, and was the reverse of highly paid. To most people it would have seemed unmitigated drudgery, but it did not seem so to Settembrini, because he was deeply impressed with the importance, the true dignity of the teacher's office, even in its humblest form, and deeply convinced of the

moral responsibility which rests with those who may have a boundless influence for good upon the youth of a nation, and in whose power it lies to effect changes more beneficial and more radical than can be worked by princes or law-givers.

In the six years following Settembrini's liberation there were frequent small movements, always severely repressed, of which the most important was the abortive landing of the Brothers Bandiera and their companions on the coast of Calabria. At Naples the prisons were full of those who were believed to be unquiet spirits. Carlo Poerio and Mariano d'Ayala were among the citizens consigned to St. Elmo, where, little by little, all that was best in Naples was to collect. An universal depression hung over the whole peninsula, when the publication of Gioberti's *Primato* gave a stimulus to drooping patriotism. After the long series of failures and humiliations since the beginning of the century, even hope seemed to have fled, and Italians as a mass were losing faith in themselves, and in their destiny. Here, then, was a man who came forward with the declaration that, so far from being the last, the Italian race had a right rather to be called the first. A glorious future still lay before it—a high mission was yet reserved for it among the nations. Nor did it lack the virtue, the capacity, once more to be great. It is needful to realise the depth of self-distrust and political abasement into which the people were cast, to understand the effect produced by the stirring clarion-call of the *Primato*. Gioberti's plan, a confederation of States under the hegemony of the Pope, impossible of accomplishment though it really was, seemed, nevertheless, a feasible programme in the first days of the Pontificate of Pius IX. Thousands were attracted and cheered by it, who would have thought the infinitely farther-sighted unitarian scheme of Mazzini the wildest of visions. Most of the rulers began to feel their way with little reforms; only in Naples there were as yet no signs at all of amelioration. Fired by an act of high-handed tyranny of which he had been by chance a witness, Settembrini wrote, in 1847, "A Protest of the People of the Two Sicilies," which was approved by the chief liberals still at large in Naples, and had a large circulation. The secret of its authorship was well preserved, but at the beginning of 1848, when the persecution waxed fast and furious, Settembrini was strongly advised to leave the city, as it was believed that

suspicion would fall on him in the end. On the recommendation of Lord Napier, British Minister at Naples, he was taken on board the English frigate *Odin*, which was then lying in the bay. He had his boy with him, who soon became a favourite with the officers, by whom Settembrini was treated with the most courteous kindness. The frigate first sailed to Sardinia, where the fugitive had proposed to disembark, but the timid authorities objected to his landing, so that the captain took him on to Malta, in which island a good many Italian exiles were already living.

If there is another chapter of Neapolitan history which Englishmen would willingly cancel, it is some consolation to recall how indefatigably the English Government and the English fleet worked during these latter years in the interest of the oppressed population. While the representatives of Russia, Prussia, and Austria were urging the King of Naples to refuse concessions, the voice of England was raised unceasingly on the popular side. "Providence and England are with us," the Pope's Cardinal Secretary of State had said in the previous September—speaking still as one who held the papal and the national cause to be identical. Over and over again the Russian and Austrian diplomatists declared in their circulars and despatches that "it was all England's fault" if the rulers, and especially the Neapolitan ruler, did not stand out against the demands of the people. There is reason to think that the Sicilian rising which opened the ball of revolution in 1848 would have been crushed by an immediate despatch of troops from the mainland, had not the presence of the British fleet frightened the king's Government out of sending reinforcements. It was a rehearsal, curiously enough, of what was to happen again in 1860.

Lord Napier's last words to Settembrini had been, "You will soon come back"; and, in fact, in a month and a few days he arrived once more at Naples, to be greeted by his brother Peppino with the cry, "Constitution! Amnesty!"

The bloody revolution at Palermo had been followed by a bloodless one at Naples. Ferdinand II., who but a little while before had boasted that he would sooner make himself a colonel in the Russian army than yield an inch to his subjects, signed the statute on the 16th of February, and on the 24th swore to uphold it, in the Church of S. Francesco di Paolo, pronouncing

the oath in so loud a voice as to be heard by the whole of the vast assemblage gathered within the sacred building. Some older persons murmured, "He has sworn, and he will perjure himself as his grandfather did before him," but their predictions were lost in the tumult of general rejoicing.

There was a moment of trust and exultation, when it seemed enough to be able to cry openly, "*Viva l'Italia*" and to wear the tricolour. But states cannot live on cries and colours. The Neapolitan revolution of 1848 left behind a melancholy record. It would be well if Ferdinand II. had been the only person to play a sorry part, but as a fact there was not any one concerned who came out of the trial with credit. The ministers appointed to govern under the new state of things were many of them men whose honesty is beyond dispute; but they only showed weakness and incapacity when what was wanted was the highest statesmanship to tide over the crisis produced by the gift of freedom to a people ignorant of its uses, a people divided between those who would have liked to establish a red republic and those who shouted, "Long live the king! Death to the nation!" To make the confusion more complete, Sicily resolutely declined to accept the Neapolitan Statute, deeming herself once more betrayed by the refusal of a separate parliament and her own violated "English" Constitution of 1812. Lord Minto endeavoured to effect a compromise, but in vain; Sicily broke off all relations with Naples, and offered the crown to the Duke of Genoa. The Sicilians had abundant cause to misdoubt the worth of Bourbon promises; unhappily they had also cause of enmity with their Neapolitan brothers, who had so often bombarded their cities. Then there was at work the old jealousy between Palermo and Naples. It was not surprising that Sicily should take the course she did, but it is impossible not to see that the disunion which followed strengthened the hands of the retrogressive party, and made the failure of the whole movement in southern Italy morally certain from the first.

The 12,000 Neapolitans whom the king, under severe pressure, had sent to take part in the war with Austria, were recalled; a few disobeyed orders and pushed on to the front; the bulk went home, and these returning troops were sent to reduce Sicily to subjection. So the reaction set in—first of all, and with a ferocity nowhere surpassed, in the Neapolitan States, thence to

spread over the whole of Italy, with the exception of Piedmont, where was found that prodigy—a king who would not lie.

At the beginning of the revolution Settembrini had accepted from Carlo Poerio an appointment in the Ministry of Public Instruction, but in less than two months he resigned it, sure that in the chaos which prevailed in all departments it was impossible for him to render any service to the State. During his brief official experience there had been three heads over him. There was no system, no stability, nothing was permanent but weakness and disorder. He was offered a pension on retiring, which he would not accept. He was in office only for a month and a half, and he had merely performed the routine duties; how then, he asked, could he be held to deserve a pension? "I am ready to work, and to be recompensed for my work, but a gift would humiliate me and make me vile in my own sight." So the subject was dropped; but he was later given the refusal of a post in the Finance Ministry, which carried a higher salary than the one he had retired from. He replied that he could not assume this post, as he knew nothing of finance, and in all his life had only studied literature. "For a man of talent," answered the minister (F. P. Ruggiero), "that makes no difference; I also knew nothing about it, and in a fortnight I made myself master of the whole matter." "But I cannot compare myself with you," observed Settembrini, as he made his bow and went his way. In November, 1848, he was elected deputy, but he declined the honour of a seat in parliament. He was repeatedly warned that in high quarters, and especially by the king, he was regarded with suspicion and dislike. It was pretty well known now that he was the author of the "Protest," and though Naples was under a new *régime* the avowed enemies of the old one were none the less hated in secret. Settembrini retired to a farmhouse at Posilipo, only going into the town in the day to give his lessons, and was in hopes of being thus left in peace. It was not to be so. On June 23, 1849, he was arrested "as a preventive measure by order of the Minister of the Interior," and conducted to S. Maria Apparente, from which he was removed back into the dark and dismal cells of the Vicaria.

In April, 1850, he wrote his defence, which has since become famous. "In this world," runs a memorable passage, "there

are only two parties, that of honest men and that of scoundrels. I have always obliged myself to belong to the former, and I have never paid much attention to names, because I have seen much evil done by men called Royalist or Liberal, Absolutist, or Republican, or Constitutionalist. I love freedom, which for me signifies the exercise of one's own rights without giving offence to any one—which signifies severe justice, order, respect for the laws, and obedience to them and to the authorities. This freedom I warmly love, this it is which is desired by honest men, and if to love it be a crime I confess myself guilty and accept the penalty. To obtain this liberty I desire a government with just laws rigorously observed by all without distinction. Give such a government what name you please—little it matters to me ; but let there be laws, not arbitrary power ; laws, not party rule.”

Forty-two political prisoners were to be tried in a batch ; the public hearing of the case began on June 1st, and lasted for six months. This huge trial was a turning-point : had the judges refused to convict, the ministers would hardly have ventured on further prosecutions. For the prisoners the six long months were made up of sleepless nights and weary days ; sometimes they hoped, but their hopes were only strong enough to give a keener edge to the despair into which they lapsed. Finally the end approached. At eight o'clock on the first of February, 1851, while the verdict still hung in the balance, Settembrini wrote the following letter to his wife:—

“I desire, O cherished and unhappy companion of my life, I desire to write to you at this moment when the judges have been for sixteen hours engaged in coming to a decision on my fate. If I am condemned to death I can never see you again, nor my dearest children. Now that I am serenely ready for all I can converse with you for a little space. O my Gigia, I am calm and prepared, and what surprises me most, I feel the strength to dominate this too ardent heart—woe betide me were it to overcome me ! If I am condemned to death I can promise you upon our love, and upon the love we bear our children, that your Luigi will not be false to himself ; I shall die with the certainty that my blood will be fruitful of good to my native land ; I shall die with the serene courage of martyrs, and my last words will

be of my country, my Gigia, my Raffaele, my Giulia. It will not be a disgrace to you and to the dear children that I should have died on the gibbet; one day you will be honoured for it. I know you will be broken down with grief; but command your heart, my Gigia, and live for the dear children, to whom you will say that my soul will be ever with you all three, that I see you and hear you, that I follow and love you even as I loved you—as I love you now in this terrible hour. I leave to my children the example of my life, and a name which I have striven always to preserve honoured and unspotted. You will bid them remember the words I spoke from the dock on the day of my defence. You will tell them that I bless them and kiss them a thousand times. I leave them three precepts—to know and to adore God; to love work; to love, beyond everything, their country. My beloved Gigia, were these the joys I promised you in the first days of our love, when we were both very young: you, fifteen, and full of grace and innocence; I, twenty, with a heart overflowing with hope and affection, and a mind hungry after beauty, of which in you I saw a heavenly example—when we promised each other a life of love, when the world smiled on us and looked so fair, when we despised want, when our life was our love? And what have we done to deserve so many griefs—and so soon? But every lamentation would be a blasphemy against God, because it would lead us to deny virtue, for which I die. Ah! Gigia, knowledge is but sorrow, true virtue can only bring forth bitterness. But these sorrows and this bitterness are hallowed; my enemies know nothing of the beauty and the dignity of such sorrows. In my place they would tremble; I am tranquil because I believe in God and in virtue. I do not tremble; those who condemn me should tremble, for they offend God.

“But shall I be condemned to death? -I always expect the worst at the hands of men. I know that the Government wishes to make an example, and that my name is my crime; that those who are now deciding my fate waver between a thousand thoughts and fears. I know that I am disposed for all that may happen. Shall I be buried in the galleys, a penalty worse and more cruel than death? My Gigia, I shall always be I. God sees into my soul and knows that not by my strength but by that which comes from Him I am calm. See, I write to you without tears, in a firm and flowing hand, with a quiet mind—my heart

does not beat. My God, I thank Thee for this which Thou workest in me; even at this hour I feel Thee, I acknowledge Thee, I adore Thee, and I thank Thee. My God, comfort my inconsolable wife, and give her strength to bear this grief; protect my children, incline them towards righteousness; they have no father, they are Thy children; keep them from vice, they can have no help from men. I commend to Thee, oh God! this country: give wisdom to them that rule it; grant that my blood may stay all party wrath and hatred, that it may be the last shed in this unhappy land.

"My Gigia, I cannot write any more, for I fear lest my feelings should master me. I know not if I shall ever see you again.

"Farewell, O dear, O cherished, O adored partner of my misfortunes and my life. I can find no other words to console you, my hand begins to shake. Take a kiss—like the first kiss I gave you. Give one to my Raffaele, one to my Giulia. Bless them for me; every day, every night, when you bless them, tell them that I also bless them. Farewell. Your husband,

"L. SETTEMBRINI."

After the letter was finished, he learnt that one more interview was to be granted to himself and two of his fellow-prisoners with their families before sentence was delivered. So he passed a quarter of an hour with his wife and children, trying to inspire them with courage, and giving the letter he had written into his wife's hand. A weight seemed lifted from him when the parting was over; he and the others walked up and down the corridor and waited. At one o'clock, on looking out of the window, he saw his brother Giuseppe, who made him understand by signs that three of the prisoners were condemned to death, and then pronounced the word "*Caserta*." The king was residing at the royal palace of *Caserta*, and the word meant that as a forlorn hope an attempt would be made to obtain mercy from him. Giuseppe disappeared, leaving his brother uncertain as to whether he was one of the three. The prisoners busied themselves with preparing their midday meal, but before they had eaten it several officials came into the room, and an old usher read out in a trembling voice: "*The High Court condemns to death S. Faucitano, L. Settembrini, and Filippo Agresti.*"

Of the rest of the accused, two were condemned to life-imprisonment, two to thirty years, three to twenty-five years, three to twenty-four years, nine (amongst whom was Carlo Poerio) to nineteen years. All the sentences, including those of death, were accompanied by fines; except in the life-sentences, the imprisonment was to be undergone in chains. Eight of the prisoners were provisionally set at liberty.

After hearing the sentence, Settembrini said, "Thank the Court in the name of L. Settembrini," which was repeated in turn by the others. Then came a heartrending leave-taking between those who were to go free and those who were to remain—especially the three under sentence of death. "Why were we not all condemned to death?" cried one of the former. The gaolers did not interfere with them—nothing could have been more humane than their conduct from first to last. But Settembrini himself cut short the painful scene, saying to the chief warder, "Open the door—Farewell to all." Thus, followed by his two companions, he entered the condemned cell.

In Naples then, as still in Spain (whence the custom was doubtless derived), condemned prisoners passed their last hours *in cappella*—that is to say, in a cell adjoining the chapel of which it nominally formed part. Here they saw no one but the gaolers, who were never absent for a moment, and the members of the religious community whose office it was to prepare prisoners for their end. At the Vicaria, this dreaded cell was a small, cold room, where Settembrini and his companions had not been long when the head-gaoler came in with tears in his eyes, and said, "You must put on prison clothes; do not be disturbed, it is a mere formality—O God! what have I not to do, and to whom?" In undressing, Settembrini found by chance in his pocket a letter from his little girl. "This is a letter of my daughter's," he said; "I wish to keep it and to die with it in my hand." The gaoler turned his face away as he assented. The prisoners were then made to sit down, and two enormous iron rings, connected together, were rivetted round their ankles, so that they could not move a step without assistance.

It was Saturday, and as executions were not carried out on Sunday, the prisoners reckoned that theirs would not take place till Monday morning. Yet at every opening of the door they started, half expecting to see the White Friars enter. Monday

morning dawned without their visit; but as the day broke, a smell of incense penetrated through from the chapel, from which it was guessed that they were already there. Still they did not come in, and presently the head-gaoler came to summon Settembrini and Agresti into the presence of the Commissary. A pang struck Settembrini as, supported by two assistants, he dragged himself out of the cell. Faucitano, then, was selected for the sacrifice!

The other two were not told immediately of their reprieve, but their fetters were removed and they were put into the cell they had occupied during the trial. Here they learnt how all Naples was excited about their fate, how in the prison, all, even the poorest, had been praying for them, and many had gone without food in order to buy tapers to offer up for them. Touched by these manifestations of sympathy, they wept for the first time.

What had happened was this. Ten days before the sentence was passed, the king had intimated that half the number of those condemned would be reprieved—if six, for instance, were condemned, three would have their sentence commuted. This was to be considered, as far as he was concerned, a final decision—therefore the journey made by Settembrini's wife (against his wish), and by other friends of the prisoners to Caserta, had no results. By some chance, or possibly from a humane motive, the Procurator-General did not communicate the king's word to the Court until the sentence was drawn up, and thus a dilemma arose, as the half of three, in this case, could not be easily found. Had they been sooner apprised of the royal intentions, it is certain that the judges would have taken care to condemn to death an even number, and Settembrini's fate would have been sealed. Faucitano was chosen by the Court as victim because six votes out of eight had been given against him, whereas the others were condemned by five votes out of eight. But Settembrini and Agresti were by far the most obnoxious to the ministers who had desired their death, and who, partly to mark their disapproval of the way in which the judges had conducted the matter, decided at the eleventh hour that Faucitano should be also spared.

After a long time passed in the company of the White Friars, Faucitano was led to his companions, and it was announced to

them all that the extreme penalty was commuted into imprisonment for life. The Procurator-General offered to have them bled, or to give them a restorative, but they declined these attentions with a smile, only accepting the latter for Faucitano, who had not tasted food for many hours, fearing lest it should contain something designed to weaken his nerve at the last. Next day, the 4th of February, the prisoners were permitted to see their families. Settembrini's children ran sobbing into his arms, while his wife stood pale as death, without a tear in her eyes or a smile on her lips. During the interview she spoke little, only from time to time she tightly pressed his hand in her own, as if to make sure that he indeed remained to her in the flesh. But she had too clear a mind to lose sight, even in that moment of rescue from the extremest peril, of the separation and the sufferings that lay before them. It was not possible for her to do as did the wife of Filippo Agresti, an impulsive French woman, who exclaimed, throwing her arms round his neck, "Mon ami, tu as sauvé la tête, à présent tout est rien !"

The small rocky island of San Stefano, whither Settembrini, Agresti, and Faucitano, with other of their companions, were now conducted, lies opposite Gaeta at thirty miles distance from the shore. The only building on the island was the *Ergastolo*, the only inhabitants were the prisoners and their guardians. In Settembrini's time there were 758 of the former—twenty-eight were political prisoners, the rest were common criminals. They were confined in ninety-nine cells, of which the largest measured about sixteen spans. Each cell had from eight to ten occupants ; and the political prisoners were not placed by themselves, but scattered over the whole building.

The punishment of the *Ergastolo*—which originally meant the galleys, but had come to signify a prison designed especially for those undergoing life-sentences—consisted in close confinement in a small room, through all the hours of the night and day, with half a dozen of the most abominable thieves, murderers, and doers of nameless misdeeds. The *Ergastoliano* was not chained, and he might wear his own clothes. As far as the outward world was concerned he was considered as one already dead, and his natural heirs were empowered to take possession of his property, if he had any.

Into this dwelling, into this society, entered Settembrini, full

of gentle refinement, of home affections, of elegant tastes, in the early morning of a chilly 6th of February, 1851. Here, by the royal clemency, he was to abide "for life."

Three years later, on the anniversary of that day, he wrote in his journal: "The three years are for me as one sole day—both short and long. I turn to mentally contemplate this lapse of time, unmarked by events, and it seems brief; one day does not differ from another; one always sees and suffers the same things. Here time is like a shoreless sea, without sun or moon or stars—immense and monotonous. Many of the prisoners who have been here for thirty years, say, when they speak of what they did or saw thirty years ago, 'Not long since I saw this, I did that.' I also say, 'Not long since I was condemned to death.' But when I look upon myself and my soul and this poor torn heart, when I reckon up my woes and uncover the wounds which reach even to the depths of my soul, oh, then these three years seem to me infinite! I cannot recall the few pleasures and the many griefs I had before: the griefs of these three endless years seem all my life. Three years, and if I have to say ten, and twenty, and thirty? I shall never say it, for I shall not live so long.

"My body and my clothes are soiled; it is of no use to try and keep clean: the smoke and dirt make me sickening to myself. My spirit is tainted; I feel all the hideousness, the horror, the terror of crime; had I remorse, I should think that I too were a criminal. My spirit is being undone. It seems to me as if my hands were also foul with blood and theft. I forget virtue and beauty.

"Oh, my God, Father of the unfortunate, Consoler of those who suffer, oh save my soul from this filth, and if Thou hast written that I must here end my sorrowful life, oh! let that end come soon! Thou knowest grief does not frighten nor subdue me: I bear my cross; even on my knees I drag it after me; but I fear to become vile, I fear my soul growing perverted; even now, I recognise it no more. How can I come before Thee thus? Call me to Thee soon. What more have I to do upon this earth, or rather on this rock of grief and misery, a burden to myself, useless to others? Grant me the grace of death, since to torment me men have given me grace of life.

*'Omnia perdidimus, tantummodo vita relicta est,
Præbeat ut sensum, materiamque malis.'*

"I defy all barbarian and civilised cruelty to torture me, crush me, lacerate me, tear to pieces these fragile limbs, this weak body; behold my hands—bind them! behold my feet—load them with chains! Sate yourselves with my flesh and with my blood, but do not spoil my soul; my soul is I—men have no jurisdiction over it; one thing only it fears—evil. The world knows not, nor can it conceive, few are there who know and feel, that the first of all possible and imaginable griefs is to watch the ruin of one's soul. And this grief is what I feel now; when I feel it no more, either I shall be numbered with the wicked or with the dead."

Sometimes the prisoner tried to find a moment's peace by calling up pure images of his early wedded love, and of his wife and children. "Who will carry me back," he wrote, "to the hill of Posilipo, to my pretty garden full of roses in flower, and perfumed with the scent of the magnolia?" He pictures to himself how in the evening, after a hard day's work, he gladly climbed the hill, entered the little enclosure, heard the bark of Turco, the peasant's dog—then, he would whistle, and, in reply, two clear young voices cried "Papa," and his children ran down among the trees to meet him with kisses, and ask him whether he had brought them anything from Naples? Satisfied on this point, each would catch a hand, and so they reached the farmhouse where Gigia waited, smiling, on the balcony. The happy home was broken up now; an ever-widening gulf severed that past from this present. "I cannot see the sea or the earth, I see only the little space of sky above the prison, and yet by the milder air and the wonderful purity of the heavens, I feel and remember the return of the fourth spring that finds me here."

His wife sent him her portrait, which he kissed, but only in secret. What would he not give, he cries, to be in solitary confinement, so that he might call her daily, even though he were not heard? Her name could never be pronounced in this place, it would have seemed to contaminate it. "Were any one to read the words I write to you," he continued, "he would laugh at me and at my love. But you will not laugh, my darling. Those who have not suffered as we have suffered, know not that misfortune strengthens and purifies love. Oh! if our love be an inexplicable sweetness, a balm to the wounded

spirit, a light, a harmony which makes our calamities endurable, let us thank Almighty God who has given us those calamities and that love."

To preserve his intellect from becoming wholly a blank, and not without a pathetic hope of keeping his name from perishing completely out of the memory of men, he began to translate the writings of Lucian, whose pure style and gentle irony were congenial to him. The work of translation, with an introductory notice of the author, occupied the last five years he passed in the Ergastolo. He began it with only the bare text, and had to struggle against all sorts of difficulties; but by unceasing labour he carried out his plan, and when the work was published in 1861, it was considered the best rendering ever made of a prose classic into Italian. In his introduction Settembrini laments the want of good translations; a translation, he says, should be a work of art—an axiom which is generally accepted in these days, but which sounded startling in the ears of people who were accustomed to think that any one, however poorly equipped with scholarship or deficient in the knowledge of his own language, was good enough to be a translator. In Italy, at least at that time, "*Traduttore-traditore*" was more than a witticism, it was a fact. Settembrini was sorry to see his country in this, as in other respects, far behind other nations. "Those good, gifted, and persevering Germans" (he wrote), "who know so much and achieve so much in research, have not left a single Greek writer without an excellent German version and long commentaries and explanatory notes of every kind; so that only from them can we have a properly edited Greek book. The French also, although in their own way, translate and connote with diligence, and the English employ in this the care and judgment which they employ in everything." His self-imposed task was a true labour of love, and he always looked on Lucian as a friend who had saved his mind from death among the assassins and parricides who were given to him as companions.

In July, 1855, Settembrini had a visit from his wife and daughter, whom he was allowed to see in the prison-governor's apartments. His daughter was now sixteen—a sweet girl with earnest eyes, who had just been engaged to be married. Settembrini vexed his heart that he had no dowry to give his beloved child; then, all at once, he thought of making her a present of

the copyright of his "Lucian," and this idea invested the work with a new charm; he felt no more weariness, his pen flowed swiftly on, even the paper seemed embellished when he imagined Giulia sitting by his side, and smiling as he wrote. What delight to be able to work for his darling, even here in prison! "Small is the gift," he wrote, with his habitual modesty, "small is the gift I can make her, but I cannot make it more—I would I could compose a *Gerusalemme* for her, but where is the talent to come from?"

Unlike many persons who in adverse circumstances, and especially in intellectual isolation, grow unconsciously to have an exaggerated opinion of their own powers, Settembrini rated his literary abilities at what was certainly too low a valuation, believing that those who took a different view were influenced "by pity for a great misfortune." "I know what I am worth," he wrote to Gigia, "and speaking to you, who are my wife and a part of myself, I tell you honestly that it is very little." Once he had cherished the desire to do something, and he had always had an intense ardour for study—he loved knowledge, he says, even as he loved his wife—but fortune was ever against him, even books had been denied to him, whence he had remained ignorant of much that should be known, and tormented by a high ideal which he could never reach. "I have a little common sense, much affection, and I speak simply—more than that—nothing, nothing, nothing. Who should say otherwise would make me smile or make me indignant."

At the close of 1854 the political prisoners had been placed together in two cells in sight of the sea. Henceforth they were, at all events, no longer compelled to herd with common criminals. It is right to say that the convicts had always treated them with respect; vile as these men were, they could still feel the moral ascendancy of virtue and education, and some of them became almost humanised by contact with beings so different from themselves. Only once did they act in a threatening manner, and on that occasion they had the excuse of a bitter disappointment. There was a project afoot that Pisacane, who afterwards met his death on the coast of Calabria, should attempt a landing at San Stefano. All the prisoners became secretly aware of the scheme, and hoped to regain their liberty; but Settembrini and his companions refused to agree to an

enterprise which, if it effected their own escape, would also set at large seven or eight hundred abominable criminals. It could not be expected that the latter should thank them for their interference.

Through the last years of their durance, tidings were constantly reaching the political prisoners of plans for their escape or release, which if they brought hope, brought at the same time a fever of fruitless expectation and vain desires. Settembrini's chief anxiety seems to have been lest any measure should be taken for opening his prison-doors which was not entirely honourable to him as a man and as a patriot. When told that Napoleon III. had expressed his willingness to serve him, should the occasion arise, he asked himself if the acceptance of such service would not be thought to mean adherence to the well-known imperial idea of placing a Murat on the throne of Naples. Settembrini was sagacious enough to see that whatever temporary and superficial advantages might result from the proposed change of masters, it would prove fatal in the end to the best hopes of Italy. "Neither pardon, nor honours, nor riches, nor death, nor hell itself can make me alter my opinion," he wrote. "I am a pure Italian and nothing else; I shall never become a partisan of a Napoleon or a Murat, or a German prince; where are justice and honesty, there is my party." He bade his wife say nothing of this to any one, and destroy the letter where these words occur, but she fortunately preserved it.

Two friends of the prisoners, and, in a more special sense, of Settembrini, though it seems that neither of them was personally acquainted with him, did not rest from trying all possible means to make them free men. The first of these was Sir William Temple, the Queen's representative at Naples; the second was the famous librarian to the British Museum, Antonio Panizzi, who had shown much kindness to Settembrini's son when he was in London. Panizzi collected a considerable sum of money from English sympathisers, which was employed in chartering a vessel by which it was hoped that the prisoners would be able to make their escape. But the ship was scarcely purchased when she foundered, and thus the plan, in which so much trust had been placed, came to nothing.

After this disaster, Panizzi, despairing of all other expedients, advised Settembrini to petition to the king for his pardon. It

was not doubtful that such a petition would be favourably received; the Government rightly believed that an act which would be interpreted as one of submission on the part of their political prisoners, would be a greater gain to them than the fact of keeping them longer in prison. On this subject Settembrini wrote in the following terms to Mr. George Fagan, *attaché* to the British Legation, who was in constant communication with Panizzi: "You, who have lived many years amongst us, and who understand the intentions and opinions of both the Government and the Liberal party, know that in the actual circumstances a petition for pardon is not a personal affair, is not only a sacrifice of self-respect and of that holy pride which every man should have who feels himself a man; it is not merely to come to terms with a highwayman and beg your life of him; but it is a public transaction, a denial of one's political faith, a recognition as just, as legal, as sacred, of an enormous accumulation of injustice committed during these nine years; it is as much as to say to the nation, We are all in the wrong—behold him who alone is in the right! to give the lie to England and France, which have so solemnly reprovèd the Neapolitan Government; it is to say to the public opinion of all Europe, You are deceived! The Neapolitan Government is fully aware that petitions have this value; it therefore uses all sorts of insinuations and suggestions to obtain them, and if they are not couched in abject terms, it will not accept them, because it desires not merely to humiliate but to dishonour those who make them. If there be no other door by which to leave the Ergastolo, I will never knock at this one; here will I stay and here will I die—it matters not. I know that many have petitioned, and I do not blame them; but I hope that no one can blame me for my firm resolution. My honour is mine, my conscience is mine; no power on earth can rob me of this, the sole good that remains to me."

So time wore on, months rolled into years and years nearly filled a decade, since Settembrini and his companions were deprived of their liberty, when at length Ferdinand II. began to wish to get rid of them at all costs. They were a perpetual thorn in his side; remonstrances and expostulations flowed in from all quarters; the current had never ceased since Mr. Gladstone's "Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen" first called the

attention of the world to the state of the Neapolitan prisons, and latterly it had threatened to become a deluge. In January, 1859, sixty-six of the more notable among the five hundred political prisoners were collected from the various places of their detention and put on board the steamer *Stromboli*, which was escorted by a frigate of the Neapolitan navy to the roads of Cadiz, where it was to await the coming of an American ship which was to take all the exiles to New York.

The kindness, the “*bontà Napolitana*,” shown by the officers of the *Stromboli*, seemed a new breath of life. “How good it was,” writes Settembrini, “to be able once more to love one’s fellow-creatures !” The morning when the ships passed through the Straits of Gibraltar the exiles were nearly all on deck, admiring the glorious scene bathed in early sunshine. Settembrini, Agresti, and Faucitano were there; there, too, was the Baron Carlo Poerio, very ill and suffering after his long confinement, but who had managed, with the assistance of others, to crawl up upon the deck. All at once, a Sardinian merchantman, close alongside of them, ran up her flag—the green, white, and red colours of the future Italy. The exiles saw it for the first time for ten years, and by a common impulse they uncovered their heads.

While the *Stromboli*, with her conductor, the Neapolitan man-of-war, lay in the Cadiz roads, an incident occurred which materially influenced the fate of her passengers.

Settembrini’s son, who was placed at an early age in the Sardinian royal navy, had left that service in 1858, dissatisfied with the not very handsome treatment he received from the Piedmontese authorities. He then went to seek his fortune in London, where he arrived with only two francs in his pocket, and lived on one frugal meal a day until, after passing the necessary examinations, he found rapid promotion in the employment of the Peninsular and North African Company, some of whose ocean-liners touched at Lisbon and Cadiz, on their way to the Canary Isles. Thus it happened that when in January, 1859, he landed at Cadiz, the first thing he heard from the English Consul was that his father was on board one of the Neapolitan ships which he had seen as he steamed into the harbour. He sought an interview, which was granted, after some demur, provided that it should take place in presence of

the two Neapolitan captains. When Settembrini was told that his son was waiting to see him, he fainted away. Raffaele whispered to his father, on parting with him, "You will none of you go to America," but the meaning of the words remained, for the present, a mystery.

Next day all the exiles waved an adieu to an English vessel as it started for Mogador, believing Settembrini's son to be on board.

An arrangement was at last made with the American captain, who, notwithstanding the questionable legality of the proceeding, had agreed to take the Neapolitans to New York, regarding them as prisoners till they landed. One of the conditions was, that no other passengers were to be carried. There was need, however, of a few assistants to wait on the exiles during the voyage, and when a young man in shabby clothes, giving his name as Juan Rodriguez, of Havanna, applied for the post of scullion under the negro cook, his offer was gladly accepted, all the more so, that he professed his ability to understand a little Italian, of which neither the captain nor his crew knew a single word. The American ship was taken in tow by the frigate, and conducted to some two hundred miles beyond Cape St. Vincent, where she was finally left to take her own slow course. She was a sailing vessel, old, and out of repairs, and so dirty and malodorous, that she suggested the Ergastolo with the addition of sea-sickness. Such a ship was totally unfitted for passengers of any kind, and as many of the Neapolitans were already in a weakened state, they could scarcely have reached New York alive after two months of the misery they endured during the first days of their journey. But they were not destined to go so far. Hardly had the frigate vanished from the horizon when Juan, the scullion, appeared on deck with his hands and face washed, and his ragged shirt replaced by the neat uniform of an officer in the English merchant service, and walking straight to the captain, he summoned him to resign the command. Settembrini, not a little to his horror, for he was the mildest of men, heard his son threatening right and left the most frightful measures, were resistance attempted. The captain got into his head that all the sixty-six Neapolitans were armed, and after some futile endeavours to extort money, he yielded in a panic to what he supposed to be overpowering force. The

young man's audacious scheme was crowned with the most complete success, and amid the hurrahs of the crew and the wild antics of the negro cook, the helm was turned in the direction of Queenstown, which was safely reached in another fortnight.

From Queenstown Settembrini, with part of his companions, went to Bristol, where the authorities came out to meet them, while their eyes were greeted on all sides by the inscription, "Welcome to the Neapolitan exiles!" One poor girl in the crowd which pressed round them, timidly slipped a shilling into the hand of an old Italian. "These heavens looked fairer than the sky of Italy, mankind seemed kinder than with us," wrote Settembrini, who to the end of his life held in grateful memory the warmth of this English welcome.

In London he met Panizzi and other friends, and there he remained till the close of the year, supporting himself by giving lessons in Italian. In 1860 he left England to join his family at Florence, and when, after a series of events stranger than any fiction, the kingdom of Naples claimed admittance into the Italian fold, Settembrini was chosen as one of the Neapolitans charged with the mission of offering the crown to Victor Emmanuel. He had not money enough to defray the journey, but a friend made him a loan. Thus, at last, he saw with his eyes "the honest face of the *Rè Galantuomo*," of whom in later days he was wont to say, "Without a king who loyally guided the patriotic movement, Italian unity would not have become a fact." Himself as ardent a Neapolitan as it was possible to be, he was yet unwavering in his belief that it were better for his native land to become a province of Italy than for it to retain a semblance of autonomy which could procure it neither internal stability nor external security. "It is useless," he wrote, "to speak of federation; unity alone can give a people liberty and independence, because in it alone they find the consciousness of their strength."

When the union of Naples with the rest of Italy was accomplished, Settembrini was nominated as Director of Public Works, an office which he declined on the grounds on which he had once before refused an offer of the same kind: "In my way of thinking every honest man should do what he knows how to do, and I am not one of the few who succeed well in everything,

nor of the many who pretend to know everything. I have not the technical knowledge required in a Director of Public Works, and I could not, without loss to the public and the reproaches of my own conscience, take upon myself a charge superior to my powers."

Before very long, he was invited to assume the functions of a more modest but also more congenial post—that of Professor of Italian Literature at the University of Naples—to which he devoted his energies for as long as he lived. Loved and respected by the students, he endeavoured to instil into them those high yet simple virtues from which he had never swerved. He could not conceive any branch of teaching dis severed from the ideal of what a man should *be*, as well as what he should *know*. On the other hand, he hated to see young people put on the solemn airs of would-be wisdom, just as he abhorred big words and stilted periods in composition. To be natural was for him the golden rule in conduct and in style. He liked young men to have young hearts, and to amuse themselves in all healthy and innocent ways. "Be merry," he said; "now is the time." In connection with his professional duties, he wrote one work of importance—the "*Lezioni di Letteratura Italiana*"—which passed through many editions, and still maintains its popularity. Always lucid and elegant, it is rather a series of attractive pictures than a work of profound literary criticism. He was for some time closely identified with a political Constitutional Association, founded with a view to consolidating the new monarchy. His views on public matters were more inclined to conservatism than to democracy, and he was opposed to an enlargement of the suffrage, believing that it would only strengthen the hands of the priests, whom, as teachers of the people, he held responsible in a higher degree than the whole legion of rulers or misrulers, for the ignorance and moral coma in which the Italian masses, and, above all, the Neapolitan masses were plunged. His severe utterances on this subject made him many enemies; but he remained on unbroken terms of affectionate intimacy with his brother the priest, and his sister Teresina, who left her convent late in life without renouncing her religious vows, to take charge of the motherless children of their brother Alessandro. A few years before his death, Settembrini was appointed Senator on the nomination of

Marco Minghetti. He was already ailing, and it was only his strong sense of duty that induced him to go to Rome to speak on what he considered the most vital question affecting New Italy—that of the excessive and crushing taxation. He saw how dangerous was the inclined plane on which Italy had stepped, how misleading the theory that because she was now a great nation she must spend in proportion with her greatness, and not with her means. His speech was listened to with respect, but up to the present date the counsels he gave have not been followed.

This was the last time he left Naples, except for brief sojourns in search of health in its beautiful environs. He lived a quiet and retired life, which suited both his tastes and his income—for he was always a poor man; but he was found easily accessible by the humblest student who wished to talk to him about himself or his studies. Settembrini's sympathy with the young was rooted in a great delight in children. From his prison he wrote the most charming letters to his little nephews, and when he was re-united to his family in 1860, he became at once "the obedient servant" of his little granddaughter, Giulia's child—"la nostra tiranna," as he described her. One of his last letters was written to "Beppe, mio caro e benedetto," the younger brother of the "tyrant," then a boy at school. "Sometimes," he said, alluding to the ups and downs of his illness, "I seem to touch the shore and to be safe, but then comes another big wave and draws me back. So it has gone on for four years. *La Nonna* (your grandmother) nurses me with her heroic patience and affection. We old people, forsaken now by all, live henceforth for each other, but she has done and does for me more than I have done for her."

Soon after came the wave which bore him whence there is no return. Serene and gay to the last, and full of plans for his lectures and for the literary work he still hoped to carry out, he died in his chair on November 3, 1877.

IV

GIUSEPPE MARTINENGO

THERE are names which, if every country in Europe were republican in the strictest sense, would still awake an interest depending, not on the titles or honours attached to them, and still less on the mere fact that they can be traced through many generations, but on the individual worth of the men who have borne them. Sometimes one man makes the name of his descendants for ever conspicuous; sometimes the members of a particular family appear again and again, taking an active part in the concerns of their country or their city. This last is the case with the Martinenghi. The history of Brescia for a thousand years could not be written without reference to them.

What strikes one in looking back on the records of this house is that in so considerable a period not one of the family acquired fame in the path of splendid vice which was trodden by so many princely persons of the Italian Middle Ages. There is no stigma of crime, no suggestion of gilded iniquity, no hint of disloyal action, associated with the name of Martinengo.

The traditional origin of the family, as told by Sansovino and other writers, is well known. In the tenth century one Tebaldo Martinengo bore the general standard of the empire into battle; when he carried it back into the presence of the emperor after the victory was gained the eagle was seen to be dyed red with blood. Whence Tebaldo, who also received fifteen castles, was given for his arms and those of his descendants, the Red Eagle on a field of gold.

Lotarengo, after filling the highest office in the Brescian

State, became in 1221 the Podestà of Genoa. Lotarengo secondo was Governor of Bologna. Pietro, who fought for King Robert of Naples, left a son, Gherardo, who was invested by that crown with the royal insignia of the Ferrandina. Gherardo was father of Cesare, a great captain in the service of Filippo Visconti, who fought a duel with a renowned warrior named Ciarpellone: the subject was private, a dispute connected with the use of the waters of the Oglio for irrigating the feud of Roccafranca; but so famous were the combatants, that the issue of the combat was awaited with an anxiety more befitting a public event, the spectators comprising the Duke of Milan and all his Court. Cesare wounded his assailant both mounted and on foot, and obliged him to surrender. Under Leopardo, Bartolommeo Colleoni learnt to fight, and subsequently the latter's three daughters married Gasparo, Tadeo, and Gerardo Martinengo, all celebrated condottieri. Antonio served the Venetian State so well that in 1456 his name was inscribed on the book of Venetian nobility. Gian Francesco, Conte di Barco, built the fortress of Rôcca d'Anfo as a gift to his father-in-law, the Venetian doge. Marco was presented by Louis IX. of France with the city of Ventimiglia, where he died in 1507. Gian Maria was decapitated by the French at Brescia on account of his fidelity to the Republic. Luigi, Governor of Corfu, took 1,500 men to the relief of Famagosta, where, with Baglione, he was massacred in 1571. Ercole and Nestore Martinengo were at the same time made slaves, but they fled, and Ercole wrote a description of the Siege of Famagosta, which was immediately translated into English and French. Antonio successfully defended Asola against the Imperialists under the Emperor Maximilian. Girolamo was Generalissimo to the Duke of Urbino. Marc Antonio was appointed by the Pope Governor of Avignon. Gian Maria held the offices of Governor of Canea and Corfu. I have seen at Candia what, under the Venetians, bore the name of the *Bastione Martinengo*, the fortifications there having been restored by a Martinengo who was one of the earliest scientific military architects. Gian Francesco de' Conti di Malpaga served with the Venetians against the Turks in 1570, but was called back to Piedmont, where he had passed his earlier years, by the Duke of Savoy, who held him in great affection, and who made him his cousin by creating him Knight

of the Order of the Annunciata. From Cesare, surnamed the Magnificent, whose life is described as "a perpetual splendour," the Cesaresco branch of the family derives its affix. His grandson, Sciarra, bred at the Court of France, and slain in the service of the French king, is declared by Brantôme to have been "le plus doux et gracieux gentilhomme qu'il estait possible de voir—amy ou il promettoit." A portrait of him by Moretto is in the National Gallery.

Towards the conclusion of the last century Conte Luigi was commended by Vittorio Amedeo of Savoy, "for exceptional services" in the Royal army; while Citizen Colonel Carlo was upholding the honour of the Italian Republic and writing home scores of letters now before me, from the camp or on the march, in a large soldierly character, with the invariable superscription of "Liberty, Equality."

The arts of war were more cultivated by the Martinenghi than the arts of peace, but the family produced several poets; and never was there a more polished scholar and gentleman than Count Fortunato, the friend of Vittoria Colonna, of whom he left a most vivid description. Prospero, a monk of Monte Cassino, was deeply versed in Greek and Hebrew, and was called to Rome to assist in editing the Fathers. The Blessed Maria Maddalena Martinengo, abbess in the Order of the Capuchins, composed several works in the style of St. Teresa, with whom she was allied by her ecstasies and austerities and (which is better) by her charity. It was believed that she had the power of healing sick people by taking upon herself their illnesses. I was present in the Tribune reserved for relatives, at the splendid function of her Beatification at St. Peter's, on Whit Sunday, 1900.

Count Girolamo Silvio introduced the name of Darwin into Italy by his translation of "The Loves of the Plants." In the year 1808, "de ceste bonne et brave race des Martinengues" (to quote Brantôme) was born at Brescia, Giuseppe Camillo, the subject of this memoir. Each eldest-born of the Cesaresco branch since 1690 had been called Camillo, in keeping with the terms of the will of Count Camillo Martinengo, who, having acquired possession of the palace built by the Pallavicinis at Salò, bequeathed it in perpetuity to the eldest scion of his house on condition that he should have received at baptism, or assumed

on inheritance, the name of Camillo. More conservative than the law, which no longer recognises testamentary whims two hundred years old, the common people of the Riviera of Salò still call this villa "el Palaz del Cont Camil."

Through the death of his father in 1828, Giuseppe Camillo was at an early age brought face to face with the responsibilities of life. The head of a large family, it fell naturally to him to stand in a father's place to his younger brothers and sisters, and to become the chief support of his widowed mother, the Countess Giuseppina Pellizzari, a lady of high principles and tender heart, who instilled into her children the law of kindness even to the humblest creatures. "I count on you to be my comfort and not my sorrow," she would say to her son; "but if by any chance you should get into trouble, one thing only I exact—that you should come to me, and tell me frankly your difficulty, so that we may seek together for a remedy."

Giuseppe Martinengo-Cesaresco arrived at manhood at a time when the political condition of Lombardy was at its worst, but when Lombard society was singularly brilliant. The contrast was striking, and perhaps unique. On the one side reigned the civil death of a yoke irreconcilably alien; on the other flourished the most dazzling social gatherings, the gayest assemblage of fine horses and fair faces on the promenade, the greatest triumphs of art and song at the theatre. There was a great friendliness too, an universal feeling of the need of comradeship, a mutual trust and esteem.

It was a protest of a different sort, but in the same sense, as the abstention from all social pleasures observed by Venice in the last decade of her subjection.

It was not strange that its import, its hidden message, was misunderstood by most foreigners. The gaities of Milanese society, the glories of the lyric stage, were made a matter of reproach. One there was, however, the son of Hamburg Jews, but spiritually the child of ancient Greece—yet deriving from his ancestors in the flesh somewhat of the prophetic gift which is the portion of the Hebrew race—who saw deeper into the meaning of the operative triumphs of those days. "You do us injustice," says Heinrich Heine, in the person of an Italian patriot; "Italy sits elegiacally dreaming on her ruins, and when she is at times suddenly awakened by the melody of a song, and springs wildly

up, this sudden inspiration is not due to the song itself, but rather to the ancient memories and feelings which the song has awakened, which Italy has ever borne in her heart, and which now mightily gush forth. And this is the meaning of the wild tumult which you have heard in La Scala."

Giuseppe Martinengo shared in this animated life. Eminently handsome, with that instinct of command which, when joined to a gentle manner, makes men popular with women, he was a welcome guest wherever he appeared. The queens of society smiled on him, amongst whom shone supreme the Princess Cristina Trivulzi-Belgiojoso, whose strange personality excited the most opposite sentiments: she who was to be the good angel of Heine's dying hours; and whose pale, almost death-like beauty will live immortalised in Alfred de Musset's lines:

" Elle était belle, si la nuit
 Qui dort dans la sombre chapelle
 Où Michel-Ange a fait son lit,
 Immobile, peut-être belle."

Then, too, not less unique in their province than were the leaders of fashion in theirs, were the queens of song and dance. Malibran, meteor-child of genius, whose memory no later star has been able to efface; Cerrito, the most charming embodiment of the poetry of motion in days when there was still grace and beauty in the ballet—these, with the genial, inimitable Lablache and the golden-voiced Rubini, were entertained more than once by Martinengo, at his house at Roccafranca, or at his villa at Salò.

People were not *blasés* then, or half-hearted in the pursuit of their pleasures. To drive from Brescia to Verona with one's own horses; attend the opera that night, and return next day: this was a common excursion. The golden youth of the time was always on the road, now attracted by some theatrical event of first-rate interest, such as occasionally enlivened even the smaller towns; now passing from one country-house to another on a round of visits, which made the villeggiatura season one continuous festivity. The sphere of amusement was narrower than it is now, but what was lost in extent was gained in concentration. Life was more intimate, more private, the age of universal publicity had not begun. The Lombard gentleman received his friends in his box at the opera because it belonged

to him as much as his carriage belonged to him; he had inherited it from his father, and would leave it to his son. The idea of letting it would have filled him with horror; if anybody died in the family, it was shut up in sign of mourning. There were no coteries, or rather society formed one large coterie. The salon still held its own; men did not pass all their day at the café. People did without French cooks and French wines, but the wines of Lombardy before the disease were exquisite, and your host himself was sure to know more about cooking than any Parisian *chef*. Foreign visitors were few; those who came were conceived to be persons of good breeding and manners, and were welcomed accordingly. A few members of the Lombard aristocracy had been abroad; but their travels formed the finishing touch to their education, and when they returned they rarely set out again. The life was not, perhaps, very intellectual, though there were distinctly intellectual circles in every town; but on the whole it was a more active and rational life than the idleness which distributes itself between Monte Carlo and St. Moritz.

Those who cared for horses never failed to attend the provincial fairs and races. At Milan the riding-school kept by Francesco Sayler, a man of extraordinary gifts in his own line, was the popular lounge of all the young men. Giuseppe Martinengo was passionately fond of horses, and was also—which does not always follow—an almost unerring judge of them. The horses which he bought, or advised others to buy, invariably turned out well. His judgment was not aided by technical knowledge so much as by his singular quickness of eye and habit of observation. He could not help observing everything, even when he would have preferred not to do so. Though he had never studied medicine, he had a faculty of detecting the first outward signs of illness possessed by few doctors. It was not an enviable gift, since it caused him often to read death in the face of a friend who had as yet no idea that he was ill. Needless to add that in such cases he kept his observations to himself.

Till his health failed, he was a bold and admirable rider. He and his brother Cesare were so famous for their riding, that it became the rule for any one at Brescia who had an unmanageable beast to go to one or the other and say, "I can make nothing of my horse; will you mount him?"

There was at that time scattered through Lombardy a class of men who were generally silent, and who led quiet and retired lives, but whose story marked them out for reverence. They were men who had left their youth and their health in the prisons of Spielberg, Gradisca, and Lubiana. Or if they had saved themselves from arrest by flight, they had passed many years of exile in privation and poverty. Most of them reappeared after the amnesty of 1839. Camillo Ugoni, the historian of Italian literature, and friend of Ugo Foscolo, who with Count Giovanni Arrivabene, had succeeded in escaping just before the arrests of December, 1823, was remarkable among the reimpatriated Brescians for his noble appearance and philosophic mind; he was much esteemed and loved by Martinengo. Eighteen Brescians had been arrested in 1823, several of whom were condemned to death, including a Martinengo (Count Vincenzo, of the Colleoni branch of the family); but the penalty was commuted into that of imprisonment.

The sight of all these men who had suffered so much, who came back, as it were, from the tomb with something about them of the romance of a time which had already become legendary, acted as a spur on the young, to whom they seemed to incarnate in their persons Giovanni Berchet's *guai d'Italia*:—

“Non è lieta, ma pensosa
Non v'è plauso, ma silenzio
Non v'è pace, ma terror :
Come il mar su cui si posa
Sono immensi i guai d'Italia
Inesausto il suo dolor.”

It was felt, however, that not to them who were worn out in the fight could the active interests of the cause be committed when the struggle should begin again. The new generation must be prepared to do its own work. Among young men of his own age Martinengo was instinctively looked upon as a future leader. The Austrian police also did him the honour of taking account of his movements.

There were signs in plenty that the *status quo* could not be preserved much longer. Strain a rope to a certain point and it breaks. Yet, blinded by the outward gaiety, the love of pleasure, which has been noticed above, the Austrians at the beginning of 1848 believed their position to be secure. “I have in my hands an infallible means of making the good Milanese forget

their idol, Pio Nono, and those foolish hankerings after national independence which they have taken to showing in their silly demonstrations," wrote the Minister Ficquelmont; "the carnival approaches: I will give them a grand spectacle at La Scala!"

Milan was really to witness a "grand spectacle" that spring, the spring of revolution. The day was come for the manhood of Italy to justify Heine's clear sight and to show that hearts could beat with nobler ardour than for the sweetest music. And hearts did beat! From the highest in the land, accustomed to ease, wealth, and every enjoyment, to the poor peasant, the hard-worked artisan, there was but one feeling, one watchword—Freedom! "Never can the enthusiasm of '48 be described, never can it be equalled," the subject of this memoir would say in after years; "it was an intoxication which led to the wildest dreams. One night the moon was surrounded by a deep red halo. What did it portend? Surely it represented the blood of our enemies. Such were the fancies that took hold of us. All classes were united, all felt alike: the lowest good-for-naught became capable of heroic acts."

The liberation of Brescia in March, 1848, would have been peacefully accomplished had the wishes of Prince Karl von Schwarzenberg on the one hand and of the Municipality on the other been carried out in their entirety. The former saw, from the general situation of affairs, that a conflict would have only resulted in useless loss of life; and the latter were impressed with the vital importance of preserving order. Unfortunately a population breaking its bonds, and a soldiery ordered to retire almost without striking a blow, are explosives difficult to handle, and both before and after the capitulation bloodshed occurred, though on a restricted scale. Very different was what was happening at Milan, where the citizens and troops were engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand fight. Radetzky on his side, and the people on theirs—incited by Carlo Cattaneo and led by such men as Manara and Dandolo—were equally determined not to yield.

Martinengo was the first in Brescia to hear that Milan was in arms, the news being communicated to him by an express from Bergamo. No sooner had it reached him than he hastened to the Municipality to propose to lead a band of as many men as could be rapidly got together to the succour of the still struggling

Lombard capital. The project was greeted with enthusiasm, and he was formally charged with its execution. Supplementing the funds placed at his disposal out of his own purse, he collected and equipped between four and five hundred men. The peasants from Chiari, Orzinuovi, Urago, Roccafranca, and all the country where he had been known from his birth, flocked to him. With this handful of determined followers he started for Milan, which he reached on the last of the Five Days. It was too late—the Austrians were in flight! Count Giulini della Porta, on behalf of the Provisional Government, gave him the written thanks of the city in a document concluding with the words: “Honour to the brave Brescians led by Count Martinengo in aid of the Milanese.” As a further sign of gratitude the authorities presented him with five hundred muskets for the use of their Brescian brothers.

On his return to Brescia, Martinengo was placed at the head of a flying column charged with the pursuit of the retreating enemy. This column he first led to Montechiaro, then to Desenzano, later into the Tyrol, following always closely in the wake of the Austrians. On one occasion he had the good luck to capture a convoy which was transporting a military chest and a considerable supply of ammunition.

Meanwhile the newly-constituted National Guard of Brescia was in want of a man of capacity and firmness to complete its organisation, and the Provisional Government turned their thoughts to Martinengo as the person best qualified. He was recalled from the Tyrol to assume the task, which he performed with so much success that he was appointed Colonel Commandant, to the general satisfaction of the citizens.

They had unbounded trust, not only in his patriotism (in those days every one was a good patriot), but also in the power of his influence to prevent those excesses which are the infirmity of revolutions. It was he who, when the convention was signed with the Austrians, had escorted Prince Karl von Schwarzenberg from one end of the town to the other, making himself personally responsible for his safety. Those moments were the most anxious in his life, but his presence guarded his companion from all harm.

When the union with Piedmont was voted he had the opportunity of rendering a somewhat similar service to a young man

who cried "Long live the Republic!" and who found himself, in consequence, in a very critical position.* At Brescia, and one may say at Brescia only, public opinion was all but unanimously favourable to the fusion. Only at Brescia were the masses fervently and unequivocally loyal to Charles Albert, whose steps were elsewhere dogged by a fatality of mistrust. It is not easy to measure the moral support which Piedmont and her king derived from the co-operation of the little city, small indeed, but then, as ever, "*Più che di ferro, di valore armata.*" The Marquise Constance d'Azeglio wrote to her son Emmanuel in May, 1848, "*Les Brésicians sont toujours dans le même sentiment passionné pour nous.*" Even in this age of swift forgettings there are still some who remember the efforts made by the citizens of Brescia for the alleviation of the Piedmontese wounded, large numbers of whom were brought in after the victories of Goito and Pastrengo, and the siege of Peschiera. Forty hospitals sprang up as if by magic. This splendid charity was repeated in 1859, when it called forth the remark from Napoleon III. that, were there only Brescia in Italy, the sacrifices made would have been worth making for her alone.

The Brescian people were moved by the announcement that the first days of their freedom would be clouded by a military execution. A Piedmontese soldier was condemned to death for desertion in the face of the enemy. The bishop and many of the most influential citizens interceded, but in vain; the general in command was inexorable. At last a number of noble ladies begged Martinengo to plead for the act of grace. He protested that it would be of no use; the very day of the execution had arrived. Yielding, however, to their prayers, he went to General Griffini, with whom he used his not small powers of persuasion. "Even the bravest men," he said, "had been known to give way to panic." Finally the general granted the request, saying that "to the Colonel of the National Guard nothing could be refused;" but he unwisely insisted that the man should actually kneel in front of the shooting party before he knew of his reprieve. The gloomy procession passed down the street; in spite of orders Martinengo held up the white handkerchief before the final moment was reached. But the time was past for

* He is now a minister to the King of Italy.

saving the man, who was taken in a fainting state to the hospital, where he died.

On the 10th of May, Gioberti arrived in Brescia to give personal testimony of his sympathy with the city whose sons he called "the initiators of Italian Unity." The author of the "Primato" had already written in warm terms to Martinengo, telling him that he had heard the king speak with enthusiasm of himself and of his brave Brescians. The National Guard was ordered out to do honour to the distinguished guest, but Martinengo was unable to accompany it. Since the beginning of the revolution he had been always at work; for weeks he had not even undressed, and human nature could stand up no longer. When he mounted his horse to go to meet Gioberti, the men seemed like flies, dancing up and down. "I must dismount," he said to the officer at his side, "or I shall fall to the ground," and he retired. For thirty days he remained in the hospital in a state of complete prostration, the result of over-taxed mental and bodily powers; at one time his life was thought to be in danger. On his recovery a thanksgiving mass was celebrated at Santa Maria delle Grazie, attended by the whole National Guard and the municipal authorities.

Under fire he wore a charmed life; though bullets grazed his hair, he went always unhurt. Once he had a narrow and curious escape of another kind. Major Wimpffen, one of the Austrian officers who had surrendered, proposed to him to try his horse, a valuable and powerful animal. Martinengo accordingly rode it at the next reconnaissance, but on approaching the Austrian lines it suddenly became uncontrollable, and had he not leapt from the saddle he would have been badly thrown. One of the spectators brought him another mount, while the Austrian horse was quieted, and led home by an orderly. Afterwards it was purchased by the young Marquis Girolamo Bevilacqua, and according to what was related by eye-witnesses to Martinengo (though the story has been told differently in print), it was the cause of his untimely end. In the battle of Pastrengo, the first time it was taken into action, it had no sooner seen its late companions, the white-coated soldiers, than it bore its rider straight into their midst, where he was surrounded and killed.

When the necessity came of resigning Brescia once more into Austrian hands, it was largely due to the Colonel of the

National Guard that order and decorum were maintained. This, and his other services, are specified in a memorandum signed by two of the heads of the late Provisional Government of Brescia on Nov. 13, 1848, at Turin :—

“ We, the undersigned, bear witness that Count Giuseppe Martinengo-Roccafranca was, in the evening of the 17th of last March, charged by the Municipality of Brescia (which had assumed plenary powers), to collect, arm, and conduct as many men as he could for the relief of Milan, then in conflict with the Austrians. That, in fact, he fulfilled the mission, but was unable to arrive before the night of the 22-23, in which the Germans evacuated that city. That he received the thanks of the Milanese Provisional Government for the proffered aid. We attest further, that on his return he was dispatched in command of a flying column charged with harassing the retreat of the enemy. That he marched first on Montechiaro and then on Desenzano, making a good number of prisoners : after which he joined another corps in the Tyrol. It being necessary meanwhile to proceed with the organisation of the National Guard, the Provisional Government thought of profiting by his assistance, knowing him to be a capable and very popular citizen. He, in fact, assumed the charge, and fulfilled it amid such general applause, that he was also appointed Colonel-commandant of the National Guard of Brescia, in which post he displayed untiring zeal, rare decision, and uncommon intelligence, especially in the last days before the unhappy re-entry of the Austrians, when he effectually maintained order, and watched over public peace and security.

“ Signed : ANTONIO DOSSI, formerly Member of the Provisional Government of Brescia, and later of that of Milan.

“ LUIGI LECHI, President of the Provisional Government of Brescia.”

Martinengo fixed his residence in Piedmont where most of his friends had gone, and upon which the best hopes of Italy were still set. A desire was felt to show him some sign of favour, and it was informally suggested that he should receive an appointment at Court, but the proposal did not meet with his

concurrence. He accepted the honorary grade of Captain in the Lombard Dragoons (without pay or advantages, as he had expressly stipulated) and when the Lombard brigade was disbanded, he was transferred with the same grade and on the same conditions to the Saluzzo Regiment of the Sardinian Cavalry.

In January, 1849, profiting by a long leave of absence, he went to Rome, where he was present at the birth of the Republic. Amongst the persons with whom he came in contact in the Eternal City was Ciceruacchio, and he never ceased to speak with respect of the broad love of country of the Roman *popolano*, who, in those times of divided opinion and party strife, had but one word on his lips—Italy.

Martinengo was still in Rome when in the beginning of the month of March he received from Count Oldofredi an emphatic summons to Turin.

On resolving to resume hostilities, the Sardinian Government was not insensible to the importance of a coincidental movement on the part of the Lombard populations, but it was aware that it was now more difficult to carry out such a movement than in the previous spring. The enemy was on the alert, the people were closely watched, and were almost destitute of the means of insurrection; above all, of arms and ammunition. A plan was therefore devised for the dispatch of these necessities, and of a considerable sum of money, in charge of the most trusted of the Lombard exiles and under an escort of 1,800 men furnished from the regular army.

When the time came, the money, except for an insignificant sum of 5,000 francs, was not forthcoming, and the escort was refused, but the precious arms and ammunition were consigned to the intrepid men who had undertaken to convey them to their destination, and who now, though other promises were not kept, were prepared to keep theirs.

These men were Giuseppe Martinengo and his companion in arms and in exile, Gabriele Camozzi.

Gabriele, son of Andrea Camozzi and of the Countess Elisabetta Vertova of Bergamo where he was born in 1823, was Martinengo's closest and dearest friend from early youth till death cut short his career at the age of forty-seven.

Garibaldi, on whose staff he was in 1859, writes of him in his

posthumous "Memorie": "Gabriele Camozzi is one of the finest of the characters in which Italy was rich during the epoch of her regeneration." He goes on to speak of "his sympathetic, modest, and resolute physiognomy," and of his patriotic munificence, which was never appealed to in vain.

No better choice could have been made than of Camozzi and Martinengo for the adventurous enterprise which was entrusted to them.

The Insurrectional Committee, which was in active communication with the Ministry of War, sat under the intentionally misleading name of the "Statistical Commission." At starting Martinengo received from this body the following document:—

"Count Giuseppe Martinengo of Brescia is authorised to take opportune measures in concert with Signor Gabriele Camozzi (who holds the ministerial orders) whereby to transport to Brescia the arms and ammunition required for the insurrection, and to take whatever steps may be calculated to promote the defence of that city and province. He is further authorised to make such requisitions as circumstances demand to attain the above end. We recommend to his well-known intelligence and prudence the use of the means he considers best.

"TURIN, *March 15, 1849.*

"To Count Giuseppe Martinengo, Captain of
the Lombard Dragoons.

"Signed: T. OLDOFREDI, Correnti, Sarti.

"(The Heads of the Committee.)"

A subsequent declaration by the War Minister, General della Rocca, shows that Martinengo was also especially ordered by the Sardinian Government (which, in virtue of the fusion, regarded Brescia as a part of Charles Albert's dominions) to resume the command of the National Guard.

On March 20th, the expedition arrived at Arona on the Lago Maggiore. "By this hour," Camozzi wrote to Martinengo in a note delivered by hand, "you will have already received the particular instructions which the General-in-chief sends to Brescia. The Lombard insurrection is fixed for to-morrow." The long train of carts and waggons immediately crossed the

frontier into Lombardy. Small quantities of arms were distributed at each place along the line of route, and such of the conducting column as belonged to those places remained behind at them. That the little company escaped total destruction was a strange piece of fortune; the smallest body of Austrian troops would have sufficed to put an end to the expedition in ten minutes. The inhabitants did what they could. "I became more and more convinced," writes Camozzi in an inedited report, "that in Lombardy all classes, and notably the peasants, were most disposed to embark in a general insurrectional movement; that the repeated insults, rapine, and executions, had placed between the Lombards and Austria an insuperable barrier of blood and hatred, and that the insurrection would have become general and irresistible had not the inauspicious announcement of the armistice plunged these populations in discouragement and diffidence."

At Lecco, Camozzi, who was to direct the revolution in his native province, took the road for Bergamo, and the remainder of the column, almost all Bergamasques, went with him. Martinengo decided to go on to Brescia with only two fellow-citizens, Giuseppe Borghetti, who held the post of permanent secretary to the Provisional Government of 1848, and Federico Maffei. Their object was to find out the state of affairs in that city, and to ascertain in what manner the 1,500 muskets reserved for it could be introduced within the walls.

They arrived on March 23rd, and were fêted with the greatest enthusiasm. A large crowd accompanied Martinengo to his house and filled the courtyard, which rang with joyous and warlike cries.

The Austrians had evacuated the town; only the castle remaining in their hands. Brescia was her own mistress, but in possession of the slenderest means of defence. The arms on their way from Turin were therefore impatiently awaited; but how were they to be transported from the spot near Bergamo, where they had been deposited, across a country still swarming with Austrians? This was the problem which Martinengo had to solve.

He selected a band of hardy Brescian youths as an escort, under whose charge the convoy reached Coccaglio, but on arriving there, information of the approach of the enemy

caused its leader to debouch on what he ever after called "the *Italianissimo* town of Iseo," whose patriotic complicity enabled him to succeed in his venture. Little by little the whole of the arms and ammunition was carried from Iseo to Brescia.

This work accomplished, Martinengo placed his sword at the disposal of the authorities, who charged him with the complete military superintendence of the defence, the direction of the barricades, and the adoption of whatever measures he thought needed to keep out the besiegers. He was empowered to make use of the horses of the Municipal Riding School and of the post, should his own be insufficient for the conveyance of orders.

Novara had been fought and lost. The aspect of things was changed; Piedmont, in her own desperate straits, gave no thought to the Lombard towns which she had called upon to rise; no terms were made for them in the armistice, no trouble was taken to inform them of the defeat. They were left to their fate.

What were they to do?

At Bergamo prudent counsels prevailed, and on the night of March 29th the Municipality signed an honourable arrangement with the Austrian commandant. In the dawn of the next day, as the Austrians came in, Camozzi went out at the head of about 800 men, with whom he advanced towards Brescia. Many of them were peasants recruited on the large estates belonging to his family. After running all kinds of risks he reached the hills near the city, and Martinengo, being informed of his movements, volunteered to go out and act as guide to the column, his intimate knowledge of the ground making him better qualified than any one else for the task. But the committee of defence considered that he could not be spared. When, at the last moment, leave was given to make the attempt, it was impossible to get outside the gates. Camozzi took up a too exposed position, from which he was obliged to retire with loss; his gallant effort thus ending in failure.

All the might and hate of Austria were concentrated on the devoted city of 40,000 souls, which for ten days defied the power of her empire single-handed, as once it had defied the power of France. Those who care for historical parallels can find none closer than in the sieges of Brescia of 1512 and of 1849. In the former a Martinengo (Gian Giacomo) headed a conspiracy to

overthrow the French and unite Brescia with Venice. The movement was successful, but immense French reinforcements, under Gaston de Foix, poured into the castle and descended on the town through the gate of Torrelunga. The citizens made a surprising stand, but had to yield to numbers. Dreadful atrocities were practised by the French conquerors. The Chevalier Bayard, who was wounded, was lodged in the house of a lady whose daughters he protected from outrage; on his departure she offered him a large recompense, but he bade her keep the money for her daughters' dowries.

In 1849, when the bombardment had continued for some time, there was a parley between the combatants. "We must enter the town by force, or by friendship," said the Austrian general with the Norman-Irish name, Nugent Lavall. "By force, perhaps," was the reply given by Tito Speri, a Brescian youth, who, among heroes, was noted for heroism, and who four years later was hung on a charge of conspiracy; "by force, perhaps; by friendship, never."

Soon after, Nugent was mortally wounded; as he lay dying in the flower of his years, while the bombardment raged on, he wrote a will leaving all he possessed to Brescia, which has inscribed on his tomb Monti's line:

"Oltre il rogo non vive ira nemica."

He was superseded by Haynau, who unexpectedly arrived with reinforcements from Mestre. It is said that this strange being exclaimed: "Had I 30,000 of those devils of Brescians I would march on Paris in a month."

Of horrors there were more than enough to show that civilisation was just where it was three hundred years before. The sanguinary drama reached its climax when the young blacksmith, Carlo Zima, whom the Croats covered with burning pitch, clasped the foremost of his tormentors in a fast embrace so that they perished together.

Martinengo stood his ground on the barricade at Torrelunga where the fight was fiercest and longest. Once, worn out by fatigue (he had not been to bed for many nights), he sank down asleep in a spot fully exposed to fire; from which he was dragged by friendly hands. Overcoming his exhaustion he returned to

his post, and did not lay down his arms till the capitulation was signed.

Then he went to the Municipality, where the courageous men who were responsible for the city were engaged in the vain endeavour to meet the exorbitant demands of the conquerors, and to find some means of staying—or, at least, of mitigating—the cruelties practised by the troops. Haynau was not the man to rein in his tigers. Yet one Austrian officer there present showed an earnest solicitude in the cause of mercy. Martinengo asked his name : “ I am Colonel Jellachich,” he answered. He was the brother of the Ban of Croatia.

Martinengo remained at the Municipality through that terrible night of April 1st. He was there at the imminent peril of his life—he was protected by no cloak of civil office, and was of all men in Brescia the one most likely to be the mark of Austrian revenge. He did not think of his own danger, and in the grey light of dawn, downcast with sorrow, dazed almost to insensibility with the want of sleep, he walked openly towards his own house. As he passed the Riding School, Sayler, who four years before had moved from Milan to Brescia, exclaimed, recognising him, “ You here, Signor Conte ! Do you not know that you are the most compromised of all ? ” He made him pass through the School into a side street and take refuge on the premises of a patriotic builder, whose workshops were at the back of the Contrada del Pesce, immediately behind the Casa Martinengo.

There he remained concealed for three days ; days while fire and the sword ran riot through the streets of Brescia, and the hunt for fugitives was the pastime of soldiers drunk with wine and blood. The builder’s little son took food to his hiding-place.

The Brescian people remembered the man who had risked all for them, and who was faithful to the end ; they resolved that he should not die. Eighteen butchers’ apprentices undertook to organise his flight. Relays of them were stationed by twos and twos inside and outside the Porta San Giovanni. A signal had been fixed between them and the fugitive : if they kept their hats on, he was to go back and hide in the slaughterhouse ; if they took them off, all was well and he might proceed. When he reached the gate the affirmative signal was given, and he passed on. All these young men were armed to the teeth—though even the possession of a broken knife meant death, if

discovered. It was night, and a torrential rain was falling. Martinengo, when outside the gate, struck into the fields, skirting along under the rows of mulberry trees. Thus in three hours he passed through the Austrian lines, running the gauntlet of fifteen thousand men.

After he got to a considerable distance, he came to a point on the road to Iseo, where it had been settled that a carriage was to be in readiness. He waited—it was pitch dark, so that he could not see two steps before him. All being still, he whistled, and the signal was answered. The two apprentices who were in charge of the carriage had given him up for lost. Without exchanging a word with them he took his seat, and they drove on at a slow pace, in order not to excite attention. Presently two persons known to Martinengo stopped the carriage and implored those in it to give them news of Brescia, which in parts was still in flames. They asked who was the traveller? Martinengo did not reply, but by the light of their lantern they recognised the butcher who acted as driver as a man who had often been seen at his house during the revolution, and from him they elicited the truth.

They now begged Martinengo to come to their house, not far off, where they had two fugitives—would he take them with him? He said he could not; he would be responsible only for himself; moreover he was armed with pistols, and he did not mean to be taken alive. At last they suffered him to go on his way.

Having arrived at a certain place he got out, and told the men to drive to a house in the neighbourhood to see if there were lights in the windows. After a time they returned with the answer that there were. He resumed his seat, and they drove slowly to near the house, where he again left the carriage, bidding the men seek shelter for themselves. He then went alone to a wall which enclosed the garden, got over it, and silently approached the house. Presently he heard the voice of his brother, who had taken refuge in this house, which belonged to a young widow lady, a friend of the family. His sisters were also there. Sounds of sobbing came through the open window: they wept, believing him to be dead.

His brother came to the window, and he said, "Cesare!" The other started as if he had seen a ghost. "Cesare," repeated

the fugitive, "come down, and be quiet!" Cesare came out, and Giuseppe told him for that night to tell no one, not even his sisters or the mistress of the house. The question now was, where could he hide? It was arranged that he should go to a trusted friend who lived not far off, and by whom he was placed safely in a deserted tower, where his host brought him bread and wine—much needed refreshment. Next night he slept in a disused *uccellanda*, a place for snaring birds, belonging to a parish priest, who set it at his disposal. The next stage of the journey was accomplished in broad daylight, in an open carriage, with his sister beside him and a baby on his knees, the boldness of the *ruse* successfully disarming suspicion. He pursued his way on foot towards Nembro, in the Bergamasque Val Seriana, and at nightfall reached the house of his brother-in law, Luigi Chiodelli, who, taking the moving figure in the garden for a thief, came out with a loaded gun, which he was just going to fire, when the sound of Martinengo's voice made him desist.

The following evening he went on, and so night after night, making forced marches in the dark across the country sodden by the April rains, and over mountains still deep in snow. His guide in this perilous journey was a smuggler, named—or nicknamed—Gebba, a young man of great strength and daring, and familiar with all the secret paths leading to the frontier. They had several hair-breadth escapes from roving Austrian pickets, but at last Lugano was reached.

Martinengo had many acquaintances in that town, where he was in the habit of attending the cattle and horse fairs. They had, without exception, supposed him to be dead, and they were eager to celebrate his unlooked-for arrival. But he said, "Leave me to lie down and rest, or I shall die." It was ten days since he left Brescia; his boots were worn off his feet.

At Lugano he heard it stated—on what authority he never knew—that a price was set on his head. Three thousand florins was named as the sum.

Flight had been accomplished in safety. There remained exile. Martinengo was one of the two or three Brescian citizens who were excluded from the amnesty.

He passed some months on the shores of the Lago Maggiore, whose waters—though they are not so blue or so pure—could still remind him of the *Lydiae lacus undæ* which washed his own

home at Salò. He was sad ; how many fair dreams had he not seen dissipated ! But personally he had nothing to regret or to repent.

“ I, with my companions,” he wrote, “ was among the first to come with arms to Brescia ; among the last I laid them down. I came for the defence of the country, and to uphold the holy cause of freedom, which I think to have sustained by every sort of sacrifice. Whence I believe I have the right to say, that if all had done their part of duty as I conceive to have done mine, Lombardy would not have had to weep as she weeps now ! ” and he added that he esteemed himself recompensed at usurious interest for what he had endured for his native land, “ because these acts tranquillise my conscience with the certainty of having done my duty.”

The d’Azeglios, La Mamoras, and other Piedmontese of worth and note, did all they could to make him feel that he was not a stranger in Piedmont. Among his fellow emigrants he was most often seen in the society of Count Cesare Giulini della Porta, Count Arese, Baron Alessandro Monti, Achille Mauri, Giuseppe Borghetti, Battista and Gabriele Camozzi, and Bernardo Pizzini. With the two last mentioned he undertook a journey to the island of Sardinia, where it was proposed to found an agricultural colony, with a view to affording a means of living to the poorer members of the Lombard emigration, many of whom were destitute, and dependent on the charity of their less unfortunate brethren. The visit to Sardinia proved a pleasant relaxation to Martinengo and his companions. In three months they shot over a thousand head of game ; they were also invited to witness the famous tunny fishing, but the spectacle of the bloodstained sea and the struggling monsters filled them with disgust rather than with admiration. By drinking boiled water and lighting a fire as soon as they reached their night-quarters—which were frequently under the stars—they escaped the malaria which is the curse of the island.

Martinengo always praised the loyalty, hospitality, and charming manners of the Sardinians. Even the brigands won his good-will. In those days they were chiefly outlaws for some crime originating in an often imaginary slight upon a woman. The girls stood at their windows and provoked their lovers to address them. If a man was seen thus to speak to a girl without

instantly asking her in marriage, his life was not worth much. Such was the custom of the country. General Alberto della Marmora, Governor of Sardinia, gave Martinengo this sound advice, "Accept all the hospitality that is offered : enjoy yourself as much as you please ; but beware of the ladies, and indeed of the women of all conditions."

Hearty as was the welcome accorded to the party in their private capacity, the effusion of their hosts vanished when the scheme of colonisation was alluded to. Like most islanders, the Sardinians are jealous of all interference in what concerns them, and they generally succeed in quietly defeating the ends of "foreigners," as they did in the case in question.

On his return from Sardinia, Martinengo took a house at Nervi, where he passed the greater part of his exile. A little Brescian colony gathered round him, and the place—in whose prosperity he became much interested—gained an air of life such as it had never worn before. The years flowed on uneventfully, unless an attack of cholera, contracted while visiting a poor woman, may be called an event. Martinengo could enjoy the pleasure of a fine climate and a beautiful spot ; but the time was full of bitterness to him. He was not one of those cosmopolitans who can be equally happy in any part of the world ; he had that love of his city, his province, which is a thing quickly passing away, but one from which the State derived much strength. Besides this, his family affections were wounded by the long separation from those near and dear to him, and the pain was rendered the keener by the knowledge of the annoyances to which they were exposed on his account. Foreseeing his own fate, he had transferred his property to his brother Cesare, and after much contestation the Austrian courts allowed the validity of the deed. His estates were thus saved from sequestration, and the fine of 150,000 francs originally imposed on him was greatly reduced. But Cesare was subjected to endless vexations. A letter which lies before me, written in a feigned hand, and bearing the post-mark of Pavia, July 24, 1853, warns him of one of the raids which were frequently repeated. "Illustriissimo Signor Conte," it runs, "a person who has the greatest respect for you thinks it his duty to inform you that in a short time the police will probably pay you a domiciliary visit in connection with your secret correspondence with your brother.

Make good use of this warning, which is given by a friend." Letters were also meddled with in the post. So much trouble was thrown away, since Giuseppe was careful not to write on compromising subjects. Sometimes he indulged in those harmless conspiracies by which longing hearts strive to cheat absence. "The moon will be high on such a night, let us look at it together!" he would write to his sisters. Perhaps the Austrian police sought to unravel some deep plot in these and similar innocent words.

At the close of 1856, having ascertained that no humiliating conditions were attached to the general amnesty which was then proclaimed, Martinengo prepared to return to his family. He notified his intention of resigning the grade he held in the Sardinian army, and received the following answer from the colonel of his regiment, Paolo Griffini: "I cannot tell you how much I am grieved at the departure from this, our second country, of a good patriot, true Italian, and sincere friend such as you." After saying that he was consoled by the thought that the exile might serve the good cause better at home than abroad, the writer concluded: "If the chance comes, then, and if you hear Piedmont give the signal, do all in your power with the brave Brescians to facilitate the victory."

But Brescia was not called upon to make further sacrifices, though she was as ready as ever to make them, had they been needed. Freedom came as fruit falls from a tree when it is ripe. In 1859 Martinengo saw his native province become a part of the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, by whom he was immediately created knight of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, "for special merits."

In his last years he suffered much from heart complaint; but though his health was broken, his spirit was still that of a young man. Even when he was unable to move without difficulty, his mind was so keenly awake, his spiritual vitality was so clear and strong, that those who loved him could not believe that he was so soon to be taken from them. When there was much to be done, by sheer force of will he assumed a phenomenal activity. In 1882 he took in hand the restoration of his historic palazzo at Salò, which, since it had belonged to the Martinenghi, had, as it were, caught the stormy fortunes of a race of fighters—twenty times it had stood the brunt of war,

and the first task of the workmen was to stop up the holes caused by bombardments, from 1796 downwards. He was up at four in the morning, ordering, organising, making himself master of the smallest details, so that bricklayers, painters, carpenters, and upholsterers exclaimed in turn: "Conte Giuseppe knows more of our trade than we do." The discovery in a garret of a battered copy or replica of the portrait, by Moretto, of his ancestor, Sciarra Martinengo Cesaresco, interested him much, and the torn canvas was forthwith hung in the great hall, among kinsmen and companions, whose slit noses and damaged limbs tell the passage of unbidden French and Austrian guests.

Count Giuseppe was passionately fond of birds and flowers; he was as pleased as a child when a mimosa planted by him yielded it first fragrant, yellow blossoms. He sympathised with the aspirations and the amusements of young people, and would take infinite trouble in planning things which might give them pleasure. He did not despise trifles: whatever made life more complete, more worthy, more beautiful, even in a small degree, he accounted gain. Though simple in all his tastes, he was as careful in his dress when alone in his family as if he had been going into the most brilliant society. He had a way of at once inspiring great respect, and of putting every one at his ease. His own strong feelings did not prevent him from being singularly unprejudiced; it was only when speaking of the old shame that he would sometimes use severe expressions. "I would shoot myself twice over," he said, "sooner than see those days return."

Latterly he looked forward to death not only with resignation, but as a release. "I grieve to leave my family, but my physical sufferings are such that I cannot desire to live. Of moral sufferings I have none." These were almost the last words I heard him say.

The end came on July 19, 1884. "Again to-day," wrote his old friend Commendatore Borghetti, "Brescia deplores the loss of one of her best sons. Count Giuseppe Martinengo had ceased to suffer, and, serenely resigned, has left for ever his kindred, his friends to whom he was most dear, and those who esteemed him, who were many—who were all who had ever known him. He was a type of honesty, probity, and of every domestic and civil virtue, and he also won the title of *one who has deserved well of his country.*"

V

DANIEL MANIN

AT the opening of the 'Forties, Venice lay on her waters like a ship becalmed. "Order reigned" more completely there than in any other corner of the despotisms of Europe. Venice was very quiet; but hers was the quiet, not of wholesome rest, but of one who has been dosed with narcotics. So successfully, however, had she been "sent to sleep," that her foes, and some of those who loved her best, were of opinion she would never wake up again. People had been crying, *Finis Venetiæ*, for the matter of that, ever since 1798, when old Manin, the last of the Doges, fell senseless and dying to the ground as he was opening his lips to pronounce the oath of allegiance to the House of Hapsburgh. But in 1844 the echo of a far-off bugle caused Venice, if not to wake, at least to move uneasily, to give that long-drawn sigh which sometimes in the lethargy that follows fever startles the watchers into asking, Is this coming death or returning life? In that year, a little company of eighteen men landed in the extreme south of the Italian peninsula just as the greyness of the evening twilight was creeping over the olive trees along the shore once trodden by Pythagoras and his disciples. As these men set foot on the Calabrian soil, one of the two young brothers who were the leaders of the little company, exclaimed, "Ecco la patria nostra! Tu ci hai data la vita, e noi la spenderemo per te" ("Behold our fatherland! Thou hast given us life, and we will spend it for thee"). Nearly every member of the band had already worn the crown of sacrifice upon his brow, and especially these brothers. Sons of a Venetian patrician, their father's name was yet a patrimony that needed cleansing of a stain such as

will perhaps only come out with blood. This Venetian noble was an Austrian admiral guilty of the arrest of certain fugitive Italian patriots on the high seas, in open defiance, not alone of right, but also of legality. He had placed both his sons in the Austrian navy, in which they were getting on amazingly well, as the phrase goes, when the time came for them to give up "getting on" in that line of life, or in any other, for the sake of something higher than all personal advancement. They deserted, and went to Corfu, there to concert a plan of rousing, if not of freeing, their unhappy country. The eldest, Attilio, left a young and lovely wife, whom he must have known to be ill able to support the trials he was about to bring on her, and who, in fact, died of the shock caused by her husband's death. The youngest, Emilio, resisted the supplicating tears of his mother, who was empowered by the Archduke Ranieri to offer him entire restitution of rank and honours if only he would return to the service.

In 1844 they resolved on their expedition to Calabria, against the urgent counsellings of those who loved them and Italy; but they, thinking to serve their country better by dying than by living, stood firm in their determination, and started on their mad enterprise with certain, unavoidable death, staring them in the face. With them, amongst others, was a beautiful youth named Domenico Moro, also a Venetian, who, like the brothers, had served in the Austrian navy. He was lieutenant on board the corvette *Adria*, and had, conjointly with George Wellesley, commanded a party of Austrians and English who were sent to the shore of Nakhora, between Tyre and Acre, for the purpose of arming the inhabitants of that branch of Lebanon which runs up from the coast towards Mount Hermon, and encloses Lake Merom and the springs of the Jordan. The Italian and the Englishman became fast friends; and before me lies a short poem that has never appeared in print, which Moro addressed to Wellesley whilst they sat by the camp fire at Nakhora, on the 7th of October, 1840.*

* So little is known of Moro beyond the tradition of his beauty that I cannot refrain from quoting the following extract from an interesting letter I received from the late Admiral Sir George G. Wellesley, K.C.B., on sending him a copy of these verses, which had been given to my mother soon after they were written :—

"I am, as you had supposed, the officer to whom the lines of Domenico Moro were addressed. We were together sent in command of some armed boats

The little band landed in Calabria that June evening, the time and place having been fixed by the hired spy who was in their midst, and who acted on the instructions of the Austrian Government, which in its turn acted on the information supplied by English ministers, and by them obtained by tampering with the letters which the brothers, "trusting," as they said, "to the loyalty of the English Post Office," had sent through that channel. As sheep they were led to the slaughter; and after wandering for a few days in the mountains they were captured in a valley not far from Cosenza. They made a brave resistance to the force five times their number by which they were surrounded. Some died fighting; the others were taken to Cosenza and nine of them shot; amongst these were the brothers Bandiera and Domenico Moro. Before execution, a Catholic priest offered them his services, but they mildly refused them, telling him to go and preach to their oppressed brothers. "We have thought," they said, "to practise the law of the gospel, and to make it triumph, at the price even of our blood. We hope that our works will recommend us to God better than your words." And with a cry of *Viva l'Italia* these nine men calmly died.

The name of Bandiera has a significance which is both wide and deep in regard to what came after in Italy, and particularly

during the operations on the coast of Syria in 1840, to open communications with the mountaineers from the Lebanon, and to supply them with arms and ammunition. This naturally led to constant association, and this again, with so noble a spirit as his, to warm friendship, warmer indeed than might be expected on so short an acquaintance. At parting, he put into my hands the lines you have transcribed, which he had no doubt hastily written on a leaf of a small memorandum book, out of which he tore it. I kept the scrap for some time, when I got a friend to copy them neatly into a scrap-book; and what became of the original I do not recollect—but to complete the history, I must add that the scrap-book suffered the fate of being burnt in the fire at the Pantechnicon in 1873—or '4. But I almost know the lines by heart, and it seems a strange coincidence that a copy should again come into my possession. Permit me to offer you my very best thanks. The course of my services in the Royal Navy has never led me to the Mediterranean since the year after I met Domenico Moro, but I heard of his tragic fate while abroad on some other station, with no further particulars than that both he and his brother had been killed in some patriotic attempt, at which I was much grieved though not surprised, when I recollected the ardent nature of his character."

The admiral made a not unnatural mistake in confounding Moro with the Bandiera brothers.

Settembrini mentions (what he had ascertained by consulting the State archives) that the Neapolitan judge was so touched by the charm of Moro's appearance that he would have given anything to save him, and was only prevented by the young man's refusal to send in a separate appeal for mercy.

in Venice. This enterprise headed by Venetians in Calabria, attested the solidarity of the new school of Italian patriotism, of which Mazzini was founder and master; attested too in a glaring light the solidarity of Italian despotisms; proved, in fine, that the "insane dream of Italian unity," as it was styled, was a thing written down with a sure hand in the book of the future. And when Venice heard how her sons had exchanged the exile's thorn crown for the martyr's aureole, she moved uneasily in her sleep; and some saw in it the sign of death, and some the sign of awakening.

In 1844 there was living in Venice, quietly, and without there being much talk about him, an advocate, with his wife and their two children—Giorgio, a manly boy, and Emilia, a delicate, but unusually gifted girl. The father of this boy and girl was in the prime of life, but had weak health. From his early childhood life had been a continual burden to him; and now, though he worked hard in support of his family, he was subject to frequent attacks of acute suffering, alternating with a perpetual feeling of weariness, such as would have made many a man think himself entitled to the indolence of the invalid. But in this case the weakness of the body, instead of gaining mastery over the mental faculties, seemed incessantly to spur them into action, or rather, perhaps, an indomitable will conquered both this physical lassitude, and also the melancholy upon which nature appeared to have based his character, though on the surface there was much of brightness and gaiety. He seemed to thirst insatiably after knowledge. Deeply versed in the abstrusest forms of jurisprudence, he had written upon Venetian law, and had translated a learned legal work from the French. Another of his publications was a translation from the Greek. Besides these languages, he was conversant with Hebrew, Latin, English, and German. As a relaxation from his graver studies, he made researches in the Venetian *patois*, and edited a dictionary of that dialect. There were not very great opportunities for an advocate to distinguish himself in those times—no public pleading was allowed, and a counsel might only be consulted in civil cases, when the defence was made in writing. Thus there was not much talk about this Venetian advocate, and yet in a quiet way he had begun to attract the attention of two powers—the Austrian government and the Venetian people. What both

one and the other thought about him may be gathered from a private memorandum set down in the secret annals of the Austrian police, which states him to have won public esteem by his high moral conduct, his talents, and the disinterestedness of his character. Further, it says he is a profound jurist, and an able speaker, who understands how to expound his ideas in an admirably clear and orderly manner. He was, in short, just the kind of man whom it is particularly disagreeable for a despotic government to have among its subjects.

In person this advocate was short rather than tall, of spare figure, with light blue eyes, in which there was great animation, and thick, dark chestnut hair. The face was not handsome, but it was extremely mobile and expressive, such a face as might have done well for an actor. He was the son of a Venetian Jew, who had embraced the Christian religion, and in accordance with the prevailing custom had adopted the surname of the noble family to which his sponsor belonged. This was the family of the last Venetian Doge, and the name was Manin.

Daniel Manin had grown up from his childhood to hate the Austrian rule. Such hate was the only conceivable attitude of mind for any Venetian in whom the commonest instincts of patriotism were not wholly dead. The base juggling by which the Republic had been destroyed left a more poisoned trail than even if it had fallen as the spoils of open conquest. Manin's first political act seems to date back as far as 1830, when he drew up a manifesto summoning the Venetians to revolt. Its authorship was never discovered, and its effect *nil*; for the ill-success of the movements in other parts of Italy made an immediate Venetian insurrection out of the question, even supposing that Venice was ripe for it, which may be doubted, since the despair of impotence had eaten into her heart, and she looked on her masters as upon a well-nigh unassailable power. The great thing needful was, therefore, to break through the charm—to find the heel of Achilles—to prove, in a small way it might be, and yet incontestably, that Austria, though strong, was not invulnerable, and that Venice, though weak, was not powerless. To this end Manin conceived his plan of legal opposition. To discover any means of opposition that were admitted to be legal was in those days a matter of no small difficulty; but it is one of the inconveniences under which

despotic governments labour, that when all legitimate channels for the expression of political opinions are stifled, other ways remain open with which they can interfere only at the price of heaping ridicule upon themselves. Thus the shape of a hat may imperil a dynasty. Thus the squabble about the proposed railway between Venice and Milan became the first serious check which Austrian domination had received in Venetia. The company formed for the purpose of constructing this line was composed of German and Italian bankers, who disagreed as to the route to be adopted, the viceroy siding with the German interest in the affair. Manin was retained by the Italians in support of their proposals, and conducted the case with marked ability. The incident ended in the company breaking up and the railway not being undertaken till many years later. Some while after, Manin made a remarkable speech at the Venetian Athenæum, in which he demonstrated the obligation of thinkers and orators to stimulate men of action. He deplored the lethargy of Venice, and the sale of the palaces of the old Doges "to kings and ballet-dancers." He suggested the institution of a commercial school of mercantile navigation, and recommended an inquiry as to the best means of profiting by European commerce with the East and England's connection with India, which have only been turned to account during the last ten years. Then came Mr. Cobden's visit to Venice, an event which precisely fell in with Manin's legal agitation programme. All Italy was just then in the height of enthusiasm over free trade, which in reality grew transformed into the symbol of political emancipation. This Manchester crusade afforded a golden opportunity for feeling the national pulse, and sowing the seeds of cohesion and co-operative action. In every case the men who fêted Mr. Cobden played notable parts in the later development of the Italian movement. At Genoa it was Massimo d'Azeglio; at Naples, Mancini; at Bologna, Minghetti; at Turin, Cavour and Scialoja; at Florence, Ridolfi; at Venice, Manin and Tommaseo.

In September, 1847, the Scientific Congress, meeting in the great Council Hall of the Doge's palace, appointed Manin one of the commissioners charged to make a report on the charitable institutions of Venice; and in the course of his investigations, with this object in view, he came upon a man

confined in the lunatic asylum of San Servilio, whom the doctors admitted to be sane, but feared to discharge, lest it should be contrary to the intention of the Government and the police. Manin instantly wrote a memorial, in which he stated that "he had a better opinion" of these authorities than to believe it to be their desire to create madmen by decree, and turn the hospitals into prison ante-rooms. Count Palffy, the civil governor, is said to have been exceedingly annoyed by this memorial, and to have remarked, "We must let the man out and put Manin in his place."

In the course of these years of legal opposition Manin again and again proved that the Austrians governed illegally by the showing of their own laws. Now the greatest sham in the whole system of Austrian administration was what were called the Central and Provincial Congregations—a species of representative bodies whose prerogative, even in writing, extended no farther than the communication of the necessities, wishes, and petitions of the Lombards and Venetians to the Imperial Council, but which in fact had never succeeded, during the thirty-two years of their existence, in performing this very limited function. But in December, 1847, Nazari, the Bergamo deputy in the Lombard Congregation, roused that assembly into forwarding to the emperor a project of reform, an innovation which received a prompt reply from Vienna in the shape of additional troops swelling the Milanese garrison. Imitating this example, Manin petitioned to the Venetian Congregation to perform its constitutional duty of making the emperor cognizant of the wants of the nation; and Niccolò Tommaseo, the learned author of a dictionary of Italian synonyms and other valuable works, drew up an address to the authorities, in which he attributed the stagnation of literature in Upper Italy to the total overriding of the clause in the patent of 1815 providing for the liberty of the press. For these proceedings Manin and Tommaseo were arrested on the 18th of January, 1848, and thrown into prison on the indictment of high treason. The result of this measure might have been foreseen. On the morrow of the arrest the walls of Venice were broken out in placards of *Viva l'Italia!* *Viva Manin e Tommaseo!* and the still more ominous *Morte ai Tedeschi!*

Two months later, the smouldering fires of Venetian hatred

burst into a conflagration. Half Europe was in flames by this time; even Vienna had joined lustily in the great king-chase. On March the 17th a vast crowd of the Venetian populace gathered under the windows of Count Palffy and clamoured for the release of Manin and Tommaseo. Had he answered by dispersing the crowd then and there, cost what it might, it has been conjectured that the insurrection might have been checked, but I think mistakenly. Obviously, however, such a course of action would have formed the Austrians' best chance; and had it been joined with the dispatch of a strong garrison to the arsenal, it seems probable that the revolution would have dwindled into a simple rising. As it was, Palffy yielded, with the words, "I do what I ought not." The people rushed off to the prison, that famous dreary pile across the Bridge of Sighs, and sweeping like a human hurricane wave up the dark corridors, told the prisoners their durance was done. Manin did not lose his presence of mind; one more act of the legal struggle remained to be played out. He would not stir until he had seen the warrant of his release. It was speedily produced, and he was carried off upon the shoulders of the people—pale and unshaven and in prison garments, a living torch of revolt. So he was borne to the Piazza San Marco, where, no one knew by whom, the red and white and green was hoisted on the historic *Pili*—the monster flag-staves which of old supported the conquered gonfalons of Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea, and from which for long years had streamed the yellow and black of Austria. For the first time Manin's magically persuasive voice sounded in St. Mark's Square. He knew not, he said, to what events he owed his liberation, but he could see that love of country and national spirit had made great strides whilst he had been in prison. "But forget not," he continued, "that there is no true or lasting freedom without order, and of order you must make yourselves the jealous guardians if you would show that you are worthy to be free." Then he added the significant words: "Yet there are times pointed out by the finger of Providence when insurrection is not only a right, but a duty."

Towards nightfall the big danger-tocsin of the Ducal Chapel was heard pealing forth its solemn tones. No one knew who set it going; no one guessed why the Austrians did not stop it; but the people flocked to the Piazza, hearing in it the signal of

revolution. The square was cleared by a bayonet charge. On that occasion and on the following morning blood was shed and lives lost in thus dispersing unarmed crowds, and all too late to do anything but mischief to the Austrian cause. Too late! That tocsin of St. Mark rang the knell of the Schwarz-Gelb in Venice.

On the four succeeding days Count Palffy continued governor of the city, but his power was gone. The Viceroy telegraphed from Verona the concession of the enrolment of two hundred citizens as a civic guard: before sunset three thousand were under arms. Manin addressed to them the words, "Let every one who will not implicitly obey me, depart." No one went. Here then was the nucleus, without which the movement must have proved abortive or fallen into anarchy. Count Palffy, not a bad man by any means, and personally not disliked, made himself the object of a transitory enthusiasm by telling the people of the constitution which had been granted to the Viennese, and saying that for his part nothing would please him better than to be the first constitutional governor of Venice. The people cried good-naturedly, *Viva Palffy!* but the heart of Venice was set on something more than an amelioration of Austrian rule, even had there been the slightest prospect of such amelioration becoming a reality. It was set upon the one inevitable aim of a people sold into the hands of aliens—independence, no more, no less. On the eve of the 22nd it was plain that the anomalous state of things that had prevailed since the 17th could last no longer. On the one side, several sections of the city were trembling on the verge of anarchy; on the other, an Italian naval officer assured Manin that a bombardment was imminent. Manin rejoined, "Tomorrow the city will be in my power, or I shall be dead." That same evening Manin and his guards had with some trouble rescued Colonel Marinovich, second in command at the arsenal, from the dockyard workmen, who were in a state of mutiny, and vowed they would kill him. Marinovich was safely got on board an Austrian man-of-war at the moorings, and to appease the workmen he was induced to promise that he would immediately resign his command. This Marinovich was by birth a Venetian, which doubly incensed the population against his extraordinary zeal for the Austrian interest. Moreover, there was a general prejudice

against him, because it was said that he had been formerly half spy, half gaoler, of the amiable young Archduke Frederick, commander-in-chief of the Austrian navy, in which capacity he had won the affection of many of the Italian marines—who was the victim of an unhappy passion that Marinovich was set to cure, but the patient died under his treatment. His roughness and severity had long exasperated the workmen of the arsenal, who were now furthermore irritated by the idea that he was evolving a plan of blowing up Venice, which, however far it may have been from the truth, got a strong hold on the popular imagination during those feverish days. Throughout the whole of the night of the 21st of March Manin was in conference with the municipality and the leading patriots as to what should be the rallying cry of the revolution. Manin knew there was but one which at this perilous juncture would unite the city in harmonious action, one only which would knit together the wide hopes of the future with the memories of thirteen hundred years of freedom—THE REPUBLIC AND SAINT MARK! The others hesitated. One said sadly to Manin, “The people are incapable of sacrifices.” He answered, “You do not know them; I know them, and that is my sole merit.” At length, as day dawned, they agreed that he was right. Manin then resolved to take the arsenal at all hazards. He sent urgent demands to the officers of the civic guard to place the command in his hands—simple captain though he was—for one day; but they deemed the scheme infatuated, and refused to put their men at the “mercy of a madman.” Manin almost despaired. Meanwhile wild work had been going on at the arsenal. Marinovich had returned, and the workmen had fallen upon him and savagely murdered him. In the same moment with this bad news came in the reply of Major Olivieri, the last of the commanders of the civic guard, and he, unlike his brother officers, placed his battalion at Manin’s disposal. There was no time to be lost; some one must seize the helm if the ship was not to be wrecked. Manin grasped his sword, and calling his son, a lad of sixteen, to follow him, set out on his momentous errand. What guards he met on his way joined him, and he found Major Olivieri and his men awaiting his orders. With this little band, numbering about two hundred, he marched into the arsenal and forced the commandant to surrender. By the inexplicable mismanage-

ment of the Austrians, no troops were here stationed upon whom they could depend, and the marines, the Italian soldiers, and the workmen occupied themselves with fastening the tricolour cockade on to their caps. Thus "the madman" took the arsenal without striking a blow, and distributed arms and ammunition amongst the people. Then dragging out of the dusty corner, where for fifty years it had lain hidden, the grand old flag of St. Mark, Manin marched with it in triumph down the long length of the Riva dei Schiavoni, past the Molo, across the Piazzetta, into the Piazza, where he planted it in presence of a mighty multitude, for from early morning he had told the people "to meet him at noon in St. Mark's Square;" and there they were, and there he was, to tell them the great miraculous news that they were free.

It was well, he said, in a few temperate words, that this good thing had been achieved without a bloody conflict with the Austrians, for they, too, were brothers. "But when you overturn one government, you must set up another. Just now the one which seems best suited for us is the republic. In adopting this kind of government, however, we do not separate ourselves from the rest of Italy, but rather form one more centre to work with the others for her ultimate unity." So the newborn republic was ushered into life. The civic guards swore with drawn swords to die in defence of it, and of its founder; the multitude mustering in the glorious Piazza gave themselves over to intoxicating joy—that joy surpassing all delirium of love or wine, all art-rapture, all triumph of satisfied ambition—the joy of victorious patriotism. Old men wept; young men kissed each other; enemies clasped hands; friends lifted them in exultant gratitude to heaven. The people thus accepted their joy in all its plenitude, nor looked before or after; but in the spirit of one poor child the bitterness of the future mingled prophetically with this infinite sweetness of the present. When Emilia Manin stood under the arches of St. Mark's, and saw the kind good father who had often shared her mother's watches by her bedside, and had wept hot tears at not being able to assuage his little girl's sufferings, proclaimed his country's liberator by the voices of thousands, she was very sad. "I ought," she wrote, "to be filled with ineffable gladness; but a weight continually presses my heart."

Whilst Manin was engaged in taking the arsenal, the Central Congregation had sent the commandant of the civic guards to the civil and military governors (Counts Palffy and Zichy), with a demand for its surrender, which was met by a peremptory refusal. At that moment, however, the cries of the people announced its fall, and henceforth the two governors seemed to be struck with a moral paralysis. Their conduct has been variously attributed to lofty philanthropy and arrant cowardice; a key may possibly be found to it in the fact that they were not Austrians, but Hungarians. In my opinion, whatever blame they may have incurred as Austrian servants, is far more due to their behaviour on the 17th of the month than on the 22nd; when, considering that the people were armed, and the Italian element in the garrison was strong, the issue of a hand-to-hand struggle was anything but certain. Palffy resigned his powers to Zichy, who yielded bit by bit to the inexorable demands of the Venetian deputation; and about seven o'clock in the evening he signed the convention which relegated his authority to a Provisional Government formed out of the Central Congregation and a committee of leading citizens, and provided for the removal of all foreign troops, the surrender of the military chests and material of war, and the capitulation of the forts. It was further agreed that the foreign soldiery should be given three months' discharge pay, and that Count Zichy should remain in Venice till the provisions of the convention were carried out, when a steamer would be placed at the disposal of himself and his suite. Such were the terms of the document which the Austrians have ever counted the bitterest draught of all the humiliations they had to swallow in the year 1848. That day of the 22nd was brought to a close by Manin being carried in triumph to his modest house in the Campo San Paterniano, where he sank down fainting from exhaustion and the physical pain which all these five days had never let him know a moment's peace, exclaiming, "Leave me at least this night to rest, or I shall die."

By the next morning the Provisional Government had discovered that they could not get on without Manin, and accordingly they sent for him to govern the city. He proceeded to nominate a ministry, in which he took the Presidency of the Council and Foreign Affairs. The list of the new Government

was read out to the civic guard and the people, and was received with reiterated plaudits. In the course of the day the patriarch solemnly blessed the standard of the republic—the three colours of Italy emblazoned with the golden lion of Venice—in the name of Pio Nono, who was yet for one brief month to stand fast to that grand prayer of his, *O Sommo Iddio ! Benedite l'Italia*. And on this, the first day that dawned on liberated Venice, the people by common consent broke into one loud cry of gratitude and love—a cry that from end to end of Italy, even from Calabria to the lagunes, now sounded the clarion of freedom : *Viva Bandiera e Moro !*

These wonderful events—almost contemporaneous with the no less wonderful “five days” of Milan, wherein Radetzky and his 15,000 men were expelled inch by inch from the Lombard capital—were quickly followed up by the liberation of the whole of the ancient Venetian Dogado, with the exception of Verona, where the revolution miscarried through the transposition of the parts played elsewhere by Austrian and Italian. Here the former was firm and sagacious, whilst those who took upon themselves to act on behalf of the population were temporising and timid. The emancipated townships joyfully sent in their adherence to the Republic of St. Mark, and tendered loyal support to Manin's administration.

Now that we have taken the bearings of Manin the agitator and revolutionist, we must see what he was as statesman and dictator. Of his statesmanship the most important thing to observe is that from the first he was a partisan of French intervention. In this matter he stood alone among the Italian leaders of that period. French intervention was distinctly unpopular all over Italy, save in Venice, at the time when Manin, had he felt himself free to act on his own responsibility, would have called it in ; that is to say, in the spring of 1848. Mazzini was at one with Charles Albert in the programme of *L'Italia farà da sè* ; and for this there was, beyond doubt, a great deal to be said, quite apart from national pride. There was to be taken into consideration the double possibility of French intervention turning into conquest, or converting the Italian revolution into a socialistic *émeute*. Manin was not blind to these dangers, especially to the latter ; but holding the opinion that Austria could not be finally expelled from Italy

save by foreign aid, he preferred an uncertain risk to a certain disaster, and it was evident if the appeal was to be made at all, the sooner it was made the better. Italy having by her unseconded efforts all but got her house to herself, might have called upon her neighbour to assist her in striking a final blow with a minimum detriment to her dignity.

No conceivable eventuality could have arisen so favourable to republican France as a righteous foreign war. The June outbreak, the reaction, the growth of Bonapartism, the Roman expedition, the Second Empire itself, might all thus have been escaped. It was morally certain that the French would enter Italy either as friends or foes. The unchangeable faith of French politicians that it was a good thing for France to be surrounded by small, weak States, was as strongly shared by Lamartine as by Thiers. The prospect of a vigorous monarchical State of Upper Italy filled the French republicans with horror. "They could not," they said through their accredited mouth-piece, "remain tranquil or indifferent spectators of the designs of aggrandizement which Charles Albert appeared to cherish." They themselves were cherishing very distinct designs on a bit of Charles Albert's territory, namely Savoy. The French Cabinet wished to propose the release of Lombardy from the Austrian yoke, coupled with the retention of Venice "under a liberal Austrian administration." This plan Lord Palmerston refused to second because, though it would have been promptly accepted by Austria, there was not the least chance of its pleasing the Italians.

Notwithstanding its equivocal sentiments, the French Government might any day have been precipitated into a war with Austria. There was an active, if irresponsible, party in France, which held that after having talked so much about liberty, it was a shame to leave a struggling republic like Venice to be stifled at its birth. The workmen of Paris were then, as in 1859 (when they alone really favoured Louis Napoleon's war), sincerely friendly to Italy.

When in August the extreme necessity of Italy authorised Manin to formally request French intervention, the conditions of the case were manifestly less opportune and more complicated than they had been in the spring. Austria had regained most of her power, and all her pretensions; Italy, in her reduced

circumstances, was more than ever likely to be subject to the influence of a disproportionately powerfully ally ; France was sensibly offended at having been told, in effect, up till then, that she was not wanted. Still Cavaignac's Government was actually, for better or worse, on the point of sending an army to the rescue, when it was baulked by the English proposal of joint mediation. Lord Palmerston, though he did not love the Austrians, was alarmed at the imminence of a French attack on the Austrian Empire, and it was he who, for good or evil, prevented that attack from being made. The plan of joint mediation had for its basis the proposal which in the previous May he had refused to lay before the revolted provinces on the ground that they would have unquestionably rejected it. It only provided for the emancipation of Lombardy—Venice was to make what terms she could with her masters. Neither Venice nor Lombardy would have entered into such a pact ; but the English Minister's primary object was to stop the war preparations, and in that he succeeded. After a vast deal of shilly-shallying, Austria consented to accept this offer of mediation, but on condition that its basis should be left to future consideration. It must not, however, be supposed that the Venetians abandoned all hope of French aid as early as August, 1848. Any day might, in fact, have brought a radical change in the aspect of affairs ; and until the fall of the Cavaignac Government there seemed a positive likelihood of the French Ministry sooner or later getting tired of the endless shuffling by which Austria contrived to prolong *ad infinitum* the negotiative stage of the mediation. Besides, this hope of extraneous succour was for the Venetians of the nature of the straws drowning men cling to ; and not before a French army landed in Italy with the watchword of destruction in lieu of that of deliverance, did they wholly cast it from them, and contemplate their fate in dire reality.

In his prolonged negotiations with the French and English Governments, Manin was ably represented by his friend, Vittorio Pisani, an eminent jurisconsult, who performed his fruitless mission with a dignity, patience, and good sense, that did much to make the Republic of Venice respected abroad.

To return to the thread of our narrative. On the 3rd of June, Manin convened an assembly, elected by universal suffrage in Venice, and the free districts of the Dogado, to deliberate

upon the propriety of coalescing with Lombardy in decreeing a fusion with Piedmont. It was Manin's individual opinion that all final decision as to the form of government ought to be deferred till the conclusion of the war should permit of the convocation of a constituent assembly, with Rome for its seat. The fusionist party, however, gained ground, and Manin was the last man in the world to retain power for a day longer than he felt his hands strengthened by unanimous support. The Venetian assembly met in the Great Council Hall of the Doge's Palace, and the question of the fusion was brought forward in the sitting of the 5th of July. The city trembled as to the issue of the debate; the parties for and against were pretty evenly balanced in the Assembly—whichever way a sharply-contested vote had gone it would have stirred up faction, possibly civil war. Manin here stepped in, and with that magnanimous sacrifice of his dearest personal sympathies to what he believed to be the public weal, that was one of the greatest traits of his character, he implored those who thought with him to withdraw from all opposition to the fusion, in order to avoid discord. The measure was then voted with but few dissentient voices, and a motion was also passed with acclamation to the effect that "Manin deserved well of his country"; to which he replied: "While, at least, the foe is in Italy, for God's sake let there be no more talk of parties. When we are rid of him we will discuss these matters among ourselves as brothers. This is the sole recompense I ask of you." Manin was elected head of the new ministry, but thanking the deputies, he said that he had ever been and was a republican, and that he should be out of place in a royal office. Moreover, the fatigues of the last months had so broken down his health that it imperatively demanded an interval of repose.

The ministry appointed by the Assembly ruled Venice till the 7th of August, when it resigned its functions to the royal commissioners. Their reign was short-lived. Already the tide of war had turned against Charles Albert, and on the 9th the disastrous armistice of Salasco was signed, one of the stipulations of which was the renunciation of Venice. When the news reached that city, it was plunged in a ferment of sinister agitation; excited crowds rushed about the streets, clamouring for Manin, and crying, "Down with the royal government." They threatened the commissioners with violence, and it was

only when Manin declared he would stake his head upon their honesty and patriotism, that they became somewhat calmer, and acceded to his request to wait patiently whilst he held a consultation as to what was to be done. The commissioners promised to abstain from interfering with the government until the arrival of the formal suspension of their office. Manin went out to the people and told them how things stood. "The day after to-morrow," he added, "the Assembly of the City and Province of Venice will meet to appoint a new Government: for these forty-eight hours, I govern!" (*Governo io!*) His hearers were electrified with joy! Their own Manin—once more they had him for their chief! He now desired them to go quietly home, and the square was immediately cleared. When the Assembly met, a wish was expressed to make Manin dictator, but he begged to be excused from accepting this post, on the score of his ignorance of military matters. A triumvirate was therefore formed, composed of himself, Admiral Graziani, and Colonel Calvedalis.

As 1848 approached its close, the financial difficulties of the republic assumed formidable proportions. The administration of a besieged city cannot be carried on, and a body of from 16,000 to 20,000 men cannot be clothed, fed, and paid, without money being forthcoming; and the comparatively small sum left by the Austrians in the military chests went a very short way towards defraying the expenses of the Government. The expedients of forced loans, paper currency, and patriotic contributions had to be resorted to; and had it not been for the admirable conduct of all sections of the population, this financial question would have proved an insuperable obstacle to the continuance of the defence at a very early stage of the proceedings. In no single thing did the Venetians give a more supreme evidence of their patriotism than in the enormous pecuniary losses they voluntarily underwent for the preservation, or prolongation, of their independence. The rich, and especially the wealthy Jewish merchants, who suffered most heavily from the artificial agencies for raising funds, never uttered a murmur of discontent; whilst the poor vied with each other in pouring their hoardings and their treasures into the national exchequer. As early as May, 1848, the harangues of the Barnabite monks, Ugo Bassi and Gavazzi, summoned the people to give of what they

had to the necessities of the country; in November and December the appeal was renewed, and lastly in the desperate days of April, 1849. During the whole period the Venetians showed themselves, not only capable of sacrifice, but of all sacrifice. Ladies brought their costly jewels, gondoliers' wives their silver bodkins; 12,000 soldiers were clothed by voluntary subscriptions; a couple of citizens gave 100,000 lire apiece; the young Marquis Bevilacqua—soon to spend his life's blood also in the Italian cause—presented his palace; old General Pepe, the Commander-in-chief, came forward with his ewe lamb in the shape of a precious picture by Leonardo; Manin, who throughout his term of office refused to accept any salary, despatched to the mint the entire contents of his modest plate chest—two silver dishes, two coffee-pots, and a dozen forks and spoons. Little children came with their toys; boys went dinnerless, so as to bring in their mite; the very convicts made up a purse for the country. Those who had nothing else gave their beds and bedding to the troops in mid-winter, with the cheerful saying, "Summer is coming, and we shall need none; especially if we fall for Venice!" The manner in which Manin's Government administered the supplies thus obtained does it infinite credit. Instead of the squander and confusion likely to be incidental to a hard-pressed and provisional finance department, there was scrupulous order and economy. When General Gorzgowsky, the Austrian governor after the capitulation, looked over the accounts of the late Government, he exclaimed, "I would not have believed those *canaille* of republicans to be such honest men!"

But though Venice was hard put for it in these last months of 1848, she was not depressed by her embarrassments. If provisions were scarce and dear, if sickness had been rife of late in the over-crowded city, there were none the less plenty of light hearts, and no lack of amusements. The *Fenice* had never been so full, and the political fêtes which were the order of the day gave happy aliment alike to patriotic feeling and to that love of pomp and pageant which has ever characterised the Venetian populace. The most significant and touching of these festivals was perhaps that held on the 17th of November, in memory of all martyrs to Italian liberty and independence. In the morning there was a sumptuous celebration of the Mass for the Dead at the Church of St. John and St. Paul, where the bones of more

than one Doge lie buried; and the impressionable sea-board folk were agreed it was not by chance that ■ marvellous display of the aurora-borealis, hardly ever witnessed so far south, set the sky ablaze that night, and brought the distant Alpine snows, rose-wreathed, within the range of the wondering gazers of Venice! Now and then a successful little sortie helped to keep up the people's spirits; but they ran no great danger of falling very low: all these present hardships and difficulties were such unmixed blessings as compared with the yoke of the alien! As to the future, they yet looked hopefully across the Alps; for the rest, they trusted in God—and Manin. Every day their great love for this man became greater, and boundless confidence engendered unwavering fidelity. But although this was the temper of *le vrai peuple*, which stuck staunchly to Manin, and was always on the side of public order, save on one or two occasions when it thought it was not being well treated, there was, of course, in Venice, as elsewhere, a *residuum*, and what was more, there were a lot of foreign adventurers in the city, holding those enticing doctrines of social subversion in which *residua* only need to be instructed for them to grow eager to try how they would do in practice. Manin was aware that to keep this party quiet it was absolutely essential, first, that the dictatorship should be known to have ample powers; secondly, that these powers should be visibly and legally derived from the will of the people. For this reason he dissolved the Assembly, which had been elected on a special and limited mandate having regard to the Piedmontese fusion, and convoked another, more stable and sovereign in character. The Austrians were back in the mainland districts: therefore this Assembly could only represent the city of Venice. It met in the Ducal Palace on February 15, 1849, and Manin, whose popularity had received fresh confirmation by his triumphant election in all the *sestieri*, lost no time in putting the plain question, Whether the existing Government should go or stay? Some members spoke in favour of continuing the dictatorship, but restricting its powers. Manin replied that this proposition was grounded upon a fallacy: in times like these the Government must have full powers, or none. "It is not a question of power, but of saving the country," he said. "If we are to be hampered on every turn by forms and limitations, we cannot act with the promptitude and vigour needful for

the preservation of public order (I beg pardon of whoever the expression may offend), and our defence depends more upon that than upon the force of arms." The people got wind of the fact that the Assembly showed itself jealous of Manin's supremacy, and were furious. They marched about to the cry of *Vogliamo Manin!* they would be ruled by nobody but *Manin la Stella d'Italia*, they said, in the half-ludicrous, half-pathetic heart-speech of the people, which does not quite know by what fine-sounding epithet to express its demonstrative affection. There were not wanting those who would have put down these riotous ebullitions by force. Manin knew better. He knew that this Venetian people was tractable and reasonable at bottom, only its hapless unfamiliarity with freedom led it to take the wrong mode of giving voice to right instincts. For Venice to imitate Windischgrätz and Radetzky!—that would be a fall indeed. He went out on the balcony, from which the old Doges used to address the multitudes, and said, "You have my honour in your hands; it will be thought that it is I who have incited you. If you wish me well, go!" Again he said: "Brothers, this day you have caused me much grief. In showing your love for me you have made a tumult, and yet you know how I hate a tumult!" He even managed to make them cry "*Viva l'Assemblea!*" but though they did it to please him, the notion stuck in their heads that this new Assembly wanted to shelve their *Caro Manin*, and they privily concocted the plan—a wicked, rebellious plan, no doubt it was—of invading the great Council Hall while the deputies were sitting, and coercing them into submitting to their wishes. But Manin heard of it in time, and placing himself, sword in hand, on the threshold of the Ducal Palace, with his sixteen-year-old boy beside him, he told the crowd which came surging forward that before it entered it must pass over his body and his son's. Then speaking once more with much and great energy, he bade it go quietly away, and it went. "I think no one could demand more of me," he said afterwards in the Assembly. No, assuredly: civic virtue could rise no higher.

The Assembly, now casting aside whatever poor doubts and jealousies it may have had, chose Manin as head of the Executive, with title of President, and invested him with plenary powers, internal and external, including the prerogative of adjourning the Assembly for fifteen days. Manin spoke as follows:—

“In accepting the charge which this Assembly has entrusted to me, I am conscious of committing an act of insensate boldness. I accept it. But in order that my good name, and, what is of more importance, your good name and that of Venice, may not be tarnished through this transaction, it behoves that I should be seconded and sustained in my arduous undertaking by your co-operation, your confidence, and your affection. We have been strong, respected, eulogised, up till now, because we have been united. I ask of you virtues which, if they are not romantic, are at all events of great practical utility. I ask of you patience, prudence, perseverance. With these, and with concord, love, and faith, all things are overcome.”

A Ministry was then nominated, and the Assembly adjourned. This was the 7th of March, and now once more the king of Sardinia took the field, and the hopes of Venice and Italy went up—once more to fall in the dust of Novara’s fatal plain. Valiant Brescia, too, had stood erect in brief splendid defiance of might and Austria, and had as splendidly succumbed to the “Hyena Haynau,” as he was called—though why the four-legged brute should be wronged by such a simile, I know not. Venice’s rejoinder to the news of these disheartenments was the vote of her Assembly, which decreed, “Resistance at all costs !” to which end the President was clothed with unlimited powers. And the people rejoiced, and were as glad as though it were a feast day, perfectly satisfied of their own heroic resolution. From that hour the red flag of war to the utterance waved against the blue Venetian skies from the highest pinnacle of St. Mark’s, a purified symbol, a banner of blood indeed, but of blood spilled in the most visibly righteous cause man ever drew sword for. Public spirit had never been more praiseworthy than now; dying men cried *Viva l’Italia !* and *Viva Manin !* A poor old woman lying at the point of death in a hospital which Manin visited, answered some few kind words he had spoken to her by saying, “Più della mia salute desidero l’Italia libera !” (More than health do I desire free Italy). The 25th of April, St. Mark’s *fešta*, was grandly observed, and Manin made a little speech in the Piazzzi, which of all Manin’s speeches was the one that roused the Venetians to the intensest pitch of frenzied enthusiasm. “Who holds out, wins. We have held out, and

we shall win. Long live Saint Mark ! This cry, that the seas rang with in old days, we now cry once more. Europe looks on, and will praise us. We must, we ought to win. To the sea ! To the sea ! To the sea ! ” Here are the words ; but the clear resonant tones of the persuasive voice, the luminous flash of the blue eyes, the glow of the pale worn face—these are not here. And so it is hard for us to conceive the rapture of patriotism the simple words woke up in the breasts of the sons of Adria.

The little fleet of Venice consisted of vessels which the ceaseless industry of the arsenal workmen had turned out since the liberation of the city. The French and Sardinian men-of-war that had hitherto sailed about, off and on, in Venetian waters were now gone for good and all, and the little fleet was left to itself in the task of keeping the Austrian squadron at bay. Opinions have been expressed—and Manin’s vehement *Al mare !* would seem to show that they were shared by him—that the Venetian fleet, despite its inferiority in numbers, might with advantage have assumed the offensive as well as the defensive attitude ; but the officers in command appear to have thought otherwise. The land forces, together with the Venetian troops, comprised representatives of most of the Italian States, all volunteers ; for the Romans and Neapolitans who had been dispatched by their respective Governments to join in the war against Austria in the early months of 1848 had been quickly recalled, and those who remained did so at their own risk. The Commander-in-chief, Baron Pepe, an upright and veteran soldier, if not a military genius, was of this number, as also was the young, noble, and heroic Rosaroll-Sforza, who received his death-blow when commanding a Venetian battery, whilst hardly able to stand in consequence of an attack of malarious fever. As this Neapolitan Bayard was borne away, mortally wounded, he rallied his men with the farewell cry of “ To your guns ! To your guns ! Save the battery, and let me die ! ” He died in a few hours, telling the priest who confessed him that he had not an enemy upon earth save the king of Naples and the Austrians, and saying with his last breath to his old commander, Pepe, “ Don’t think of me, but of Italy ! ” Amongst the other officers were the notable names of Ulloa, Poerio, Cosenz, Sirtori, Debrunner. The latter commanded the

trusty corps of Swiss chasseurs—free men, here fighting for freedom, not against it, as their countrymen too often have done—which left 47 out of its 126 men upon the silent shore of the grave-isle in the lagunes. All these elements worked harmoniously and gallantly towards the common end; but of them all not one achieved brighter distinction than the volunteer artillery company which bore the name of Bandiera-Moro. It was composed of the young patricians of Venice, who, with an ancestral love of splendour, donned a picturesque uniform of velvet tunics, grey-coloured scarves, and caps with nodding plumes. Foreigners who saw the richly-dight youths parading the streets in the spring of 1848, with their white hands and general stamp of luxurious upbringing, were disposed to sneer at these defenders of Venice. They had occasion to change their estimate one year later, when they beheld them, begrimed with powder and blood, working away at their guns at Fort Malghera, hustling each other to leap into the place of the dead, as man after man was shot down; nibbling their biscuit while they served the battery, rather than pause for a moment; clapping their hands to the cry of *Viva Venezia* when hit by the bursting shells; and carrying their wounded comrades to the ambulance-gondola under a storm of fire. Malghera had held its own for twenty-three days of an incessant bombardment—Haynau and his 25,000 men concentrating their attack on this position—when orders arrived on the 26th of May to evacuate the fort, which was become a mass of tottering ruins. The siege had placed a fifth of the garrison *hors de combat*, the dead amounting to four hundred. The cannoneers cried like children when told to abandon their posts, and mournfully kissed their guns before they spiked them. The evacuation was performed with so little noise or confusion, that the Austrians were only made aware of it on the following morning by the cessation of firing. Haynau had by this time gone off to repeat his Brescian butcheries in Hungary; Radetzky, and a batch of archdukes he had brought with him, to “be in at the death,” had also departed, tired of waiting; so the fortress fell into the hands of Count Thurn, one of the most humane of the Austrian general officers, who made no secret of his profound admiration of the manner in which the defence had been conducted.

The condition of Venice grew daily worse. Food was very

scarce through the now strict blockade, and the siege could not well have been prolonged after the end of May, had not Manin had the foresight immediately after the revolution to lay in a store of several months' wheat that had been obtained by means of English merchant-ships, which the Austrians were afraid to meddle with. But do all it might, the Government could not keep the wolf out of the city. Then other dangers threatened. On June 19th the great powder magazine blew up, causing much dismay, more particularly because the wildest conjectures were hazarded as to the cause of the explosion. The suspicions thus raised were naturally enough made capital out of by the *exploiteurs* of that *residuum* to which I have alluded above, and once more it seemed possible that Austria's greatest desire, Manin's gravest apprehension—a civil war within the city walls—would become a fact. In July two fresh burdens descended upon Venice—bombardment and cholera. The Austrians henceforth directed their death-missiles not only on the forts, but into the heart of the town. A sight of surpassing grandeur were these shooting-stars of desolation, as all through the summer nights their swift portentous passage illuminated the still lagunes and stately monuments. Between July 29th and August 22nd, the Austrian batteries discharged 25,520 projectiles on the fort and city. As to the cholera, it carried off 1,500 persons in one week. Ammunition was all but exhausted, provisions were almost at an end—one or two successful foraging excursions, though they gave the people a moment's rejoicing, scarcely adjourned the inevitable day when famine must stalk through the city. It was clear that this, the last citadel of Italian independence, was rapidly sinking. In a crowning vote of confidence, the Assembly, on the 6th of August, abdicated all powers into the hands of Manin, and bade him do what best he could. Not much more was there to be done, alas! beyond obtaining honourable terms for the fall of Venice. Manin knew it, Pepe knew it, everybody knew it—and still the people were bent on resistance! And the party of disorder was active as ever, and more than ever, urged on as all Italian historians of the period assert, by Austrian agents; and more than ever was it now to be feared that Venice, like the patient given over by conscientious physicians, would call in the quack, who would render her last hours a hundredfold more terrible. The demagogues did not dare to accuse Manin

himself of treason, but they raised their rebellious cries under his window, in the crowded Piazzetta. Manin came out suddenly on the balcony.

"Venetians!" he exclaimed, "is this conduct worthy of you? You are not the people of Venice; you are only an insignificant faction. Never will I shape my measures to pamper the caprices of a mob! They shall be guided solely by the vote of the legal representatives of the people, legally in congress assembled. I will always speak the truth to you, even should muskets be levelled at my breast, and daggers be pointed at my heart. And now go home, all of you—go home!"

A shout of *Evviva Manin* greeted this scathing rebuke, and for the present the sedition-mongers hid themselves. Manin had once been chief of a people in triumph—he was now guardian of a people in despair. He had taught Venice how to live, now he must teach her how to die. His was the supreme office of the priest, who steps in when all others have said, "There is no hope," to say, "There is all hope." On August 13th, amidst fire and famine and pestilence, Venice held her last pageant. Manin reviewed the civic guard in the square of St. Mark's, and spoke these words:—

"A people that have done and suffered as our people have done and suffered, cannot die. The day shall come when a splendid destiny will be your guerdon. What time will bring that day? This rests with God. We have sown the good seed: it will take root in good soil. Great calamities may be in store for us—perchance they are even at hand—but we shall have the immense comfort of saying, 'They came without our fault.' If it be not ours to ward off these calamities, it is ours to maintain inviolate the honour of this city. To you it belongs to preserve this patrimony for your children; it is yours to perform the last great work without which all that has been done shall avail nothing; without which foes—and, yet worse, friends too—will mock us, and we shall be the prey of scoffers who are always eager to discover that the unfortunate are in the wrong. One single day that sees Venice not worthy of herself, and all that she has done will be lost and forgotten."

Then he told them that the Assembly had invested him with the burden—refused by all others—of unlimited power. If however, the civic guard had no longer its old confidence in his loyalty, this charge would become insupportable, and he should yield it up to those from whom he had taken it. “I ask, frankly, has the civic guard faith in my loyalty?” The whole Piazza resounded with a thundering *Sì*! Manin continued:—

“Your indomitable love saddens me, and makes me feel yet more how this people suffer! On my mental and bodily faculties you must not count, but count always on my great, tender, and undying affection. And, come what may, say, ‘This man was misled;’ but do not ever say, ‘This man misled us.’ [‘No, *mai*! never!’ cried the thousands.] I have deceived no one. I have never spread illusions which were not mine own. I have never said I hoped when I had no hope.”

Again (August 18th) he spoke to them, saying that grave as were the existing circumstances, they were not so desperate as to warrant hurrying into unconditional surrender. It was necessary that the negotiations should be carried on with becoming calmness and dignity. “It is an infamy to suppose that Venice would ask of me to do what was infamous; and if she asked it, this one sacrifice I would not make—not even to Venice.”

Some one called out, “Hunger!”

“Let who hungers stand forward,” said Manin.

“None of us,” cried the crowd. “We are Italians. Long live Manin!”

On the 23rd he addressed them for the last time. The population was in a state of dangerous agitation, the result of the uncertainty and misery of these dreadful days, and by reason of a report that one or two sections of the troops were in a state of semi-mutiny. “Are you Italians?” Manin cried from the balcony of his official residence in the Piazzetta. “Do you wish to be worthy of the freedom which perhaps before long will be yours? Well then, chase from your midst the scoundrels who incite you to riot! Let us at least keep the honour of Venice immaculate. *Viva l’Italia*!”

Viva l’Italia! shouted the people, with one voice. A sudden

pain took away Manin's breath; he went indoors, and sank fainting on a chair. When he had recovered a little, he began to weep bitterly, and murmured, "To have to yield, with such a people as this!" Then, rousing himself, he returned to the balcony, and said, in a firm voice, "Whosoever is a true Venetian, let him patrol to-night with me." Buckling on his sword, as when he went to seize the arsenal, he marched at the head of a company of civic guards and a vast concourse of people to the quarter in which military insubordination had broken out. They were received with shots. Manin stepped on in advance. "If you want my life, take it!" he said. The mutineers were quieted, and so the affair passed over.

It is stated that Manin courted death among the still fast-falling Austrian bombs during this last week that he was President of the Venetian Republic, not from moral cowardice at the gloomy prospect of his own future, or from one moment's loss of faith in the ultimate triumph of his country's aspirations, but because he thought his death might profit more to Italy than his life. Generally speaking, personal courage is not a quality which demands much notice: to say that a man is brave, is the same sort of compliment as to say that he does not pick pockets. Nevertheless, it should not be ignored how much of Manin's ascendancy over the Venetian masses proceeded from his absolute readiness to expose himself to any danger for the good or peace of the commonwealth. It is to be remembered that Venice was never put under a state of siege; the dictator had therefore nothing but his moral influence wherewith to strengthen the ordinary authority of the law in the preservation of public order.

The capitulation of Venice was signed August 24, 1849. "A more honourable one," writes General Pepe, "could not have been obtained if Venice had remaining to her gunpowder and provisions for a whole year, instead of for a single day." Such Venetian officers as had belonged to the Austrian service, the foreign (*i.e.*, non-Venetian) soldiers, and forty civilians, of whom of course Manin was one, were to quit the city. Persons not specified might remain with impunity. The communal paper money was recognised at a discount of 50 per cent.—a tax to defray this liquidation being imposed on the city. On the morning of the 24th, Manin resigned his functions into the hands of the municipality, which held the city until the entry of

the Austrians, four days later. Immediately on signing his resignation, Manin left the national palace for his house in the Campo San Paterniano, to prepare for departure. The people passed sadly to and fro before his door, whispering to one another, “Quâ ghe xe el nostro bon pare, povareto, el gà tanto patio per nù, che Dio lo benedissa!” (“Here is our good father, poor dear! He has suffered so much for us. God bless him!”) They were to see him no more. At midnight he and his wife and son and sick little girl went on board the French steamer *Pluton*, which was to carry all save one of them into a lifelong exile.

Manin had exhausted his small means during the revolution, and the municipality, loath that he should depart altogether penniless, pressed upon him the sum of a few hundred pounds, which he accepted gratefully. But he knew that there were others who, like himself, left Venice in want; and in a quiet, private manner, he charged several of his friends to visit each of the twelve vessels which were engaged for the transport of the emigrants, and to distribute equally amongst them some money which he gave them for the purpose. He only reserved what was strictly necessary for his journey and settlement abroad.

One of the ships had already started, and it was in the bay of Corfu when a small boat was seen approaching it. Two or three men came on board, and having taken down the names of all the emigrants, gave to each the same sum of money—between twelve and twenty *scudi*. The recipients were told that it was money belonging to Manin; and a cry of *Viva Manin!* rang through the air.

On the 27th of August the *Pluton* sailed out of the lagunes, and the great exile's eyes rested for the last time on the beloved Venetian shore—on the towers and palaces, the churches and columns, the islands and sandbanks, the green waters and the azure heavens. There is no earthly view more fair than this of Venice from the sea, if it be not the sea from Venice. English passengers to India now are well familiar with this view. Whilst leaning on the bulwarks to catch the last glimpse of the campanile of St. Mark, how many are there who have turned over in their minds what a Venetian proscrip must have felt as he strained his poor dimmed eyes after that last vision of home and fatherland?

To this great grief of leaving Venice was soon added another : Manin's wife died of cholera on landing at Marseilles. On to Paris he went with his two children, the little motherless girl suffering terribly, the poor father trying vainly to be at once father and mother to her. Manin loved this child with the love that may be otherwise written—sympathy—that perfect spiritual harmony of mind and mind, which of all human affections would seem best fitted to render intelligible what theologians mean when they speak of the communion of the blessed dead. Singular it may be that the man of iron will should have found this sweet companionship in the society of a fragile girl ; but this thing also is characteristic of the great purity and simplicity of Manin's nature—a nature in which there was not so much of triumphant virtue as of childlike innocence. The “ salt bread of the stranger ” was further embittered by the spectacle of this dear child's slow fading away—like a tropical flower in a northern winter—deprived of mother and of country, the obscure nervous disease with which she was afflicted aggravated by the pangs of what we call home-sickness, and what the Germans better term *Heimweh*. The vast noisy world of Paris was to her a desert, and she pined with intolerable longing after the cherished tranquillity of her native city.

The ex-president of the Venetian Republic was very poor ; he had to pass the days in eking out a maintenance by giving lessons in Italian ; the nights he spent by the bedside of his child, in administering the medicines she was ordered to take, in suffering to see her suffer. When she could not conceal some paroxysm of pain, she would take her father's hands and beg his forgiveness for the sorrow she caused him. He kept a journal of every faint fluctuation in her health, so that the doctors might be informed of all her symptoms. This sad book still exists, with the words written on it, *Alla mia Santa Martire !* For her father's sake she clung to life with a tenacity which sometimes seems to exercise a mysterious force in keeping the vital spark alight : it was not until 1854 that the little flame of her being flickered into darkness. The last words she uttered were these, “ My darling Venice, I shall never see you again ! ”

Manin had three more black years to bear ; but during this dismal exile he did not let his private griefs deaden his spirit to those of his country. It came to be his conviction that, dear as

was to him the faith of a republican, the best chance of the achievement of Italian unity and independence lay under the white cross of Savoy; and, believing this, he dedicated his last years to the cause of the kingdom of Italy. He could give nothing but his influence, "but that influence is worth legions," said the Piedmontese Marquis Villamarina. A Savoyard sovereign and a French alliance were the means he esteemed most practicable for the attainment of Italian liberation, and he worked indefatigably both with word of mouth and pen to bring others at home and abroad to the same opinion. "But," he once said, smiling sadly, "I can't write, I am only fit to rule." One ray of joy fell upon his path: it was the sight of the Italian tricolour—alone retained by Piedmont of all the States that had adopted it in 1848—run up along the boulevards in honour of the Crimean alliance on the occasion of the Queen of England's visit to Paris. The true significance of that alliance, the one fruit-bearing feature of the Russian war, Manin did not fail to understand.

His physical sufferings constantly increased, and to his old malady was now added disease of the heart. In June, 1857, he wrote to his friend, the Marquis G. Pallavicino Trivulzio, that he hardly knew how to put two ideas together or find two words to express them. "A month's rest in the country has not calmed the fever of my poor brain. All work, all meditation, is utterly impossible to me. Not only cannot I think about serious things, but I am not able to give my mind to the most unimportant matters. This will explain my silence. I lose patience and hope. My painful and useless life becomes intolerable. I ardently desire the end. Farewell." His desire was fulfilled on the 22nd of the following September. The evening before he had felt a trifle better, and had done nothing but talk of Venice. At four o'clock in the morning he expired in his son's arms. He was fifty-three years of age.

So Manin died; in a different way, but a martyr, a witness, to precisely the same cause of Italian unity for which Attilio and Emilio Bandiera and Domenico Moro had given their young lives thirteen years earlier. And these Venetian patriots, the high-born youths, the Jewish commoner, may be taken as types of thousands of other Italians who fell and endured, whilst "sensible people" in the four quarters of the globe were calling

their deeds crimes and their hopes chimeras. Of the character and individuality of the man who purged the name of Venice from being a byword of reproach among the nations, who led her with strong and loving hands through a fiery furnace to the attainment of the one earthly good more precious than freedom—the deserving of it—it seems not needful to speak. “By their works ye shall know them.” His Italian biographer, Professor Errera, remarks that there was something very English in his hatred of declamation, his practical good sense, and his regard for tradition. He might have added that, alike in his sensitiveness to suffering, and in his power of undergoing it, as also in other of the deep and tender qualities of his nature, he showed not a few of the distinctive traits of the race of Spinoza and Heine. Still, take him all in all, he was essentially an Italian, and Italy has no cause to blush in calling him her son.

August 30, 1849, Marshal Radetzky and Austrian dominion re-entered the city of Venice “amidst the silence of a bewildered population,” said the Austrian report. The silence of the “bewildered population” lasted seventeen years exactly. Coincidentally with that silence, the Schwarz-Gelb standards hung on all Sundays and feast-days upon the flag-staves of St. Mark. And what was noteworthy in it was that it went on without any diminishment, or rather with the contrary of diminishment, which must have sorely puzzled the Austrian reporter, who began by thinking it only came from momentary bewilderment. Sometimes in a grand religious service the congregation are asked to lift up their hearts in mute supplication, and there comes a noiseless pause, more impressive than much speaking or chanting. A like stillness prevailed in Venice. These people, the impassioned lovers of song and mirth and carnival-joy, adjudged themselves a seventeen years’ Lent. If they had to brook the environment of

“... all ill things but shame,”

with shame, at any rate, they were determined to hold no commerce. This was the epilogue of the Venetian revolution.

Thursday, July 5, 1866, the Schwarz-Gelb was hauled down from the Pili—for ever.

Thursday, the 18th of October, that autumn, went up in its stead the folds of the fairest flag nation ever floated; and there it may be seen Sundays and holidays, calling forth memories that make the heart beat and the eyes moisten a little. Ah, that Daniel Manin could stand in our place and see what we see!

All that Venice could do in honour of her great citizen has been done. He lies in a marble sarcophagus close under the shadow of St. Mark's church. Thither his mortal remains and those of his wife and child were brought from Ary Scheffer's hospitable tomb at Montmartre, on the eve of the nineteenth birthday of the revolution, amidst every sign of unforgetting love. A statue of him, over life size, addressing the multitude, with the lion of St. Mark at its base, has been placed in the Campo San Paterniano, opposite his house. "Lo conobbi io—l'avvocato Manin—Presidente della Repubblica," cried a weather-beaten old Venetian *popolano*, with a flash of loving pride in his face, as I stood looking at the monument. The recollection came forcibly into my mind of a saying of Manin's: "Martyrdom is redemption."

VI

THE POERIOS

BARON CARLO POERIO stood before the world as the typical victim of Neapolitan misgovernment. The conspicuous position he had so lately held as minister to the crown, the large social circle by which he was known personally to be a man of high talent and unblemished honour, not less than the extraordinary network of iniquity woven to obtain his conviction on a charge of high treason, contributed to give his case greater prominence than that of any other of the prisoners. It was known, also, of Carlo Poerio, that his political views were strictly moderate, that reverence for law was at least as strong in him as love of liberty, and this was another reason why he attracted sympathy, especially in England, among those who most disliked revolutionary methods. Few, however, of the Englishmen who felt so keenly for Carlo Poerio were acquainted with the story of his elder but more impetuous brother, and even in Italy, though Alessandro's recognised merit as a poet saved his name from oblivion, a full appreciation of his character was hardly possible until Vittorio Imbriani edited, a few years ago, the portion of his correspondence which related to his residence at Venice in 1848.

The father of these two brothers and of one other child, a daughter, who married Emilio Imbriani and became the mother of the distinguished man of letters just mentioned, was one of the brightest ornaments of the Neapolitan bar. He sprang from a noble but untitled Calabrian family: the prefix of "*nobile*" having in Italy preserved more than elsewhere its original sense,

signifying that the house which claims it has long been "notable" in its own region.

Joachim Murat conferred a barony on Giuseppe Poerio, and in doing so paid a tribute to gifts and qualities which made the distinction honourable to both giver and receiver. The Poerios, in common with the more educated section of Neapolitan society, accepted the king who, with all his failings, yet gave Naples a better government than it had ever had before: a government too good to be pleasing to the dense ignorance of the masses, and of by far the larger part of the aristocracy. Murat, though a foreigner, had a heart more true to Italy than any so-called "Italian" Bourbon of them all, and if he was inspired by personal ambition, it was ambition of the splendid, not of the sordid sort. He did his part in awakening the national spirit, nor was that part a mean one.

Giuseppe Poerio had, as a young man, known the abominations of Ferdinand and Caroline's prisons, into which he was cast on the usual vague suspicion of liberalism which superior abilities were sure in those days to call forth. As accommodation was lacking at Naples, where the prisons are stated to have contained 30,000 political prisoners, Poerio, with several companions, was shipped to an island off the Sicilian coast, where they were confined in vaults into which the sunlight never penetrated. Poerio had just been released from this living grave when, in August, 1802, his wife, the daughter of Niccolò Sossisergio, a magistrate of Apulia, gave birth to her first child, who was named Alessandro. In 1815, Giuseppe Poerio, as one of those who had been more closely identified with Murat's cause, was counselled to leave the kingdom of Naples, which he did, taking his family with him to Florence, where they remained for three years. At the end of that time they were given to understand that they could return home in safety. Alessandro had meanwhile grown up to be a promising lad, and in 1820, at the age of eighteen, he passed the examinations qualifying him for employment in the Neapolitan foreign office. That was the season of constitution-granting—when Ferdinand I. invoked the wrath of God upon his declining years should he break the oath he had sworn to uphold the new liberties of his people. Baron Poerio was one of the stoutest defenders of freedom in the Parliament opened under the new statute. But the dream was

of brief duration. Foreign intervention—not certainly unwelcome to Ferdinand—came to cut it short. A handful of volunteers, led by Pepe, endeavoured on March 7, 1821, to stem the advance of the Austrians, and held their own for six hours at Rieti, against much larger numbers. But the issue was not doubtful from the first, and Pepe had to fall back with his defeated troops on Aquila.

Among these volunteers was Alessandro Poerio, who had implored his father to let him join Pepe's forces as a simple private, and who fought gallantly on that unfortunate day. After the battle was lost, Alessandro Poerio followed his captain to Salerno, where the latter vainly hoped to reorganise the resistance. Events hurried to their conclusion; in the last sitting of the Parliament, Giuseppe Poerio uttered the words: "The fate of arms may be uncertain, but never that of honour." With many other patriots he was imprisoned in S. Maria Apparente, and when he was released, it was only to be sent into exile, Gratz being assigned as his future place of residence. Alessandro accompanied him thither. The exiles, amongst whom were Colletta, Gabriele Pepe, and other well-known men, were put on board so rotten a ship at Brindisi, that it was a wonder how the voyage up the Adriatic was ever accomplished.

As soon as they were settled at Gratz, Alessandro showed the hatred of intellectual indolence which was the peculiar characteristic of his nature, by applying himself to the thorough mastery of the German language. He had the gift of languages in a remarkable degree; at this early age he was not only a good classical scholar, but also could converse with ease in English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese. Later he became perfectly acquainted with modern Greek, to the study of which he was led by an interest in the Greek struggle for freedom; and a similar sympathetic reason suggested to him the study of Polish. He did not neglect the great foreign literatures to which he had thus the key, though he continued to have a predilection for that of his own country.

During the two or three years that his father, with the rest of the family, remained at Gratz, Alessandro spent some time at the University of Gottingen (where he followed the courses of philosophy and philology), and paid visits of a briefer duration to the seats of learning at Breslau, Berlin, and other of the famous

German towns, winding up with Heidelberg. At Weimar, he made the acquaintance of Goethe, with whom he afterwards corresponded. This was a worthy way of passing the years of enforced expatriation, and, as has been said, it was characteristic of Alessandro Poerio, who strove from the first to overcome or even to draw advantage from circumstances in which many would have found an excuse for leading an inactive and unfruitful life.

In 1823 the exiles were informed that Prince Metternich had signed a decree authorising their return to their native country, but when they had got as far as Tuscany, a notification reached them from the Neapolitan Government to the effect that they were to come no further south. The history and art of Tuscany opened a new world to Alessandro Poerio, which he was not slow to make his own. Inspired by the monuments and associations of Florence, he wrote several poems, recalling its former glories. The Florence of that day, which enjoyed the mildest rule in Italy, was full of literary and intellectual men, some natives and some exiles from less fortunate parts of the peninsula, who in the pages of the then recently established review *La Nuova Antologia* contributed in their way to the revival of national feeling. Alessandro found himself, therefore, in congenial surroundings; but after a while he left Florence for Bologna, where he was anxious to perfect his knowledge of Polish under Mezzofanti, and subsequently he started on a journey in France, arriving in Paris in time to be a witness of the three July days which, like many others, he hoped would prove the signal for a new reign of universal liberty. The year after, he joined General Pepe in a scheme for landing a company of volunteers on the shores of the Adriatic in aid of the revolution in the Romagna; but the French Government successfully baulked their preparations. In Paris he was on terms of intimacy with Lafayette, Benjamin Constant, Lamennais, Armand Carrel; but the more he saw of French politics, the less hope he placed in France as a disseminator of free institutions.

In 1835 the Poerios were allowed to return to Naples, and Giuseppe Poerio again took up his profession, which Alessandro also followed for a few years to be able to assist his father, though not finding it congenial to his impatient spirit. His brother Carlo was making himself a name at the bar, and

promised to tread worthily in the paternal steps. The Poerios were constantly reminded that the eye of the Neapolitan police was upon them; once, even at this early period, Carlo was arrested, but an eloquent protest from his father caused him to be soon set at liberty.

Alessandro occupied his leisure with his literary pursuits, and having made a small collection of his poems, he sent the manuscript to his friends in Paris, where it was issued anonymously, under the modest title of "Some Lyrics." This little volume was enlarged when it was republished with his name after his death, and recently a private edition was printed of a few other poems found among his papers. The whole together would fall short of 200 pages: a smallness of production explained by the writer's fastidious habit of touching and retouching his work.

Like many men who, especially after the passing of their first youth, acquire an intellectual shyness which urges them in the common intercourse of life to withhold their most intimate thoughts, Alessandro Poerio put into his poetry a part of his nature which would otherwise have remained unknown even to his friends. It reveals the idealism of a tender and delicate mind which was diligent in storing up sensations and images that for others would have been at most the transient impressions of a moment. A young girl in a field, picking flowers, takes his fancy; she gathers every kind of flower, but only the violet she hides in her bosom. Years after, the scene comes back to him "with the sweetness of those most cherished things that shun the veil of words." The following lines, from the waifs and strays privately printed, express the vague yearning after spiritual perfection which haunted his introspective moods:

"Within the satiated body pines
The fasting soul, and oft is clouded o'er
By melancholy deepest 'mid vain joys
There steals a longing into human breasts,
Obscure, confused, and inconsolable,
For some lost good, some good not yet attained:
It winds and penetrates till it has reached
Our heart's most secret core, and with it comes
A pain, devoid of which our best delights
Were reft of that mysterious, sacred sense
Which makes endurable life's dull annoy,
And sweetens tears."

Nature filled his reverent rather than questioning mind, now

with the harmony of a peace that quieted all his inward storms, now "with the transports of Divine love" which carried him beyond the sphere of human perplexities. But with all his enjoyment of natural things, his fine tastes, his varied resources, he never doubted that in action lies man's true vocation; that he has no right to separate his lot from that of his fellows, still less from that of his country. If even the holiest affections wear out and grow blunted, he prays "that his limbs may stiffen in the final frost of death, before his heart becomes so chilled as to regard servitude with sordid indifference."

In 1844 Baron Giuseppe Poerio died, after forty-four years of married life, during which, as he said in his will, he had never had a thought that was hidden from her who was his faithful and devoted companion. On the night of the 14th of March, when Carolina was still in the deepest mourning for her husband, the house was surrounded by the police, seals were placed on all the papers found in it, and advocate Carlo was taken off to the Castle of St. Elmo. It was only some days later that the mother and elder brother knew that the arrest had been ordered owing to the landing of the *Bandieras* in Calabria. Carlo and nine other citizens who had been arrested at the same time, were detained till the 26th of the following September. Alessandro often climbed the height of St. Elmo to see his brother and his friends, amongst whom was his best of friends, Mariano d'Ayala. He was suffering from a distressing nervous disease which had attacked him as early as 1840, and which rendered his life an affliction; but his friends in prison were astonished to see how resolutely he held at bay his bodily infirmities, and how unceasing was his mental activity. In 1847 he spent some months in Rome, where he watched the development of a new order of things. On returning to Naples he found his brother, whom the Government had got into the habit of arresting whenever liberal impulses took shape in any part of Italy, once more a prisoner. At the close of this year he wrote a poem, "*To Italian Martyrs*," which he published with his signature in Rome, Pisa, and Florence. It seemed to him that in the enthusiasm for the men of the hour (of how many of whom it might now be added—and of the hour only), not sufficient thought was given to those who had suffered and fallen:—

“The parched Italian earth drank in
 The river of your blood,
 And never yet was on it poured
 More fertilising flood.
 You, with the generous ardour,
 Of sacrifice complete,
 Hastened the coming of the truth,
 Which it is ours to greet.

* * * * *

These names inseparable shall be
 From the Italian name;
 Nor ages, nor forgetfulness,
 Shall dissipate their fame.
 E'en these will be the shining signs
 That on our banner glow,
 The day that we, the avengers,
 Go forth to meet the foe.”

In the spring of 1848, Carlo Poerio assumed the office of Minister of Public Instruction, under the new Constitution. He did not hold it long; a short experience was enough to convince a man who was neither dishonest nor stupid that the hope of serving his country in the capacity of minister to Ferdinand II. was but a feeble one. The efforts of the Neapolitan liberals were centred in the attempt to induce the king to lend material assistance to the war of independence in North Italy. Not only was such a step of vital importance to the provinces which, though they had thrown off the Austrian yoke, could not sustain a long struggle with a vast, organised army, unassisted; but also, it would have been the guarantee of freedom at home. It was the casting of the die which would have alienated Austria for ever from the Neapolitan Bourbons. Ferdinand understood the significance of such a measure, if seriously carried out. Thus promises were at a discount and acts at a premium. In April, Niccolò Tommaseo, member of the Venetian Provisional Government, implored Alessandro Poerio (with whom, during their residence in France, he had formed the closest friendship) to endeavour, through his brother, to obtain the loan of at least one ship from the Neapolitan navy. Alessandro printed the letter with some remarks of his own as a broadside, which he caused to be circulated through the streets of Naples. The document runs as follows:—

“Niccolò Tommaseo, member of the Provisional Government of the Venetian Republic, a man eminent for his talent, learning,

and (which is rarer) for his virtue—who honours me with his friendship—believing my brother to be still in the Ministry, wrote, on the 25th of the past April, a letter which I have received only this morning. I have hastened to communicate it, as I was bound to do, to the present ministers; but I esteem it a more sacred duty to make it known to the whole public by having it printed. Here it is:

“ ‘DEAR POERIO,—I do not speak to you of verses; I speak of a man-of-war, which we are in want of. Let your brother, who like me has passed from a prison to the bench of ministers, see if he can get one lent to us, for the Republic is poor. As to the crew, we will provide our own men.’

“ How much is contained in these brief and simple words! And the tacit reproof makes them the more telling, and for us, the more shameful; since, many days ago, the official journal of the Two Sicilies announced that a Neapolitan squadron would be dispatched immediately to Venice with four thousand men for her aid, and that it would remain in the Adriatic on guard against Austria, or indeed, actively engaged to the latter's detriment. But instead, the ships have disembarked the troops on the frontier of the kingdom, and are to return here. Now Venice, which having driven out the Austrians, is again menaced, asks of quiet and secure Naples, a ship—one only, and as a loan—which she will man herself. She asks that from the inactivity of the Neapolitan fleet one single ship be taken, that her sons, children of the ancient mistress of the seas, may climb its deck to fight the common enemy for the safety of the re-awakening country. Who in the depths of his soul does not feel the force of this solemn appeal, let him not dare to call himself Italian. If, as commonly happens nowadays, in spite of the good intentions of the ministers, the hidden hand—which here stifles every magnanimous impulse, baulks all generous activity, and lets slip, amid mean doubts and cowardly tergiversation, the timely moment in the revived destinies of Italy—should repel or elude the confiding desire of the Venetians, let public opinion intervene with one of those outbursts of tranquil indignation that cannot be resisted. Otherwise, the language of Dante will have

no term sufficiently energetic to stigmatise the infamy of so perfidious an abandonment.

“ALESSANDRO POERIO.

“NAPLES, *May 2*, 1848.”

Noble words, and the nobler because the writer was so soon to act up to them; following the rule which comes almost as a revelation in the midst of all the perplexities, the disillusions of life—the rule which has saved many a lofty spirit from despair—*meanwhile, one can do one's duty*. He was offered by the Government the post of Neapolitan *chargé d'affaires* in Paris, or at the Tuscan Court, but he declined both, to entreat the old friend of his family, General Guglielmo Pepe (who had been, at last, recalled from exile, and given the chief command of the expedition it was proposed to send in aid of the Lombards), to take him with him. “Had I been offered the post—not of mere representative, but of ambassador to one of the great European Powers,” he said, “I should still have begged you, as I beg you now, to take me on your staff as a simple volunteer, because at this moment the first duty of every Italian is to fight for the independence of his country.” He asked for neither rank nor pay; only for the right to serve his country as best he might. He left Naples on May 4, 1848, accompanying the General by sea to Ancona, where he left him in order to go on to Venice to obtain accurate information as to the military and political state of things there, before definitely joining the staff at Bologna.

The correspondence published in 1884 by his nephew, Vittorio Imbriani, begins with Alessandro's departure from Naples, and covers the succeeding six months. It consists of letters to and from his mother and brother, with others, less numerous, between friends and relatives, all more or less closely engaged in the national struggle. In most cases the letter and the answer are both given. If the judgment of contemporaries, set down with entire freedom from day to day, is apt sometimes to be found at fault when read by the light of later and fuller knowledge, it causes, nevertheless, the passing events to live again before us, as no history can do. The chief interest of the letters and their real value lies, however, in the beautiful picture they give us of the close affection uniting a mother and son entirely worthy of each other. We read Carolina Poerio's

character as in an open book. She was brave, true, tender, full of womanly refinement and of strong common sense. She was religious without bigotry, patriotic without ostentation. Strictly direct in all her words and acts, she hated shams and affectations; but she was scrupulous in the observance of those sweet habitual courtesies which lend grace and dignity to daily life: capable of profound attachment, she was also capable of subordinating her dearest affections to the demands of duty. She had trodden the way of sacrifice undismayed from the time when, almost as a bride, she saw her husband taken from her side and thrown into a loathsome prison. Then came a long exile, then the frequent arrest of her younger son, and now the departure of his brother to meet dangers which, from his various infirmities, were greater for him than for others. Never in the course of these letters does there occur even the trace of a wish that Alessandro—simply a volunteer and bound by no engagement—should retire from the self-sought perils in which he was placed, or should accept any of the ways open to him of serving his country with lesser risk. “I am content, or rather proud, that all who bear the name of Poerio are bestirring themselves in the good cause—your husband, Alessandro, and Enrico in Lombardy, Carlo at Naples, and Carlotta represents her part through her husband.” So she wrote in 1848 to her sister-in-law, the wife of General Raffaele Poerio who, after a residence of twenty-seven years in France, returned in all haste, though getting on in years, at the invitation of the Milanese Provisional Government, to take the command of a part of the forces at its disposal. Enrico was the son of Giuseppe Poerio’s other brother; his father and mother (an Englishwoman) being dead, he was almost regarded as a son by Carolina Poerio. He distinguished himself with the Tuscan troops in the engagement of Montanara and Curtatone. When, during the armistice which followed, there was some uncertainty about his plans, Carolina urged him to return to the camp, saying that not to do so would seem to her unworthy of his name.

Carlotta, as has been stated, was married to the patriot Paolo Imbriani, and that not only as wife but also as mother she was prepared to follow the traditions of the family may be judged from the only letter of hers included in the present collection, where she writes (in October, 1848): “I find the courage to bear

up against all the misfortunes which surround us, in the thought that I owe myself to my sons, that I am bound to give them a virile education—to make men of them, in short.”

When on May 15th the wildest panic prevailed in Naples, and the city was for a while in the hands of anarchists, of whom the worst were the soldiers, who set fire to many buildings, carrying off the valuables and leaving the rest to the lazzaroni, Carolina wrote: “I remained perfectly tranquil in my house.” Her brave heart never deserted her. “I always end by saying, Let us leave things to Providence,” was her favourite remark in difficult and troublous times. Though they belong to a later period, this seems an appropriate place for quoting the lines written by her to Carlo Poerio when he was about to be tried for his life:—

“DEAREST SON,—I hope that this morning you will be called upon to make your appearance in court; doubtless you will acquit yourself as a man of honour, as befits Giuseppe Poerio’s son and mine. I embrace and bless you.—Your affectionate mother,

“CAROLINA.”

The correspondence abounds in proofs of her tender motherly feeling towards Alessandro. In the earliest of all she describes how, when he was gone, she hastened to her sister, the Baroness Luisa Parrilli, whose apartments overlooked the bay, to have a last glimpse of the ship on which he had embarked: “I remained behind the railing of the balcony till you were off; my blessings went with you—may heaven protect you!” The mother’s blessing is given at the foot of all these letters, the son generally ending his with the old phrase, “I kiss your hands.” It may be just noticed that, while Carolina always uses the familiar second person singular, her son replies with the more respectful “you”—forms and distinctions which are dying out even in Italy, but which, when joined to the most ample mutual confidence, were not, perhaps, so idle as they are now thought to be. There was, at least, a certain charm in a society which by these indications assigned to each of its members his part and place, and in which the deference paid to age made the crown of years truly a royal crown.

Carolina Poerio has the eager letter-hunger of those who will not suffer absence to mean separation. "You know," she writes, "that your letters are my greatest consolation." The irregularity in the arrival of their correspondence was a sore trial both to mother and son. At Naples, even under the constitutional *régime*, the name of Poerio inspired nervousness, and the post office was far from being above suspicion. Thus all sorts of expedients were resorted to: letters were sent by hand or under cover to friends in different parts of Italy, to be forwarded in various ways to their destination. It is no wonder, therefore, that there were losses and long delays, and Alessandro often tells how he has been again and again to the post office and has found nothing, and how he cannot help feeling anxiety and imagining all sorts of misfortunes. Carolina, when speaking of "a happy day" which had brought her two from Alessandro, adds: "The dispersion of my letters is very painful, for in them I open my heart to you: I tell you all my most private thoughts."

Through that time of trouble she kept in good health; she asks pathetically, when we remember all that was before her, "Will it be fortunate or unfortunate, this good health of mine? Am I to see bad things or good?" She speaks of herself later, on her birthday, as "arrived at limping seventy, with one year thrown in," but well, and hoping to live many years. Once she writes: "You may well understand that very cheerful we cannot be; it is not a little to keep in good health." But she never allowed the calm and comforting tone of her letters to be disturbed; if what she had to say was generally sad enough, she said it without a trace of personal impatience or bitterness. Now and then there are lighter touches, as when she speaks of "Aunt Antonia wearying all the saints in paradise," though all the same, "she has Poerio blood in her veins;" or when she writes playfully of Alessandro's nephews, the little Imbrianis, or whom he was extremely fond. She tells how these children, being themselves of rapid growth, exclaimed in a chorus when, after a lapse of months, they met some little cousins whose stature had not increased, "Oh! how small you have grown!"

Mention is made incidentally of the large losses in which the family was involved through the political course of events. The Poerio estates lay in Calabria, where, as Carolina puts it, "Constitution was interpreted to mean communism." Not only

did the tenants leave off paying their rents, but the newly-formed National Guard found amusement in dividing the land amongst the peasants, and when the troops came to suppress the revolution they invariably completed the ruin which the insurrectionists had begun. To make matters worse, in the case of the Poerios' property, there was a dishonest steward who, though he looked after his own interests, did not even pretend to watch over those of his employers. Carolina does not complain of the difficulties in which she is herself placed, but she regrets the impossibility of sending Alessandro more than very meagre supplies to cover the expenses of life which, under existing conditions, was very dear at Venice, and of the military outfit, &c., which, as he never received any pay, was wholly at his own cost. She is obliged to recommend economy, "not indeed such as your brother and I practise," but as much as can be reconciled with the circumstances in which he lives. "You know," she says again, "how I and your brother love you; our position is disastrous: still we will do all we can for you." Alessandro, on his part, denied himself of all save necessities, so as to make the money sent last as long as possible.

Carolina was slow to despair: "Let us hope in Providence; certainly we have said a thousand times that the recent course of events in Italy seems providential, but till the tremendous struggle ends (and for that time is needed) we must expect to be agitated." When the horizon darkened so that even the most hopeful could no longer see their way, when in private life many turned aside who had been the first to profess friendship in more prosperous days, she wrote without useless lamentations or resentment against those who were not worth her anger: "I say what I have said to you many other times: Let us be content with keeping intact our own individual character."

After the arbitrary dissolution of the newly-elected Chamber before it had even assembled, Alessandro strongly advised his mother and brother to leave Naples—advice which was doubtless given the more earnestly from his conviction of the danger in which they stood there, but which would not have been given at all had he not thought their departure compatible with Carlo's duty to his country. On this point the brothers differed completely, as they did on many others, though their differences left their personal relations unclouded.

Alessandro implores his brother "to give him the consolation of receiving his next letter and those of their good and venerated mother, from Leghorn or Civita Vecchia, or anywhere out of the kingdom of Naples." He reminds his mother to bring away the portfolio in his room, containing a lock of his father's hair; he assures her again and again that in remaining there is nothing but peril for her and for his brother, without any compensating gain to the cause. "I do not see," he writes to the latter, "that those who have left can be accused of baseness, nor that those 'who remain in the breach,' as you express it, can be useful to their country; indeed, the acceptance of re-election is in itself an infringement of the national rights, which would have been safeguarded by the protest of a refusal to stand. Come away, for mercy's sake; I pray and conjure you to leave that miserable land; it will not be a desertion, but rather the most efficacious mode of defence."

Carlo, on the other hand, rejoins: "We cannot desert the post of honour in so much peril; we are making every effort that the country may remember it is Italian. If things prosper (as I hope) in Upper Italy, be persuaded that we shall rise once more. But time and prudence are needed. Here liberal opinion is represented by a party, and not a numerous party. Those who form the liberal element in the Chamber are resolved to remain, and I cannot separate myself from these worthy colleagues without giving manifest signs of pusillanimity; while, I think, that throughout my life I have given proof of civil courage, nor would I belie it now." He describes Naples as "a tower of Babel." Some dream of setting up a republic, some are partisans of Charles Albert, others expect help from Sicily; the faithful await Russ or Turk, the *anglomanes* hope in Queen Victoria, the democrats, in France. Yet he considered that as long as there was the slenderest chance of consolidating a *régime* which had the semblance of being constitutional, it was the duty of good citizens to shirk no pains and no risks in making the endeavour. Under the date of the 3rd of July he fully explains the principles on which he acts:—

"The foreign visitors now in Naples admire the firmness of the electors in returning the same deputies, and the civil courage of the deputies, who, to save their country from imminent anarchy,

have not feared to assemble in Naples, the seat of 24,000 mercenary troops, under the fire of four castles, and in the midst of a stupid, ferocious, and rapacious populace."

Carlo is severe on the Neapolitans : it is easy to read between the lines his Calabrian origin. Settembrini, who was in love with his very gaolers, would not have written thus. If the population—which would not allow the Inquisition to be established among it—has faults and to spare, it has virtues too, as those have testified who have seen it in its darkest hours, as in the cholera visitation of 1884. What good nature, what light hearts! But they need to be fed and to be washed, poor children, in body and in soul! *Li lavi, li lavi* ("Cleanse them, cleanse them"), cried Cavour, in his dying delirium. The work of cleansing might have gone on quicker and with more method had the great minister lived who had it so near his heart. But this is a digression.

Carlo Poerio pursues his argument :

"With perseverance, firmness, and temperance, I trust that we shall overcome all obstacles, and perhaps the day is not far off on which, not one or two divisions, but half our army will cross the Po to fight Italy's eternal foe. But to attain this sacred end, it is indispensable that public tranquillity be restored, and that the finances—the sinews of every war—be reorganised. Only a legal path can conduct us to the desired goal. You know that I have tried my hand at conspiracy; but it was when every other way was closed. Now we must invoke legality, and who would act otherwise, is ignorant of his true rights. To have recourse to brute force as the only means of salvation is to place the future of the country in jeopardy, and to throw down the sorry stake of civil war. Some, blinded with hatred, and with just indignation, do not see that to gain this suit we must gain time. The iniquitous Government cannot destroy the constitution in the face of legal opposition, but were it to triumph over armed opposition (and with 70,000 soldiers this is not difficult) it could not stem, even if it had desired to do so, the tremendous reaction of its party, and this country would be plunged in more cruel bloodshed than Spain or Portugal. I know that the oppressed and the victims would have the

sympathy and the tears of their Italian brethren, who would celebrate requiems for the dead ; but that would not prevent the martyrdom of six millions of men."

Alessandro was not persuaded. " You say that with time, prudence, skill, and labour, the end will be reached by legal means, and I repeat to you that you have to deal with those who know no other law than arbitrary power ; and that in the revival of Italy there is solidarity between the different parts of the peninsula, whether we will it or not."

This was Alessandro's constant idea : the future of Italy was being decided on the Lombard plains and Venetian lagunes—as to the Neapolitan Government, it was incorrigible, and could only go from bad to worse. Thus he held all attacks upon it to be legitimate, and did not condemn either the Sicilian or the Calabrian revolution, both of which met with Carlo's strongest disapproval. Alessandro judged as a soldier—grasping with great acuteness the main features of the situation, and intolerant of any road which did not run straight to the goal. Carlo had a statesman's eye to the mischief growing out of even the best of revolutions ; he had a politician's conviction that in public affairs, as in mountains, those who take short cuts very often arrive last.

Carlo, therefore, stayed at his post, with what ultimate result is known. Meanwhile, he worked indefatigably in the cause of freedom and order, and his disinterested character was shown by his voluntarily coming forward to defend his friend Longo, who had taken part in the Calabrian insurrection, and having been captured at sea with six hundred others, was brought to Naples to be tried by court-martial for desertion to the enemy. He was condemned to death, but the penalty was commuted—which was ascribed to Poerio's defence, but the assistance he rendered to his friend did no good to himself.

After remaining for a short time at Venice, Alessandro carried out his original plan of joining General Pepe's headquarters at Bologna, where he continued to reside till the recall of the Neapolitan troops, when he returned to Venice with Pepe and those who disobeyed orders rather than be false to their country. Happier than the regular officers, Alessandro was bound by no military oath ; hence the scruples which in one memorable case

led even to suicide, did not affect him. "Be they many or few who cross the Po," he wrote, "I shall be one of them." He was eager to take part in the defence of the city which on his first visit, in the month of May, had received him so gladly. His coming then, with a few other Neapolitans, had been interpreted as the forerunner of important military aid, and "no words could describe," he said, "the rejoicing of this good Venetian population; the welcomes, the *evvivas*, the crowds of people under the palace of the Government." The scene was enchanting—the gondolas so tightly packed that it would have been easy to walk across the lagune on them, the great piazza full of national guards, of youths picturesquely clad in velvet coats and hats adorned with feathers, of exulting people of all conditions, all with a tricolour ribbon, or cockade; the terraces and balconies crowded with ladies, elegantly dressed; the clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs; "and more than everything else, the sincere joy which shone on all faces." To which his mother answered: "In reading of the fêtes at Venice, I saw you, dear son, in church; I saw you in the piazza; I saw you at the café; in fact, all Venice is painted in my imagination, and I see you everywhere." She had only been there once, for a few days, on their way into exile, but she had a remarkably retentive memory for localities.

At Bologna Alessandro frequently enjoyed the hospitality of Count and Countess Gozzadini, who had been on terms of intimacy with his family at Naples. Their house in the old arcaded city and their villa in the neighbouring Apennines were for forty years the rallying-point of intellectual society, both Italian and foreign—for nearly all the distinguished men of letters or science who visited Italy were in turn entertained by them. The Countess Nina Gozzadini was the daughter of Count Serego-Allighieri of Verona, whose family claims descent from Dante. Her friends fancied they traced a likeness to the great poet in her features; be that as it may, she was morally well worthy of her race. Strong intellect was combined in her, as in Mrs. Somerville, whom she knew and appreciated, with a healthy taste for the amusements of youth while she was of an age to engage in them; and her conversation was always full of wit and brightness. Her friendships were lasting and illustrious, but her deepest affections centred in her home,

where they reached that point of intensity which causes love, alas! even in the happiest of lives, to engender as much of sorrow as of joy. Though her marriage was one of singular felicity, she always looked back on her wedding day as amongst the saddest in her life, because it was the day of parting from her own dear ones, and her girlhood's home. The pang was yet more cruel when she saw her only child go forth, a happy bride, from the paternal roof. The volume dedicated to her memory by her devoted husband reveals her noble qualities of heart and mind, her sterling patriotism, her true modesty and simplicity. What strikes one especially is her fine disregard of luxury: she would sometimes make her husband a request on behalf of her daughter; for herself she asked for nothing. She dressed with quiet elegance, but refused to be the slave of fashion, and the only ornaments she cared for were reproductions of Etruscan jewelry, which she valued in connection with Count Gozzadini's Etruscan researches. She cared so little for diamonds, that when those which she possessed were buried in the garden in the commotions of '49, she forgot all about them, till long after, the gardener accidentally dug them up, and honestly restored them to her. Flowers were her only indulgence; her rooms were full of beautiful specimens. Carolina Poerio did not misplace her confidence when commending her son to the kindness of this delightful woman, who looked after him, while it was in her power, with almost motherly solicitude.

On his return to Venice in June, Alessandro found the spirit of the population unchanged, in spite of the blow struck at the national cause by the open defection of the Neapolitan Government. "Whoever saw this city, most beautiful, as you will well remember, devoted to its usual occupations, and even up to a certain degree, to its amusements, would not think that the Germans were so near." He shared the belief that "the unique and unassailable situation of Venice" gave her the right to laugh at every menace, even were she thrown wholly on her own resources. Money was what was most wanted. "Every Italian not entirely unworthy of the name should contribute his mite to the defence of these classic lagunes," wrote Alessandro Poerio. What, as the months wore on, depressed the stoutest hearts, was the bad news which came constantly in from the whole of Upper Italy. Every day the Austrians regained their

ground. There was a moment when Alessandro's firmness well-nigh gave way. After the ruin of Italian things, he confesses, he got so low, that he never thought to be himself again. His old nervous complaint attacked him in a thousand ways. "These diseases," he says, "have so many forms—they defy definition." In this dejection he composed the last lines of poetry he was destined to write. "All passes, even the name dies," is the burden of the short poem, which is full of the presentiment of a not distant end.

In his worst days he could still take pleasure in the inexhaustible beauty of Venice, with every corner of which he became familiar. The Venetians of all classes inspired him with the warmest sympathy, and he soon learned to speak their dialect so perfectly as to be taken for a native. He was never tired of visiting the art treasures of the city, or of observing those natural effects of light and shade, and sky and sea, which combine to make it unique. He notes the wonderful reflections of the buildings in the water, and the magical aspect of the grand canal in the summer moonlight. "Only," he says, "for one who loves the country, there is a deprivation in the absence of fields, and woods, and green banks, and running streams"—all of which are within easy reach of the Venetian in ordinary times, and were even then almost in sight, along the fertile shore of the mainland; but being in the hands of the Austrians, they were as much cut off from the besieged city as if they had been a thousand miles away. Lacking these, Alessandro found some refreshment in the well-kept gardens possessed by two of his friends—noble Venetians—within the city. "I go into these particulars," he wrote to his mother, "because to your maternal heart everything gives pleasure that can solace my weary and grief-worn spirit."

Little by little he recovered his mental balance, and could say: "We are calmed by the consciousness of doing our duty."

Almost all his later letters refer to a matter which, though of slight importance in itself, is yet one of those smaller circumstances which seem to give a keener edge to great sorrows. On the 26th of August Carolina Poerio wrote to her son to express her good wishes for his birthday—which fell upon the day following—and after recalling how a few days after his birth, his present chief, General Pepe, had called on her and "made his

acquaintance," she added: "I do not generally make you presents, but this year, as you are far away, I have thought of making you one—a thing which, though of little cost, will be of great price to you." The destined gift was a copy of a portrait of his father, but the difficulty of finding a safe means of sending it, and the length of time needed for conveyance by hand, prevented this little souvenir—so lovingly planned, and so anxiously awaited—from arriving till it was too late.

In his sorrow as a patriot, one feeling had been ever uppermost with Alessandro—the profound shame caused by the rôle played by his own Government, not without the complicity of too large a part of his fellow-countrymen. Here was a state, as independent as Piedmont, with a regularly constituted, and not inconsiderable fleet and army—untrammelled by those complications which explained, if they did not excuse, the ineptitude of the Papal Government—a state that had adopted the husk of liberal institutions, but which allowed town after town and province after province of Upper Italy to fall back under the yoke of Austria without moving a little finger in defence of the common cause. Alessandro felt this humiliation as if it were a family disgrace, and it made him doubly anxious for the day when he, at least, should meet the enemy face to face. During the attack on the fort of Cavanelle dell'Adige he took up so exposed a position that Ulloa, who was in command, advised him to move, saying, "Do you not hear, Alessandro, how the balls whistle round?" to which he replied, smiling, "No, I hear nothing; you know I am rather deaf." General Pepe wished to mention him in the order of the day which referred to this engagement, but he begged him not to do so, as "he had no chance of distinguishing himself." Knowing his almost fool-hardy daring, and the peculiar risks he ran from being short-sighted, his superiors, who looked upon his life as one of great value to Italy, seem to have been very unwilling that he should endanger it, as they thought uselessly, by taking part in every small skirmish. It was natural, however, that he should not see the matter in that light, and on the 23rd of October he wrote in the deepest pain and anger: "To-night Ulloa has gone out to make a reconnaissance with fifty men, and he told me nothing about it. A poor mark of friendship! Nor was I told by the General, who nevertheless knew, from my having entreated him,

once for all, to warn me, how gladly I would have gone ! I did not know till after the departure ; I am fated to have every kind of grief. The General asserts that this is a very small affair ; let us hope that it is the augury of greater things."

Five days later the "greater things" came, in the shape of the sortie to Mestre, which was to prove the most fortunate incident in the defence of Venice. In the heat of his disappointment Alessandro had so bitterly reproached his friend, General Pepe, as to bring tears to the old man's eyes ; it was agreed that henceforth nothing was to be hidden from him ; and when, on the eventful day, he asked permission to join a few officers in the first onslaught, his prayer was not refused. He was among the first to leap upon an earthwork defended by 700 Austrians with two guns, which formed the first obstacle to an advance. The position was taken at the point of the bayonet, and the enemy fled within their inner line, leaving behind two pieces of artillery and many dead and wounded. In this assault Alessandro was hit in the leg by a spent ball, which caused a severe contusion, but he would not listen to his friends who advised him to retire into the fort, pushing on instead, with the cry of "Forward, comrades ! Viva l'Italia !" On their noticing that he was in pain, he said, "I feel it less now that we have crossed the barricade." With that, he threw himself upon a point which the Austrians were defending with much obstinacy. Bit by bit they were obliged to fall back, till they abandoned their last refuge, leaving guns, ammunition, horses, and prisoners in the hands of the Venetians. In following their retreat through Mestre, Alessandro, deceived by his short sight, and by the dense sea-fog which was rising, ran across a party of the enemy, and was hit again in the leg, this time by a splinter of a shell, which totally fractured the knee-joint. As he fell, he received a sabre thrust in the head, which he believed to be mortal. He lay in his blood for nearly half an hour, when at last he was found and recognised by Colonel Cosenz. His victorious companions-in-arms soon gathered round him in great concern. "I shall still be able to accompany you on horseback," he said, cheerfully. On the surgeon's deciding that amputation must be performed immediately, he underwent the operation with intrepid courage, refusing to allow any one to hold him, and asking pardon for the only cry which escaped from him. When

General Pepe came to him, deeply grieved at his condition, he pressed his hand, saying: "Now that we have won, General, I am content to have lost a leg." The Government sent him at once the brevet of a captaincy, which he accepted with pleasure, only remarking, "I shall take no pay." The General had him conveyed, with all possible care, to his own quarters in the house of Countess Soranzo, where everything was done to alleviate his sufferings. His first thought after the operation was to allay the anxiety of his dear ones at Naples. The letter is written in a firm, unfaltering hand:—

"VENICE, 28th October, 1848.

"DEAREST MOTHER, DEAREST BROTHER,—From the General's letter you will know what has happened. As I would willingly have given my life for my country, so it does not grieve me to remain with one leg the less. I write to you that you may see that I am out of danger. I embrace Carlotta, send greetings to Luisa, Antonia, Emilio, and Peppino, and repeat myself your affectionate

"ALESSANDRO."

For a few days he suffered intensely. "He bears all patiently and resignedly," wrote an intimate friend, Damiano Assanti. "We are doing what we can, and he is most satisfied with the way in which he is nursed. The whole population takes an interest in his misfortune, and the upper classes, by whom his real merit was known, are in a continual agitation."

With his too finely-strung nervous organisation, there was no true hope that he would survive the operation, which was nevertheless unavoidable. To the end he preserved the unflinching courage of a patriot and a Christian. When asked by the priest to whom he confessed before receiving the last sacraments whether he was at peace with all men, he replied, "Oh, yes! I love all; I love Italy—I only hate her enemies." He died tranquilly on November 3rd. The General and the Government gave him what they could of funeral honours, which were rendered the more impressive by the unfeigned sorrow manifested on all sides. He was buried in the tomb of a noble Venetian family, on which the ladies of Venice charged themselves with placing a suitable tablet, with the inscription: "Here rests, in the friendly tomb of the Paravia family, Alessandro, Baron

Poerio, of Naples, who, having devoted to Italy his heart, his studies, his exile, fought for her as a volunteer, and died of wounds received at Mestre, xxvii October, MDCCCXLVIII, aged XLVI years. A few Venetians, sisters to the deceased in love of country, compassionating the distant mother—who no longer awaits him—placed this memorial.”

In her immense loss, Carolina Poerio's first wish was to go to Venice to visit Alessandro's grave, and her surviving son promised to accompany her on this sad mission, but other events were in store. On December 4, 1848, Carlo Poerio, in writing to General Pepe to thank him for his last services to his brother, thus described the pass things had come to: “Our misery has reached such a climax that it is enough to drive us mad. Every faculty of the soul rebels against the savage reactionary movement, the more disgraceful from its execrable hypocrisy. We are governed by an oligarchy. The only article maintained, is that respecting the taxes; the laws have ceased to exist, the Statute is buried, a licentious soldiery rules over everything, and the press is constantly employed to asperse honest men. The lives of the deputies are menaced; another Night of St. Bartholomew is threatened to all who will not sell body and soul. Meantime the ministers vacillate and confess they have no power to arrest or diminish all these abominations. We deputies are resolved to submit to die in our places rather than sacrifice the rights of the nation; our last cry will be for the freedom of our country; our blood will bear fruit.”

The disaster of Novara set Ferdinand free to trample on the last fragments of constitutionalism, and once more all the best citizens were lodged, one after the other, in prison. Carlo Poerio was warned on the 18th of July, 1849; it is not sure whether the warning came from a friend, or whether it was a plot of the police, who would have pointed to an attempt at flight as an admission of guilt. At any rate he took no notice of it. Next day he was placed under arrest, and ultimately the sentence was passed upon him of nineteen years in chains, and a fine of six hundred ducats. As is well known, the chains of the political prisoners were linked with those of common malefactors, and were never undone, night or day. After seven years of this horrible existence, he came back into the world, broken in health, and with a permanent wound in his leg, where the iron had

eaten into the flesh. His mother had succumbed, less to old age than to her many trials, in September, 1852.

When almost every one else was persuaded of what Alessandro Poerio saw so clearly in 1848—the incorrigibility of the Bourbons of Naples, Carlo still thought that a good, or at least, a tolerable Government might be established under their rule. That he lent the support of his name to this programme was a matter of regret to D'Ayala and other Neapolitan patriots, but it shows, at any rate, how little he was under the influence of personal resentment. In the end even he was convinced of the necessity of a revolution, and in July, 1860, we find him writing: “No more Bourbons on any terms; Italian unity and Victor Emmanuel!”

In the last years of his life his impassive exterior led people to think that he had become cold and indifferent—but it had another cause. Such sufferings as he had borne might make some men communicative; him they made silent. He shrank instinctively from showing his feelings to the world. The letters written by him once or twice a year to the Countess Nina Gozzadini—who having known and loved all his family, was linked with his dearest past—do not tell of a heart grown cold. With what real tenderness he enters into her forlorn sense of occupation gone, when her daughter married! Here was a man who had met human calamity in its direst shape, but who was so far from failing to sympathise with what many would have called a foolishly fond sorrow, that he could say, “I have felt the tears start to my eyes in thinking of your grief.” Nor is there any sign of chilled patriotism in the letter in which he begs to be allowed to share her joy in the liberation of the city of her birth, her beloved Verona, which as a part of Venetia was joined to the common fatherland in 1866. He had no patience with those who, because all things had not gone as they hoped, would preserve now a glacial or even scornful attitude in presence of the realisation of the great object. “No doubt we might have acquired more glory and had better fortune; but fate does not always side with the best cause, nor can any amount of spite and recrimination lessen the greatness of the accomplished fact. Henceforth Italy is really one, free, and mistress of herself; profiting wisely by the blessings of peace, she can develop her immense economic resources, in the interest of the well-being of

the greatest number, and advancing upon the path of civilisation, she may acquire that conspicuous position in the polity of nations which is hers by right. Henceforth the great struggle, fought out for so many centuries with pen and sword, is won. The questions which remain admit of internal arrangement; and if we are serious, provident, and laborious, we shall gradually give them a complete solution. I am so persuaded of this, that even the Roman question (which has now lost its international character) seems to me to be near its end."

The Countess was one of the three persons, outside his own relations, to whom he sent a photograph he had taken of a miniature portrait of his brother Alessandro, "whom you honoured with affectionate friendship up to the very end of a life entirely spent for that future Italy which was then a generous aspiration and is now a splendid reality." He wrote one other letter to her, at the beginning of 1867, thanking her for her condolences on the loss of his sister, Carlotta Imbriani, "who was more than a sister to me—from our earliest years she was the tender depositary of all my secrets, my hopes, my youthful plans: she was my comforter in all the hard vicissitudes of my much-tried existence, my most trusted friend, the living image of my venerated mother of holy memory. Firm as a rock in adversity, by her example she encouraged her family to bear the unkindness of fortune; and yet she had so tender a spirit and one gifted with such sweet gentleness! Nor can I without tears recall how in our intimate conversation my thoughts would return to the time of our first youth, remembering our parents' tenderness, and the affection of our dear Alessandro. And now all that sad consolation is taken from me for ever! I feel obliged to say that long life is a fatal gift when one is condemned to survive one's dear ones. I seem to be in a desert; it is no good trying to get over it; I feel weary and exhausted."

He was not to be left alone much longer; three months after writing this letter he expired at Florence, where he was residing during the session of the Italian Parliament, of which he was a member. His illness seemed brief, but he had really been dying by inches for ten years.

Mariano d'Ayala, the ever-faithful friend of the Poerios, and Alessandro's biographer, was by his bedside at the last. The younger son of this modest, unambitious and strenuous patriot,

published in 1886 an interesting memoir of his father. Springing from an illustrious Spanish family, which, like many others, migrated to Naples in the eighteenth century, his whole life was given to the service of the land of his birth. He never made or sought a great reputation, though he once or twice held important offices. His writings, which deal with military matters and with the moral and intellectual improvement of the soldier, were highly thought of. He was a man of intrepid nerve, as was proved when, alone and unarmed, he confronted a throng of revolted convicts, and again when, on more than one occasion, he nursed friends who were dying of cholera. Latterly, he was considered eccentric by the world, because, for one thing, his principles had none of the graceful curves of popular morality.

He was often accused of spoiling his children, whom he idolised. He had particular ideas about their rights; he let them think and do much as they pleased, and when he gave them advice it was rather as a friend who pleaded than as a father who expected to be obeyed. In 1859 he received a letter from an old acquaintance, Captain Caminati, of the 13th Piedmontese Regiment, enclosing one from his eldest son, Alfredo, who announced his fervent desire to take part in the war. Captain Caminati stated that he had not answered it, not knowing if the lad had his parents' consent. He bade the father think twice before he gave it. "Are you aware," he said, "that such is my esteem for you that I should place him always in the van?" Alfredo was fifteen-and-a-half years of age, and his parents, who adored him, let him go.

"My son," wrote his father, "you are our holiest and sweetest thought—after Italy. Do not keep us without news of you. . . . In moments of leisure study and meditate. Write your journal of the war. Reflect that this opening of your life is solemn, and will abide with you to the grave. You will be able to tell your children of gallant deeds. Take note of the country through which you pass—let nothing escape you."

When, in 1860, Alfredo wanted to follow Garibaldi, his mother, who had known the anguish of hourly anxiety, would fain have held him back. "At the present moment your mother does not feel as if she could bear to see you go again to the front," wrote Mariano, almost in a tone of humble excuse. In a few weeks he hoped that she would be more calm—till then

he begged him to desist. But delay did not suit Alfredo. "Courage, darling mother, courage!" he wrote. He did not wish to go without permission—he was a good and dutiful son—but he felt, come what might, he must go. And, once more, the parental consent was given.

Mariano d'Ayala left no dowries to his daughters; indeed there was scarcely enough money to defray the cost of his burial. His son and biographer quotes Pascal's words: "*La vertu d'un homme ne doit pas se mesurer par ses efforts, mais par ce qu'il fait d'ordinaire.*" A great English novelist makes one of his characters say: "It is not the dying for a faith that's so hard . . . 'tis the living up to it that is difficult." Tried by these standards, Mariano d'Ayala will pass a higher degree than many more famous men.

VII

CONSTANCE D'AZEGLIO

TO Massimo d'Azeglio was often, and not inaptly, given the name of "Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche" of the Italian movement. His graceful figure, which looks so exactly as if it had risen from a long sleep on a mediæval tomb, will always have its distinct niche in the pantheon of Italian liberators. He will be remembered as artist, novelist, soldier, and statesman, but most of all, probably, as the author of the charming though incomplete autobiography, in which he puts into practice his theory that one should write as he would speak in a friendly company of upright men and virtuous women—with the result that the world discovered Italian to be the simplest of all tongues, and the furthest removed from the involved word-puzzle it had been made to appear by the good pleasure of literary manipulators.

He had a warm and poetic nature grafted on a stock, which, like the mountain pine, grew strong among snows and storms. The old *noblesse* of Piedmont was a hardy race whose offspring were nurtured on a Spartan plan—which was carried even further than usual in the Taparelli household (for Taparelli was the family name, dropped by Massimo and Robert in favour of Azeglio—after an estate near Ivrea—but always borne by their brother Prospero, who became a Jesuit priest). The Marquis Taparelli would tell his sons a little in jest, but much more in earnest: "When a Piedmontese has his legs and arms broken and a couple of sabre-cuts across his body, then, and not till then, he may say: 'Really, it strikes me that I do not feel quite well.' " When two of the family came in late to dinner they

found that their soup had been sent "to keep warm"—outside the window, where it was freezing! A rigid discipline was maintained in small things as in great; and yet this terrible father could be tender as well as severe, and knew how to inspire love as well as obedience. The adulation of dependents which in some parts of Italy tended, and tends still, to make the children of high birth so many brainless monkeys, was so little allowed, that on one occasion when nobility was being discussed, Massimo, then a boy of twelve, ingenuously asked, "Signor Padre, are we noble?" Another time, when he was a very small child, he raised a slender stick to strike an old servant who was attending his mother and himself in the Cascine at Florence; his mother instantly stopped and made him kneel down and ask the old man's pardon (much to the latter's consternation) in the presence of all the passers-by.

It is impossible to read the annals of the Piedmontese and Savoyard nobility—of the Costa de Beauregards, the De Sonnaz, the De Saluces, the D'Azeglios, and others—without thinking of the definition of a gentleman placed by Victor Hugo in the mouth of the Marquis de Lantenac: ". . . Some one who believes in God, tradition, the family, his ancestors, the example of his father, in fidelity, loyalty, duty towards his prince, respect for the old laws, in virtue, in justice." They believed in charity, too; the first Sardinian king and the last Duke of Savoy—whose boast it was that he had only to strike the ground for there to spring up soldiers—exclaimed, when he saw his favourite villa set on fire by Catinat: "Ah! would to God that all my palaces were thus reduced to ashes, and that the enemy would spare the cabins of my peasantry!" Few royal sayings have so royal a sense.

There is something remarkable in the home-bred character of the house which from being counts of Maurienne became kings of Italy. Lords of an Alpine fastness, they proved themselves stronger in war and abler in statecraft than the rest, and so one day, in their eagle's nest, they discovered a sceptre.

In 1815 the Marquis Robert d'Azeglio, Massimo's elder brother, married Constance, eldest daughter of the Marquis Charles Emmanuel Alfieri, of an illustrious family to which the poet, Vittorio Alfieri, was proud of belonging. One of the family habits was the writing of long letters of advice and precept at

certain important junctures, or on the approach of death, which were treasured afterwards as a sort of heirloom. Among the letters so preserved is one which Constance's grandmother wrote to her father when he first left home to join the army. She recommends him in the first place to hold fast by the religious principles which have been instilled into him, and to read his Bible. The best answer he can give to the ridicule cast upon religion by feeble souls—generally much subject to prejudice and superstition—is to follow a line of unimpeachable and consistent conduct. He starts with good natural gifts, but he should remember that they may actually be a detriment to him if not well applied. He should be modest in his bearing, and seek to learn from others rather than to make a display of what he knows; if he argues at all, he should do so calmly, since nothing is more unjust and absurd than to get angry with some one because he is not of your opinion. Above all, he must be diligent and precise in the performance of his military duties, for "true honour consists in doing well what one has got to do, and it is a very wretched thing to neglect that, under the vain pretence of being capable of doing something better."

At the time of his marriage Robert d'Azeglio was serving in a cavalry regiment, and it happened that in 1821 he was aide-de-camp to the Prince of Carignano. After the abortive movement in which Charles Albert was mixed up, Robert was counselled to reside abroad—a precautionary exile of five years agreeably passed in the house of his father-in-law, the Marquis Alfieri, who was what might be called permanent Sardinian ambassador in Paris. Somewhat cold and abrupt in exterior, the Marquis was nevertheless a man of high intelligence and lofty spirit, absolutely devoted to his royal house and the service of his country. At the French Court he occupied an exceptional position, being looked upon as a "family ambassador," Louis XVIII. having married a Savoyard princess. He was a widower, and the Marquise Constance therefore did the honours of his *salon*, and did them with grace, dignity, and wit.

Into this *milieu*, in December, 1823, came one whose destiny was bound up with the fate of Italy in a way which was suspected by no one, except, perhaps, vaguely by himself. The visitor was Charles Albert, who had already a long train of strange adventures behind him. As an infant in arms, his eccentric

mother, a Saxon princess, had dragged him about the streets of Turin when, dressed in the most approved garb of a *citoyenne*, she ran hither and thither between the posts where her husband was mounting guard. So much zeal for the revolution did not greatly avail the royal pair; his new friends got suspicious of Charles de Carignan, and confiscated the property he had hoped to save. Soon after, he died miserably, and the child Charles Albert would have been left indeed forlorn had not a Piedmontese noble, the Count de Saluces, come to the rescue of himself and his little sister, and, by mortgaging all his own worldly goods, provided for their immediate wants. The princess-mother, who appears to have felt real pleasure in her Jacobin *rôle*, took as her second husband a M. de Montléart, which step so incensed the Sardinian Court, then languishing at Cagliari, where its branches were lopped off one after another by the malaria, that the name of Carignano was cancelled from the royal almanac.

The marriage introduced a new ill-luck into Charles Albert's childhood. What amount of consideration he received from his step-father may be judged by the fact that once when they were driving together he was ordered to get out of the carriage and sit on the box, the temperature being many degrees below zero. Presently he was placed at school with a Geneva professor impregnated with the ideas of Jean Jacques. At this stage he was simply "M. Charles," and shared his bed with a restless plebeian schoolfellow.

An up-bringing so miscellaneous was not likely to produce a strong or cohesive character; we know what it did produce—"the Hamlet of Monarchy."

In 1821 Charles Albert, whom the death of those nearer the throne had made heir presumptive to his uncles, became just sufficiently embroiled in the revolutionary essay to be accused of treason by both parties. An attempt was planned to oust him from his eventual rights, and when this seemed to promise more difficulties than the plotters had foreseen, Prince Metternich proposed as a compromise that he should be asked to sign a document which bound him to maintain the government during his reign precisely as he found it on his accession. When this singular project was presented to the Congress of Verona, only one member of that body seems to have seized its true significance, namely, the Duke of Wellington, who called

attention to "the fatality of such an arrangement." For the moment the affair was dropped, but these were the melancholy terms on which Charles Felix, the most logical and sincerely-convinced reactionist in Europe, finally agreed to a reconciliation with his ostracised nephew. The transaction remained a state secret, but much of Charles Albert's subsequent conduct can be explained by the light of it.

In the meanwhile he joined the Duke d'Angoulême's expedition against the Spanish Cortes, in the hope of winning back the favour of his relations by taking part in an anti-revolutionary war. Whatever may be said about the motive, he succeeded in covering himself with military glory by his extraordinary personal valour, which he had now, for the first time, an opportunity of displaying. He came to Paris in 1823 as the hero of the attack on the Trocadero, and everything else in his history was forgotten.

This was the young man, a year older than the century, tall, slim, reserved, suspicious, abstemious, romantic, a very Knight of the Rueful Countenance, but withal, gifted with a singularly princely charm of manner, who received the great world of Paris in the drawing-room of the Sardinian Embassy.

The Marquis Costa de Beauregard relates that at a ball given by the Duchesse de Clermont Tonnerre Charles Albert had been talking to Constance d'Azeglio after the vague and depressed fashion habitual to him, when they chanced to begin to turn over the leaves of a book of mottoes and devices, and suddenly the Prince said: "Choose an emblem that will suit me!" The Marquise wished to be excused, but he insisted so earnestly that next morning she sent him two drawings, made by her husband, of a knight fully armed, with closed visor, and underneath the words "*Je me ferai connaître.*" The choice struck the key-note of the Prince's dreamy ambitions. Highly gratified, he kept one of the sketches, and begged the Marquise to accept the other as a talisman which should prove an "open sesame" at all times, should she ever need one. On the back he had written, in his fine, delicate hand, "Country, victory, sincerity, perseverance."

Robert d'Azeglio and his wife returned to Turin in 1826. Henceforth the life of the Marquise Constance was divided between that city and the country seat of the d'Azeglios, called the Roccolo. She would disappear completely, except from the

memory of those who came within her influence, had not the veil which covers her good and useful life been lifted by the sole person who had a right to lift it—her only son.

The Marquis Emmanuel d'Azeglio was for a long time a well-known member of London society, and the personal popularity which he enjoyed during his tenure of office, first as Sardinian, and then as Italian representative at the Court of St. James, contributed to the maintenance of that benevolent attitude on the part of English ministers to which the cause of Italian independence owed more, perhaps, than will ever be made known. Indeed, the Marquis' intimacy with Lord Palmerston seems to have been a subject of ceaseless anxiety to the Duke de Persigny, who complained to Lord Malmesbury that the English Premier was "no longer the same man," and let himself be entirely led by d'Azeglio, placing a blind faith in all he told him. Without going so far as to believe this, there is no doubt that the best understanding existed between the two.

Those who possessed the Italian diplomatist's confidence were favoured on some rare occasions by his reading to them the remarkable letters he was in the habit of receiving from his mother, who sought to serve him and her country by keeping him in the current of the inner workings and developments of the Italian question, furnishing him from month to month and from week to week with news which he could neither obtain from the newspapers nor from his Government, which last was strictly economical in the matter of furnishing information to its foreign envoys. The Marquis Emmanuel fortunately gave the world a portion of this long correspondence, which stretched from 1835 to 1861, when his mother fell ill of her last illness. The selection, which fills a volume of nearly seven hundred pages, forms, as it were, a journal of the Italian movement from its beginning to near its end. It allows us to see what was thought of many of its great men before they became great; it shows us what were the hopes and fears, the impressions and opinions, of every day. Of course the writer, as a Piedmontese of the Piedmontese, had her mind concentrated on the particular issue of events for her own fatherland. The very atmosphere she breathed prevented her from recognising the possible value of the efforts towards Italian unification which might compromise the safety of the Sardinian Monarchy; yet she stands acquitted of

narrowness, because she was profoundly convinced that Piedmont was the corner-stone on which depended the solidity of the whole edifice. She could say with literal truth: "Patriotism is the master-sentiment in me, and has survived a thousand lost illusions, a thousand vanished interests."

The "Letters" give us a first glimpse of her at the lazaretto of the cholera patients during the epidemic of 1835. Her son, who was but nineteen, and had not yet entered his profession, was sent for safety to his grandfather's castle at Asti, an arrangement against which he was disposed to protest, but in which he had to acquiesce. As soon as this had been done, the Marquise Constance, who was in the country, started to rejoin her husband at Turin, where the disease was rapidly increasing. "On arriving I did not find your father," she writes; "he was on the field of honour"—by which she means at the hospital. These first letters are characterised by the unstudied elegance of composition that marks the whole correspondence. The Marquise may have been sometimes in a hurry; certainly she wrote not unfrequently in moments of severe strain, mental and bodily; but her pen always flows with the same well-educated grace, the same balanced equanimity which veils, though it does not conceal, the deep feeling that often underlies her words. The correspondence is entirely written in French, which, at the time the Marquise was young, was the exclusive language of the upper classes in Piedmont, when they did not make use of the racy *patois* affected to the last by Victor Emmanuel.

At what date Robert d'Azeglio and his wife came to consider themselves the servants of the poor and suffering does not transpire; but for the whole time covered by these letters, whenever there were sick or wounded to be nursed, orphans to be taught and succoured, poverty to be alleviated, ignorance to be enlightened, they hastened to their post, with unaffected and business-like punctuality, as the banker hastens to his bank if there be a monetary crisis, or a ship-owner to Lloyd's after a storm at sea. In the first fever and demoralisation of the cholera outbreak, they were almost the only people who kept their heads perfectly cool, the Marquis Robert only finding fault with the praise given to his devotion.

"Your father" (writes the Marquise), "complains that one cannot try and do a little good without Bergnif" (Piedmontese

for the devil) "wanting to interfere. He thinks that a great deal of noise is made about nothing, for it seems to him, that having undertaken the care of the sick, all that he does is purely obligatory. If the sick succumbed for want of some attention he might have given them, he would justly reproach himself."

The worst was, that nearly all the patients died, coming, as they did, from the ill-nourished, poorest class, in spite of all the care that was lavished on them. Here, as farther south, the people firmly believed that the doctors were paid to kill them. Each doctor, it was said, received 200 francs from the king for every patient he killed. "I can assure you," said a witty great lady to her washerwoman, who told her the story, "that you are not worth as much!"

Emmanuel d'Azeglio's first diplomatic appointment was at the Hague, and his mother's letters addressed to him in that capital treat of somewhat less sombre subjects than occupy the first pages; though it must be admitted that Turin, during Charles Albert's reign, offered no lively topics. "There is a ball at Court to-morrow," the Marquise writes, "but I do not know if that can be reckoned a pleasure." She does not greatly care herself about the prevailing dullness, but she wishes for something better for her neighbours. The arrival of Thalberg, to whose concert she did not go, fearing that it would evoke too sad memories of a lately lost daughter, who was an admirable pianist, gives her the text for some characteristic remarks on German and Italian music.

"We want that music which finds an echo in the soul; which makes us dream of that which is no more, or of that which is yet to come; and transports us into the ideal instead of making you reckon up notes, or calculate chords as though music entered into the exact sciences. Certain musicians delight in resolving problems in harmony as if it were algebra."

It needs, perhaps, to be born north of the Alps to know the serene contentment arising out of one of these worked-out problems: a fugue of Bach's, for instance. Thalberg, by the by, bore a curious resemblance to the Marquis Emmanuel.

The idea of a marriage is broached. The young lady, a native of Holland, was extremely rich, and a Protestant—two things which, taken together, did not commend the match to the Marquise, for she said, "Being of a family eminently Catholic,

we should give ourselves an air of inconsequence, levity, and even hypocrisy in making principles yield to interest." Nor was it possible for her with her keen religious convictions, untainted though they were by bigotry, to think that a union of disparate faiths would result to her son's happiness. He seems to have readily deferred to her judgment, as soon after she calls down upon him the blessing promised to obedient and respectful children. That the sacrifice was not severe may be gathered from a note in which he says, "It seems that marriage was decidedly not my affair, as every time I missed one, I never regretted it."

Every now and then the Marquise returns to the subject of matrimony—to persuade, not to dissuade. When she hears of the appearance of the first grey streaks on the diplomatic head, she writes :

"Your thoughts will change colour as well as your hair. What I desire for you is, that you should succeed in making for yourself an interior where your heart may rest. / One sickens of everything except of those simple joys, to which he is happy to return when weary of all that the world can offer of intoxication."

She speaks of the sadness of a lonely old age :

"In isolation one does not escape his share of troubles ; they are only of a different nature."

The Marquis Emmanuel proved, however, an incorrigible bachelor. The last of his race, the name of Azeglio died with him.

The editor of the correspondence inserted a few pungent and entertaining letters of his own, written while on a mission to St. Petersburg in 1847. He was accompanied by his spaniel, Maître Gibollin, his constant fellow-traveller for fifteen years, to whom, on his decease, he erected a tomb at his château of Lagnasco. It looks as if Gibollin had a good deal to do with his master's resignation in face of the breakdown of matrimonial projects. What could a man want more than so discreet and sympathising a companion, who, for the rest, never let out a diplomatic secret in his life ? It is to be regretted that the Marquis did not publish at least a selection from the letters sent home by him during his long residence in England. He soon acquired so much sympathy for England and the English, as to cause his mother to warn him not to imagine that certain virtues

are only found out of one's own country. "In Piedmont," she says, "an immense deal of good is done, in spite of a thousand obstacles which do not exist in England, where the law is respected, and respects those who respect it, which is, unfortunately, not true here." She cites the persecution encountered, especially from the extreme clerical party (the Archbishop of Turin thought even a model farm a dangerous institution) by those who had tried to set up schools in their villages—ladies, in some cases, who had made themselves schoolmistresses, not having money enough to pay the salary of one. All the noble landlords, who passed part of the year in the country, knew their peasants personally, and assisted and protected them. "What was done," she adds, "was the more meritorious, because Piedmont was poor."

A healthy taste for country life, with a just conception of the duties involved in the possession of land, was then, as it is now, frequently if not universally found among the Piedmontese upper and middle classes. Cavour, who called agriculture "the refuge of all defeated parties," threw himself into country pursuits with as near an approach to enthusiasm as his uneffusive temperament allowed, whenever the discouragements of public life became too strong for him. He was deeply impressed with the benefit that ought to accrue to a poor and ignorant peasant population from the presence among them of even one well-to-do and educated family. "This benefit makes but little show, and no noise; newspapers do not celebrate it, and it is not crowned by moral or other academies, but it is none the less immense. It is so easy for a good and enlightened proprietor to win the affection and respect of all around him, that he can, without much trouble, acquire a moral influence far stronger and more efficacious than the merely material influence which the possessor of the soil once owed to the feudal system." Cavour regarded a wiser and more liberal cultivation of the land as the most effectual barrier against revolution.

Another politician, who was not of noble birth or of commanding talents, but who was an honest man according to his lights, and a thorough Piedmontese—Giovanni Lanza, the president of the Chamber, who was famous for living on 5 francs a day—has left in his letters to his wife a pathetic record of his passionate yearning for the free air of his sub-alpine farm, with its vineyards

and silkworms, while he was wearing out body and soul in the stifling heat of Rome, his purgatory, as he called it. He could not afford to have his wife with him, and she never saw the capital to which, as Prime Minister in 1870, he led Italy, till she was summoned to his death-bed.

But a long space of years has to elapse before Lanza dies in Rome, with the last words on his lips, as Charles Albert's grandson bends over him: "O my king!" We must go back to 1848.

Since his accession Charles Albert had made small progress towards "making himself known." No one understood him, no one trusted him; he lived, as he said, between a dagger and a cup of coffee; neither party ever felt sure for five minutes, if it had most to hope or to fear from him. When, in 1845, Massimo d'Azeglio returned from a tour in the Southern States, which had brought him into contact with the chief liberals, he was invited to an audience at the palace—one of those audiences by candle-light, before dawn, in the winter mornings, which seemed to partake of the general mystery that enveloped the king. After listening to what he had got to say, Charles Albert said calmly, looking him full in the face: "The time is not yet come; but you can tell those gentlemen that if the occasion presents itself, my life, the life of my sons, my sword, my treasury, my army, shall all be spent for the Italian cause."

Could words be more explicit, or by the light of history, more sincere? Yet long after this, the speaker was still swaying to and fro like a pendulum between two chasms. From no prince in Italy were concessions more laboriously wrung than from Charles Albert. Had he still Prince Metternich's "fatal arrangement" on his conscience?

At last, after hesitations innumerable, the Constitution, under the name of Statute, was announced at four o'clock on the 8th of February, 1848. "La voilà!" cries the Marquise Constance, in a postscript in which the emotions of the hour seem to surge and live again. ". . . vite j'envoie ma lettre, et vais dans la rue.

" 'Fratelli d'Italia,
L'Italia s'è desta!'"

A fortnight later, a great demonstration in honour of the

Statute was organised, and led by the Marquis Robert d'Azeglio. Never had the Piazza Castello witnessed a more imposing sight than the procession, 50,000 strong, marshalled in orderly companies, according to the callings and trades of those who took part in it, which defiled before the king and the princes who were stationed on horseback in front of the palace. Cavour, Lanza, Brofferio, and many others, since well known, figured in the journalists' section, and they, too, sang lustily their strophe of "*Fratelli d'Italia*," but in a way that betokened so little music in their souls, that when the hymn was taken up with far better effect by the nearest corps (which chanced to be the wine-carriers and wood-carvers'), Cavour turned to his neighbour, a Milanese, and laughing under his spectacles at the musical eclipse of the fourth estate, he said, in Milanese dialect, "We are so many barking dogs."

A memorable feature in the procession was the presence of six hundred Vaudois, come down spontaneously from their "*Alpine mountains cold*" with their pastors at their head, to render thanks for the late gift of freedom to the king, whose house they had served with sublime fidelity through centuries of persecution. And next to the king, their most fervent cheers were for Robert d'Azeglio, whose unremitting efforts had procured the removal of their last disabilities. "They testified their gratitude to me in so touching a manner that I lost the power to speak to them," he wrote. There was still the question of Jewish emancipation, in which he took no less interest. "I continue to dedicate my pen, my tongue, and my influence, however small it may be, to the triumph of toleration and justice." The championship of religious liberty, by one so deeply attached to his own Church, showed a noble indifference to the kind of criticism that most tries a man's moral courage.

When war was declared, Robert d'Azeglio was induced to remain at Turin by the assurance that his presence there was desired by the queen on account of his great influence over the working classes; but Massimo shouldered a musket and was severely wounded on Monte Berico, and nearly all their younger kinsfolk were to the front. One of the first to fall was Augusto di Cavour, aged nineteen, a youth of great promise, whom Cavour seems to have thought of making his heir. He left behind every happiness when he joined the Duke of Savoy, in

whose company he was killed while attempting to rally his men at Goito. Among the d'Azeglios' nearer relations under arms, were the four Balbos, whose father, Count Cesare Balbo, was the author of various patriotic works, that entitled "*Le Speranze d'Italia*" having been as instrumental as Massimo's own "*Casi di Romagna*" in educating the public mind. He was at this time Prime Minister, and he took it much to heart, though he was weak in health, that his office prevented him from following his sons. By and by he found an excuse for going to headquarters, and at the battle of Pastrengo he was seen all day riding close to the king (that is to say, in the most perilous places), dressed in an old out-of-date uniform which he had worn in his youth.

The Marquise Constance mentions how Luigi Balbo narrowly escaped death at the hands of an Uhlan who tried to fire off his pistol close to his ear, but the pistol missed fire. Luigi pursued him and caught him up, but when the Uhlan saw his danger "he made such eyes" (*sic*) that Luigi had not the courage to kill him. "There you have the Piedmontese in all his native good nature," adds the Marquise. In this campaign the four brothers escaped unhurt, but the youngest, Ferdinand, a very handsome youth, much resembling the earliest portraits of the first Napoleon, was killed at Novara, under the eyes of the eldest, Prospero, who commanded the battery.

A few of these stories of whole families which fought in the Italian struggle have become justly celebrated—the most typical of all will be told later on in this volume. But how many more such cases have passed already into everlasting silence! Sometimes in Italian cemeteries you see a little group of graves all bearing the same name, and each with the date of an Italian battle. More often still, these kindred patriots do not rest together; who remembers where their bones lie scattered? Nor would they have cared about this oblivion, since they may be said to have begun it themselves; they were really self-forgetting, which is the rarest thing in the world, but when it happens, it gives men an extraordinary force. "All true love is sacrifice, and love of country is the greatest sacrifice of all," Massimo d'Azeglio once wrote to Marco Minghetti. It cannot be said that Italy has lacked true lovers.

The Marquise Constance faithfully chronicles the chequered

course of the campaign. Attention became concentrated on the siege of Peschiera, under the walls of which the king took his morning ride every day on his big bay horse, after mass and before breakfast—invariably pulling up in front of the same position, where he stayed till two or three balls had shaved his face. He had learnt, if he ever had any illusions about it, that the path he now trod was to the full as thorny as that which he had left. The people, for whom he had staked all, looked at him coldly and with mistrust. But he had at least the consolation of being able to satisfy his thirst for danger.

Peschiera fell. "Away with avarice!" writes Robert d'Azeglio, as the thunder of the cannon announced the news; "I have ordered the illumination of the house; the king is indeed admirable: with his own sword he would conquer the Iron Crown." Alas! it was only a fugitive gleam of fortune. The Marquise Constance begins her next letter: "Behold the end of our sad Iliad." An armistice was concluded by which Austria practically recovered all that she had lost. A depressing climax—but the Marquise was too calm-minded to yield to the prevailing despair. "It will always be said," she observes, "that we, a nation of three millions, attacked and held in check the Austrian Empire; for this time, that is enough." She refuses to give up all hope:—

"We are very sad; I had rather that the cholera had come than what has actually befallen us. There is only one thought that sustains me; it is that, though as far as we are concerned the goal has been completely missed, and all our struggle in vain, there is a Power whose aim does not miss, and that is Providence, which has made itself too sensibly felt in these circumstances for it to have been without design. They say 'the same favourable conditions will never be repeated.' Who knows? A year ago things did not look favourable. We must therefore submit, wait, and prepare."

Stung by the reproaches which had been levelled at him, the king asked for nothing better than to take the field afresh in the March of 1849, but all sane persons in Piedmont were opposed to the new venture. The issue soon justified their apprehensions. People declaimed against Charles Albert as the cause of all their disasters, but the Marquise only felt the profoundest

compassion for him. "How he must suffer!" was her womanly comment on it all. Crownless, broken-hearted, sick in body and mind, the supreme grace of death which he had sought again and again at Novara, denied to him, the unfortunate prince went away almost entirely alone. "My life was a romance; I was not known," he had said, speaking of himself already in the past tense, as of one dead. No one knew, and no one much cared to know what road he took. Even history has not sought to trace that royal *Via Crucis*. But in the heart of the Maritime Alps there is a shrine, high set in the mountains, cold even in summer, which has been long venerated by the poor, where many old and rude ex-votos tell of favours granted, as the worshippers suppose, through the intercession of the Virgin here invoked.* The monks who have charge of the shrine, have placed in the wall a plain inscription, recording that it was here that Charles Albert slept for the last time on Italian soil (Italian no longer now)! and that at dawn, after refreshing his weary spirit at the Lord's table, he abandoned Italy, while calling down upon her the blessing of heaven.

His exile, though lifelong, was brief. He went away in March—his body was brought back from Oporto in August. "There are moments which redeem a whole life, and he touched a chord which vibrated in all breasts—nationality." These words with which the Marquise Constance takes leave of him, are more just and more true than the extravagant incense burnt before the dead man by those who had found no terms harsh enough to be applied to the living.

The position of Piedmont was disastrous both at home and abroad. The army was not merely defeated but demoralised, the exchequer was bankrupt, the administration in confusion; a strong party within the state supporting the pressure which came from without—from Austria and Prussia—having for its purpose the suppression of those liberties granted under the Statute, which alone of the mushroom growth of constitutions that had sprung up in the night of princely terror survived as a guarantee that freedom was not dead on every inch of Italian soil. Yet a grain of confidence stole into patriotic hearts, engendered chiefly by the good impression made by the young king from that first fatal day of his reign when he galloped into the midst of

* Laghetto.

Radetzky's magnificent staff of grizzled veterans with head unbowed, and a certain haughty air which did not bespeak either a tool or a perjurer.

"To submit, wait, and prepare," was the watchword of the next ten years. Good Marquis Robert contributed his quota to the work of preparation; whether in the Senate or in the streets, or with his pen in the newspapers, he was active in the cause of patriotism and order, and his acquaintance with, and moral ascendancy over, the poorer classes were frequently called into requisition in moments of excitement, when there were demonstrations to be arranged or passions to be restrained. Having been successful in obtaining the measure for the emancipation of the Jews, he could count on the compact adherence and support of their community. He was never so happy as when organising some monster children's fête, which the royal family would grace with their presence. Speaking of one of these occasions, the Marquise says, "The spectators wept, for the sight of children always moves the heart." Again and again during these years arose the shout of "Viva Casa Zei!" *Zei* being the Turinese diminutive for Azeglio.

There was hardly a family but felt the rebound of the national losses in personal privations, and after the war the d'Azeglios, who did not choose to reduce their benefactions, were obliged to regulate their establishment on a most economical basis. They gave up keeping horses, and sent away nearly all their servants, "though it costs a pang to turn people out of doors in times like these." They sold their plate to pay the taxes; there was a question even of selling the Marquise's diamonds, but a purchaser was not forthcoming. For her and for her husband a quiet life did not entail much self-denial. Always honoured guests at Court when they cared to present themselves, they had long abstained from party-going in the ordinary sense. Commenting on his son's account of the splendour of English receptions, the Marquis says that he would like to see it all, but without being seen.

"I am too old now to renounce what are the greatest comforts at my age, comforts in habits and dress. The pleasures you seek in the evening and at night I find in the calm landscapes of the dawn, the picturesque sunrise, the breath of the balmy

morning air, the contemplation for ever renewed of the beauties of nature. One soon tires of artificial pleasures, never of nature.’’

In 1850 Massimo d’Azeglio, then President of the Council, persuaded his sister-in-law to emerge from her retirement to fill the place of hostess in his *salon*. It was characteristic of his transparent simplicity that after having got her consent, he could not hide his uneasiness as to how his grand fête would go off under her ægis. “He had seen me so long in a chrysalis state that he doubted whether I could rise to the condition of butterfly.” However, as the honour of the family was concerned, “J’ai fait mon *utmost*” (*sic*); the diamonds (which had not been sold) created a sensation, and the 1,500 guests were highly satisfied with their welcome. After one o’clock the Marquise retired, and dancing began, which was continued till six, the President of the Council finally seating himself at the piano, “a feat of which Lord Palmerston would not have been capable.”

Though living apart, the Marquise enjoyed the intimate society of Balbo, Lisio, La Marmora, Cavour, Collegno—all more or less related to her. Her early notices of Cavour will be read with curiosity. In 1852 she writes:—

“Camille inspires no sympathy, although justice is done to his talents. But he has a way of going on which disgusts everybody who has to do with him. Nevertheless, I think one should overcome these antipathies when it is a question of one who may render service to the country.”

And later:—

“Cavour seems to me to be a terrible man. He has arranged affairs in such a way that only he can manage them, and to remain at his post he exacts that our fate should be wholly placed in his hands.”

And later still:—

“Is Cavour mad, or is he not?”

The Marquise’s judgment became in time completely favourable to the great minister who thus stood so alone, even in his own country and among his own kindred; but instead of following its modifications, it may be more interesting to take an independent glance at the career of this “terrible man.”

According to tradition the family of Benso, which was invested

with the marquisate of Cavour only in the last century, came to Piedmont from Saxony about the year 1080. Camille's mother was of a noble family of French Huguenots settled at Geneva. Cavour was therefore of mixed descent, and might with more aptness than Massimo d'Azeglio have repeated the latter's *mot*, "After having cried so indefatigably, 'Out with the barbarians,' behold me a barbarian myself!" He spoke French exquisitely, far better than Italian, which never came natural to him, though he chose to use it in the Turin Chamber, where both languages were allowed. The amiable Comtesse de Circourt, in whose *salon*, which he frequented in the winter of 1835, he met all the best people in France, recommended him, in the seeming barrenness of all openings for a young man of talent in Italy, to fix his residence in Paris, and to enter the field of French literature. The letter in which he gives his reasons for not taking her advice shows what were his guiding sentiments at the age of five-and-twenty. "No, no," he says, "it is not by flying from one's country because she is unhappy that one can attain a glorious end. Woe be to him who abandons in contempt the land that gave him birth, who denies his brothers as unworthy of him. As for me, I am resolved never to separate my lot from that of the Piedmontese. Fortunate or unfortunate, my country shall have all my life; I would never be unfaithful to her, even were I sure elsewhere of finding a brilliant destiny."

As minister, Cavour's name became immediately associated with a policy which excited the bitterest hostility. He considered it a first essential to the reorganisation of Piedmont to persuade the clerical and reactionary party once for all that their hopes of regaining the power they wielded under Charles Albert were illusionary. This was certainly the main object of the Bill for the suppression of convents, introduced by his Government, which by openly defying the influence of the Church, caused an uproar that seemed likely to imperil not only the Ministry, but almost the monarchy. There was a moment when Victor Emmanuel appeared to lose nerve, and at that point, when once the measure was launched, to have receded a step would have been fatal. The king was, in truth, sorely tried, as he wrote in November, 1854, to General La Marmora, "My mother and my wife do nothing but tell me that they will die of grief on my account—you may think how agreeable all this is to me!"

When, at the opening of the next year, his mother and his wife actually died, it was pointed to as a judgment of heaven. Massimo d'Azeglio, who possessed his confidence more fully than Cavour ever did, wrote to him a brief, but admirable, letter. Massimo had not approved of the introduction of the famous Bill, but he said that having been introduced, there was nothing to do but to stand by it and its supporters. "This is no question of religion, but of interest; Piedmont suffers from all ills, but that it should fall again beneath the priestly yoke—no, that may not be!"

Meanwhile, Cavour, who remembered what befell Santa Rosa, had sent for a monk in whom he placed full reliance, and who parted with him with the assurance, "The day that you lie upon your death-bed depend on me; I will not refuse you the sacraments." And Padre Giacomo kept his word.

The king stood firm, the Bill was passed, and the storm calmed down. Another measure of immense moment to Piedmont and Italy was in hand—the dispatch of a Piedmontese contingent to the Crimea. In this Cavour had Victor Emmanuel cordially with him, but the step was thought by many to be a piece of wild infatuation. "Success is a great justification," as Kossuth said, than whom few were watching the Italian movement with more friendly and intelligent eyes, "but the stroke was hazardous and perilous." Cavour himself wrote: "I have assumed a tremendous responsibility; it matters not; come what may, my conscience assures me that I have performed a sacred duty." And again, to the Comtesse de Circourt: "Since it has pleased Providence that Piedmont alone in Italy should be free and independent, it behoves Piedmont to make use of her freedom and independence to plead before Europe the cause of the unhappy peninsula." It was to strengthen the voice of his country, to give her a right to be heard in the council of nations, that he sent forth that little army which was a pleasure to all beholders, and which won universal respect on the Tchernaja by its discipline and valour. Of all Cavour's political acts, this alliance with France and England in 1855 was probably the most far-seeing.

Twelve months later the minister was heard to say, "In three years we shall have the *real* war." He had without doubt already conceived the idea of drawing Napoleon III. into the

contest for Italian independence. In July, 1858, took place his interview with the French emperor at Plombières, in which the project was broached and the plan of its execution marked out. It is a moot point whether Cavour, with all his *finesse*, would have been able to bring Louis Napoleon to the desired understanding had not the pleading of one dead still sounded in his ears—a pleading backed by the menace of a certain doom.

Napoleon's early entanglements with the Carbonaro party in the Romagna gave to the men who threatened his life a leverage which the ordinary political assassin does not possess. Nor was Felice Orsini in any sense an ordinary political assassin. He was a democrat, but not an anarchist; and being once in command at Ancona on an outbreak of anarchical passions, he had severely repressed them. He was the true type of the Romagnoli: a splendid *physique*, a positive, intolerant mind, and a will that stops at nothing. No two persons were ever more unlike than himself and Mazzini, whom he disliked, and with whom he had long been on bad terms.

What passed between him and Napoleon after his abortive attempt will never be known, but it is unquestionable that he went to the scaffold with a heart content and satisfied in the belief that it would not be long before a blow was struck for Italy. Napoleon could not see his way to saving his life, though he wished to do so; but he could give him a promise that was worth far more to him than life.

Cavour always expressed an abhorrence, which was certainly sincere, of political assassination. But he was not the man not to make use of the influence which the fear of it might exercise over Napoleon. "Cavour," wrote the Prince Consort to the King of the Belgians, "loses no opportunity of stimulating this fear, and gives him (the emperor) the whip every now and then in the shape of stories of new discoveries, plans of assassination, attempts against his life." "Unfortunately," wrote the Prince Regent of Prussia (the Emperor William), "the Italian dagger has become an *idée fixe* with Napoleon."

Thus Cavour had the ground to a certain degree cleared before him. But Napoleon, though not averse from doing something for Italy, had his mind fully made up to get all the advantage he could out of the transaction. Of all he hoped to get there is

hardly any means of estimating. Not only a great slice of the Piedmontese provinces, and perhaps the island of Sardinia, but also Naples for a cousin Murat, and Tuscany for a cousin Jerome, were, it is strongly suspected, included in his ultimate views. His demands, however, during the interview at Plombières were more modest, and yet, how onerous to a king of the Savoy race—the cradle of his ancient house, and his fair, sweet, innocent child !

Victor Emmanuel had beforehand resigned himself to the sacrifice of Savoy, bitter though it was to him ; but to the sacrifice of his sixteen-year-old daughter he could not at once agree. When in the end an unwilling approval was wrung from him, he charged Cavour with the mission of asking her consent of the Princess Clotilde. The interview between the inexorable minister and the young princess could not have been one of the least striking scenes in the Italian drama. She answered with simple dignity : “ It is the wish of my father ; therefore this marriage will be useful to my family and my country, and I accept.” An answer worthy of one who, when advised to fly concealed from Paris, in the tempest of the break-up of the empire twelve years later, replied, “ Savoy and fear know not one another.”

This difficulty got over, and the emperor gratified by an alliance with one of the oldest of European royal houses, there was another which seemed no less grave—the inveigling of Austria into the assumption of the rôle of the attacking party. Unless Austria gave the signal and the excuse, France would not move. Cavour had a surprising confidence in his power of bringing about the move on the political chessboard which he desired. In December, 1858, the late Lord Ampthill remarked to the minister that he did not believe it possible for Austria to commit so egregious an error. “ But I shall *force her* to declare war against us,” was Cavour’s comment.

The event amply bore out his prophecy. Austria fell into the trap prepared for her, and the war of 1859 was the result. The campaign ran from success to success ; Italian sentiment was consoled by the fine behaviour of the Sardinian troops—always placed in the most unpleasant positions—and of the volunteer bands under Garibaldi. As to the French army, it was indifferently generalised, and its discipline was nowhere at all ;

but French soldiers never fought better than at Magenta and Solferino, and their personal valour, added to the inexplicable passion shown by the Austrian commanders, for "retiring in good order," made those battles two great triumphs for Italian independence.

When it was suddenly announced that the war was at an end and that Venetia was to remain under Austria, for no one was the blow more unexpected and more crushing than for Cavour, who permitted himself to say words to his own sovereign which led to his retirement from the ministry. The emperor summoned him to a last interview in which he justified the peace on purely military grounds. To take Verona, he said, would require 300,000 men, and he had not got them. The excuse was valid, and knowing as we do now, the subsequent vicissitudes of the French army and its real state, no one would be found to contest its force; but coming after a victorious campaign, it had few believers. Other and still more cogent reasons, which could scarcely be then adduced, called for the discontinuance of the war. There was strong cause to think that the Germanic Confederation meditated an attack on the left bank of the Rhine. Apart, moreover, from all this, the fact existed, which could not be ignored by Napoleon, that not a single influential person in France approved of the war.

Cavour thought of retiring for a time to Switzerland, "that hospital for the political wounded," but he decided instead to pitch his tent at Chamouni, and endeavour "to forget, in the midst of the marvels of nature, the wretchedness of affairs conducted by men." He was not to remain long outside the public arena, for in December he started on a political mission to Paris. The position of things in Italy was in a critical stage. Æmilia and Tuscany only waited to be allowed to proclaim Victor Emmanuel their king. But Napoleon had uttered an "impossible" as to this project, just as years after his Minister Rouher was to utter a "*jamais*" in reference to the possession of Rome by Italy.

A question vitally affecting Cavour's place in history as a statesman, is that of whether he was not too greatly troubled by this imperial veto. There were French forces still in Italy—a source of anxiety and doubt—but could Napoleon have sent his liberating army to crush the new-born freedom of the emancipated

duchies? Would it even have served his purpose to foster a return of the Austrians in Central Italy? These questions have not been answered; but it is certain that Cavour believed that without the French emperor's consent, explicit or tacit, the Italian Kingdom could not be formed. It was to purchase this neutrality that Nice, which before had been only darkly hinted at, was now thrown into the bargain arranged at Plombières.

Any one who is acquainted with the geographical position of the old county of Nice, with its splendid anchorage of Villafranca and its mountain walls and gorges towards the Col de Tenda that seem specially designed by Providence for purposes of defence—any one who knows further, the truly Italian character of the inhabitants, will find it hard to pardon Cavour, let the reasons of state be what they might, for placing this key to Italy in the hands of France.

“I lose thereby all my popularity in Piedmont” (he wrote in March, 1860); “I run the risk of being accused of high treason, and of seeing myself condemned—if not, like Strafford, to lose my head, at least like Polignac and Peyronnet, to some years in a state prison. In spite of this conviction, I have not hesitated to counsel the king to put his signature to the treaty of which I assume all the responsibility.” Addressing another friend, he said: “I write with a bursting heart; politics have very sad necessities.”

While the fate of the provinces yet hung in the balance, Garibaldi sent by Colonel Türr a summary message to the king, asking if he meant to cede Nice to France, and requesting an answer by telegram. Colonel Türr handed the letter to Victor Emmanuel, who exclaimed—“By telegram! yes or no! Very good.” Then, after a pause, he added vehemently, “Well—yes! But say to the general that it is not Nice alone, but also Savoy. And if I must make up my mind to abandon the land of my ancestors, of all my race, he must make up his to lose the land where he alone was born.” After a while he spoke again in accents of profound grief: “It is a cruel destiny that *I* and *he* must make to Italy the greatest sacrifice that she could ask.”

“Garibaldi,” wrote Cavour, “has a generous character, poetic instincts; but at the same time his is an untamed nature, upon which certain impressions leave an indelible trace. The cession of Nice has deeply wounded him; he considers it, up to

a certain point, as a personal injury, and he will never forgive us for it."

After Garibaldi had met Victor Emmanuel on the Voltorno and had greeted him as King of Italy, the want of agreement between him and the king's first minister threatened to assume the form of an open rupture. On this subject Cavour wrote with good sense and moderation :

"To summon the Chamber and have a great parliamentary battle would be much to my taste. But I am persuaded that even if I succeeded in saving my prestige I should ruin Italy. To construct Italy at the present moment it is needful not to set Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi in opposition. Garibaldi has a great moral power ; he exercises an immense prestige not only in Italy, but above all in Europe. You are wrong, in my judgment, in saying that we are placed between Garibaldi and Europe. If to-morrow I entered into a struggle with Garibaldi, it is probable that I should have with me the majority of old diplomatists, but European public opinion would be against me. And public opinion would have the right on its side, for Garibaldi has rendered to Italy the greatest services that a man could render her. He has given the Italians confidence in themselves ; he has proved to Europe that Italians know how to fight and die on the field of battle to regain a fatherland."

The winter of 1860-61 was fraught with anxieties. The issues at stake were so complicated, the difficulties which encompassed the new-formed State were so hydraheaded, that it seemed as if any day might bring a deadlock. When, at length, Gaeta, the last stronghold of the Bourbons fell, there yet remained two grave questions to solve. Cavour had written at the beginning of January : "The king does not deem his task finished ; he knows that he must labour to constitute Italian independence and unity on solid grounds ; an end which will not be attained save when the questions of Rome and Venice shall have received a complete solution, conformable to the wishes of the Italian people." A little patience and wisdom would, he thought, give Venetia to Italy ; but the Roman situation was one which must tax the uttermost skill any statesman might hope to command. Yet Cavour felt assured that he could so conduct

affairs as to satisfy the legitimate desires of his countrymen without involving that total breach between Church and State, to which, both as a Catholic and a politician, he could only look forward with pain and fear. He was in constant negotiation with distinguished members of the Roman priesthood, who sought every opportunity of placing his proposals before their head. Cavour urged that "when once the irritating question of the Temporal Power has disappeared, the Pope will be more potent in Rome than were any of his predecessors, since Italy will become the jealous and devoted custodian of the Papacy as the most splendid of national institutions."

This, said Cavour, was the greatest problem of modern times. Whether, even with his unique abilities, his plan for its resolution was not doomed to failure; whether, even had its success been possible, it might not have cost more than that success was worth, are matters which each one must weigh and decide for himself. Certain it is, however, that those who know most of the evils of patriotism and religion being ranged in two hostile camps—that religion the only one, it must be remembered, which the people can be got to accept; those who know most of the disruption of society, the disquietude of conscience, the moral anarchy creeping downwards from the higher ranks into the cottages of the poor—who, their heaven taken from them, set their faces towards the sanguinary Elysium of anarchy—those who are familiar with these things must admit that "the eternal peace between Church and State" was an aim not unworthy to absorb the last energies of a great statesman.

In the first days of June, 1861, it was rumoured that Cavour was not quite well, and on the 6th of that month Europe was electrified by the news that he was dead.

In Italy a death so unexpected, so seemingly sudden, was sure to cause certain things to be said, certain hints to be thrown out of possible foul play. But it was sudden only in appearance. The overstrained, overworked machine, gave way and collapsed; the brain failed—though in its delirious agony it made frantic efforts to catch the threads that slipped from it, to utter the thoughts it could not frame in words, to do its work still—the work of Italy. Few violent deaths are so deeply tragic as this of Cavour.

Massimo d'Azeglio, in writing to the dead minister's trusted

friend, Michelangelo Castelli, broke into the characteristic complaint, "If only *I* had been the one to die!" But there was a thought which calmed him a little: "If (as I think) Providence desires to save Italy, it will do it even without Cavour." Massimo was right; the march of the nation was not to be arrested—viewed, however, in another aspect, the loss was none the less irreparable. Had a man of first-class ability piloted the financial, judicial, and administrative reorganisation of the new kingdom, it is incredible that the errors afterwards to be deplored would have been committed.

The Marquise Constance describes the national mourning. "All wept," she says; "it is no figure of speech; real tears were shed—Hudson cried like a child." This is her last mention of the English minister who worked with so good a will for Italy.

Age had come to Constance d'Azeglio, but it found her what she had been when young: hopeful in the future, an accurate and large-viewed observer of the present, mistress of herself, and servant of all who were in need. The war of 1859 had brought new duties to the courageous old lady, then in her sixty-seventh year, who wrote with her accustomed playful earnestness:

"I have to own that my work at the military hospitals so absorbs me that even Italian independence ranks second in my thoughts; it is that the one can get on without me, while I have to set the other going—a hard task. We have six Piedmontese hospitals, which comprise all the Austrian wounded, and three French, where our intervention has been desired. All this organisation falls on your father and on me, and it gives us enough to do."

The French were unprovided with even the barest ambulance necessities. Some of the Marquise's greatest friends were among the young Austrian wounded, though she could not understand a word that they said. "They are so good, simple, patient, submissive, pious. I think that everywhere soldiers are the best part of the population."

The Marquise saw pass by the deputations, one after another, of the ransomed provinces, which hailed Victor Emmanuel their

king. At last when Naples had joined the rest, Robert d'Azeglio says in a letter to his son :

“ We may soon die satisfied and enter, head erect, that other world, where there awaits us already so goodly a band of liberators. Let us rejoice then, and admire this prodigious combination of prudence and daring, wisdom and folly, fortune and misfortune, which has presided over the most magnificent and the most incredible political metamorphose that has ever or that, perhaps, will ever find a place in the history of peoples. It is so dazzling a spectacle that one thinks it a dream, and it would be hard to believe it, had it not been presented in a series of marvellous facts before our eyes. What subjects for history, for poetry, for art, in the ages that are to come ! What heroic, eccentric, despicable, and grotesque figures in the crowd that traverses the scene, working good or evil, order or confusion, great and noble exploits in national liberty, or vile and treacherous intrigues of princely hypocrisy and despotism ! ”

The Marquise Constance died in April, 1862, her husband following her in the December of the same year.

“ I remember,” says Massimo d'Azeglio in his “ Ricordi,” “ having been in winter at my brother's house, after dinner, in that moment of the dusk when a person who is no longer very young or active feels a want of repose. The school-hour struck ; Robert said to his wife, Let us go ! Her face betrayed what it cost her, poor woman. She rose, not without a slight sigh, and in no matter what weather—fog, or snow, or rain, she went forth to be shut up all the evening in a little-ventilated and not fragrant atmosphere.

“ It is in this that consists true merit. At their death their bier was followed by a crowd of children accompanied by their parents, all of the poorest class, whose hearts inspired them to render the last honour in their power to those who in their lives had thought of their welfare.”

VIII

GOFFREDO MAMELI

THE unity of Italy which had formed the splendid aspiration of the greatest Italian intellect from Dante downwards, was served by not a few who were actually opposed to it and by a vast number who were very slow in believing its accomplishment to be within the possibilities of practical politics. To men trained in the traditions of statesmanship, the difficulties which stood in the way of fusing the seven Italian States into one seemed unsurmountable, even supposing that foreign soldiers and foreign influence could be got rid of. After the new arrangement of Europe on the downfall of the Napoleonic empire the majority of Italians were convinced of the irrevocability of the situation. To understand the despairing apathy which had seized even the youth of the nation, we have only to read Count Giovanni Arrivabene's "Memoirs," in which he gives a striking idea of the indifference and inaction that pervaded all classes. Politics, he says, were hardly talked about, or if they were, some were for France, some for Austria, for Italy—none. Avoidance of political discussion was wise, if not good, in times when the penalty for simply not denouncing one you knew to be a Carbonaro was *carcere duro* for life. When, in 1861, Nassau Senior asked the Marquis Pallavicini, the prisoner of Spielberg, if he had foreseen the events that had then recently occurred, he answered: "Never; my boldest conjectures, even my most ardent hopes, never approached the reality—all that I hoped for was a kingdom of Upper Italy." A large proportion of Italian patriots, republican as well as monarchist, were at most in favour of a confederation; others,

who were unitarians in their hearts, were afraid to look their own wishes in the face, like the gentle and pure-minded author of the *Promessi Sposi*, who although as a young man he had hailed Murat's stake with the words:

“Liberi non saremo se non siamo uni;”

yet, towards the end of his life was fain to confess, “In 1848 I was a partisan of Italian unity, but I said nothing about it, for fear of passing for a maniac or a demagogue.” Nor were the well-wishers of Italy abroad, as a rule, more sanguine. “As to the idea of Italy becoming one empire under one sovereign,” wrote Mr. Cobden to Marco Minghetti in 1847, “I regard it as a child's dream.”

Nearly ten years later we find Cavour writing from Paris to Rattazzi: “I have seen Mr. Manin; he is a very good man, but he always talks about the unity of Italy and other such absurdities.” Cavour was working with his whole soul and with the extraordinary political acumen with which he was gifted, for the goal he deemed attainable, which as far as one can fathom his thoughts, may be roughly stated as the expulsion of the Austrians and the establishment of a strong and free kingdom of North Italy, under the rule of the Sardinian king. When, ultimately, he became persuaded that such a programme instead of erring, as many then thought, on the side of boldness, represented only a small part of the possibilities which opened before re-arisen Italy, he embraced the grander ideal; and it should never be forgotten that the last act of his public life was to propose in the Chambers, still sitting at Turin, a solemn vote asserting that the rightful capital of the newly-formed kingdom was Rome. There is no reason to blame him at this date, or to blame others who acted with him for the caution, or shall it be called the common sense? which caused them long to regard the marvellous change that was in store for Italy as a poet's vision rather than as a fact very near its fulfilment. But it is not useless to review their hesitations now, because it helps us to do what is always difficult: to look upon events after they have happened in the light in which they appeared when still unrealised. Only by doing this successfully can we appreciate the unique position of the man who from the beginning of his life made the unity of Italy an absolutely essential feature in all

plans for ameliorating her condition, and who not only desired its accomplishment, but also foretold it with unwavering confidence. This man was, of course, Guiseppe Mazzini.

While there were many in Italy who looked upon the unitarian idea of Mazzini as wild, and its advocacy as mischievous—because likely to hinder the execution of more feasible schemes—its paramount importance, both as the idea of the future and as the one conception which could ever give the Italians the moral or physical strength to preserve their independence, even were it achieved by them or for them, was immediately grasped by the most resolute enemy of that independence—by Prince Metternich. True, he called it “impossible”; but it was his constant pre-occupation nevertheless. “The aim of the ‘Sects,’” he wrote in a circular, dated August 11, 1847, “is the fusion of the Italian States into one body politic.” It was exactly nine days after he had issued the Note which contains the famous phrase: “*L’Italie est un nom géographique*,” and a month since he declared several times to the English ambassador that “the Emperor had determined not to lose his Italian possessions.” He endeavours to impress the inevitably unitarian character of the Italian movement on the English Minister of Foreign Affairs. Lord Palmerston replies “that he has not heard of it,” though he is aware of widespread and well-founded discontent; he says further (writing to the ambassador at Vienna, August 18, 1847): “Whatever may be passing in the minds of some few enthusiasts, nothing has yet happened which can justly be called a revolution, or which can indicate any probability of an attempt to unite Italy under one authority.”

Metternich more justly rated the value of what was passing in the mind of the chief of those few enthusiasts when he wrote (November 2nd, of the same year): “It is impossible not to share the opinion recently pronounced by Mazzini upon the future destiny of his country in a letter which has appeared to me sufficiently remarkable to send you a copy of it.” It was a letter which predicted that politicians who only aimed at partial reforms would be ultimately swept away by the rising tide of national feeling, and with them, as likely as not, Pius IX. himself, “who is just what I thought him from the first day: a good man, who wishes his subjects to be a little better off than they were before.”

The place occupied by Mazzini in the Italian movement was unlike that ever elsewhere held by a revolutionary leader. He had a powerfully organising brain, and the amount of business performed by him single-handed as a daily task through the greater part of his long life, exceeded that got through in most government offices. Very few Ministers of Foreign Affairs keep themselves so well-informed as he did of the secret currents of contemporary history. But another might have done all this, and might have come to exercise a great political influence on the minds of his fellow-countrymen, and yet not have been what Mazzini was. He was, in the first place, a teacher. Political change he only valued as the forerunner, the necessary adjunct of moral change; while of the individual he demanded more than the acceptance of a political programme—what he asked of his followers was the purification of their own hearts, the surrender of egotism, self-seeking, self-indulgence. For anything like the ideal he evoked we must go back to the initiation of the young knight who cleansed his body in the bath and tempered his spirit by fasting and watching before he could be received into the order of chivalry. In Mazzini's mind the whole view of life and things became religious. His creed was a simple one, and he never wavered in it. This life was to him a state of development for a higher sphere of action. Man has no rights that are not founded upon duties: he gropes his way in the dark, fails often, and stumbles, but humanity moves steadily towards the supreme good—which is God. Any form of faith, however imperfect, is a better guide than “that most melancholy lie, so-called Freethought and Reason.” Our country is our home, it is the house God gives us, our common workshop, the fulcrum of the lever we have to wield for the common good. We are bound to make it a community of free men and equals, and to maintain it in loveliness and strength. Born at Genoa, with its thousand years of republican glory, he believed that his ideal state could only be a republic; but the republican form of government was cherished by him as a means to an end, and not as a fetich. An Italian republic which did not attain this end, which was not more moral, more pure in all its dealings than the old monarchies, would have been to Mazzini the abomination of abominations.

These were the guiding principles of the Association of Young

Italy, to which, no doubt, Metternich alluded when he spoke of the "Sects"; for in 1847 there was in Italy no other secret society of any magnitude. They were not accepted, as time wore on, by the great bulk of any Italian political party. A large number of those who were then republicans, were, with Manin, later convinced that the only way in which Italy could be united and freed was by giving cordial support to the House of Savoy, and, having laid aside their own original preferences, they cheerfully hailed the course of events which led Victor Emmanuel to the Capitol. A republican party continued to exist, and exists to this day; but though they use Mazzini's name, their theories are not his; some of them are avowedly federalist, and almost all hold social and religious views which connect them far more closely with the French radicals than with the Genoese thinker.

It was different when his eloquent voice first called the sleepers of Italy to awake. No leader ever exercised a stronger personal ascendancy; the words of none were received with more unquestioning reverence. Among the earliest to become his followers were his fellow-citizens and contemporaries at the University of Genoa—Giovanni and Jacopo Ruffini. In 1832, when Mazzini was already in exile, the police discovered that the two brothers were concerned in the newly-formed Association of Young Italy. Giovanni escaped, but Jacopo was arrested, and, fearing (as is supposed) that he might be unable to defeat the artifices used with prisoners to obtain from them the names of their fellow-conspirators, he committed suicide by opening a vein in his neck with a nail detached from the wall of his cell. In a passage of great beauty Mazzini tells how he could never see the lily of the valley without thinking of this beloved friend of his youth—pure, gentle, and modest—whose spirit in the darkest moments of his life seemed to hold him back from despair.

After a perilous flight over the mountains and by sea, Giovanni reached Marseilles, where he was met by Mazzini, in whose pale and haggard face he read the news of some calamity even before he heard from his lips of his brother's death. They were soon joined by the Marchesa Eleonora Curlo-Ruffini, the noble lady of whom her surviving son drew later so touching a portrait, under the thin disguise of "the Signora Eleonora," in "Dr. Antonio."

The loss of his dearest friend, the spectacle of the bereaved mother's speechless sorrow, the daily reports of fresh arrests, sentences of death, and executions—these were the bitter first-fruits brought to the founder of “Young Italy” by his apostolate!

A gloom hung upon Genoa in those years, and most of all it was felt in the houses of those who were on terms of intimacy with families whose sons were in prison, or in exile, or dead. One such house was an old palace in the Via San Lorenzo, just opposite the portals of the cathedral of which the columns were among the first war-spoils of the conquering Genoese. Here Goffredo Mameli's mother was watching over his delicate childhood. To her last day she would recall the impression made on her by the tragic end of the young man, full of talent and promise, whose mother was her friend; little, however, could she then foresee that a death, more glorious indeed, but as untimely, was in store for her own golden-headed darling, or that it was reserved for him, more than for any one else, to fill in Mazzini's living affections the empty place of Jacopo Ruffini.

Admiral Mameli, Goffredo's father, a sailor of the old stamp, who at thirteen was noted as the first to board an enemy's ship, was of an ancient Sardinian family which had allowed its title of count to fall into disuse. The metal of the man may be judged from an answer he gave on being charged with carrying out a difficult operation during the siege of Tripoli: “Commander, if the boats come back without having fulfilled their purpose, just say simply, ‘Mameli is dead.’” In the service he was known for his firmness with the officers and his leniency with the men, among whom he was very popular. Not one desertion took place during the period he was stationed on the South American coast. A few years ago a grey-haired seaman, whom chance took to Genoa, sought out the admiral's younger son for the pleasure of talking to willing ears about his old commander.

While he was away at foreign stations it fell naturally to his wife to take the place of head of the household. The Marchesa Adele Zoagli belonged to a family which had given two of the earliest doges to the Republic, and members of which had held offices of state from the twelfth century. Much of her girlhood was passed in the delightful villas of the Genoese nobility, who were nearly all her kindred; and these scenes of her early

happy days never lost their charm for her. Unusually gifted, she also had the advantage of a sound education, and she possessed a force of character which seemed surprising in one who was never physically strong. Her nerve was on more than one occasion put to the test—as when, while travelling in the Roman States with Goffredo, then four years old, she narrowly escaped falling into the hands of Gasparone's brigand band—a predicament which was terminated by the fortunate arrival of an English family travelling in great force along the same road—whence, she would declare, first sprang her partiality for the English. She was, before all things, patriotic; and she it was who taught her sons to love their country, while from their father's example they learnt their earliest lesson of duty.

It may be said of Goffredo that he owed his life not once, but many times, to his mother, thanks only to whose unremitting care his frail constitution weathered the trials of childhood. At the age of ten—up to which he had been allowed to learn but little—he was able to begin the regular course of his studies under the *Padri Scolopi*, an educational order noted for their success in the training and management of boys. He made rapid progress, especially in classics and mathematics, and won the good opinion of his masters; one of whom, *Padre Muraglia*, lived to a great age, and cherished to the last the most affectionate recollection of his pupil. On leaving the Fathers, Goffredo entered his name at the University; but the authorities, always suspicious of clever young men, fell foul of him, and he did not remain to take his degree. A proposal that he should go into the army collapsed through difficulties in the way of getting a commission, and he went for a time to reside quietly with his late teachers, the *Padri Scolopi*, at one of their institutions in the Ligurian Alps.

To this period probably belongs a metrical transcript from the Book of Job, which if not one of the earliest of Goffredo's poetical efforts (for he wrote verses at twelve or thirteen), is perhaps the first that shows signs of a poetic gift. There are few of his non-political poems to which we can assign a precise date, but it seems likely that most of them were written prior to the crowded last year of his life. As early as 1846 he was composing songs of freedom; one of which, written during a visit to the island of Sardinia, celebrated the second anniversary of the death of the

brothers Bandiera; but the absorbing interest of the actual struggle had not yet drawn his mind out of the almost feminine softness and refinement of its natural channel. All that is sweet and amiable attracts him: his dream of woman is of a Raffaellesque suavity: love, too, is there; though a sort of aristocratic reserve prevents these poems from being of much use to his biographer. It has been asserted that his first love died young; and again, that he was in love with a girl who married some one else—a rather fortunate misfortune, Carducci remarks, to befall a poet of twenty. What we can see clearly is his ideal; and, at that age, the ideal is much more important than the real, which at best is a kind of stepping-stone to it. We see a Madonna-like maiden with golden hair and large blue eyes, “which often she would raise heavenwards as if tired of things human.” This tranquil vision is persistently coupled with a haunting presentiment of early death, as in the following lines:

“Comfort my heart, O thou that hast the power,
Let me once more behold thee ere I sink,
And in thine eyes, of all, for this one hour,
Oblivion drink.

As glows the falling star, so once again
My soul is quickened with rekindled heat,
And at the kiss of death through every vein
Life’s pulses beat.”

“I do not know,” he wrote, “if I feel love as others feel it, since I never saw into another’s soul; but in some sort I do feel it.” This was how he felt it:

“One evening (I remember) seemed more sad
Than all remembered evenings, and we twain
Sat by the window; ■ reflected ray
From the wall opposite upon her threw
A pallid light; we spoke, as we were used,
Of trifling things, yet spoke we low as though
Aware of listeners; with the face intent
Of who should hear relate a tale of woe,
The while our hearts throbbed like the prisoned sea.
And in that moment I lived many days—
Nay, rather seemed to live out all my days;
My soul, made purer in beholding her,
Went forth as vapour from corporeal bonds,
And I conceived the solemn hour of death.
I suffered, heedless: like the captive wretch
Long widowed of the light, who little wots
The chafe of tightened chain, when with scant breath
To touch the bars he climbs, and so is blessed
Once more in the sun’s smile. Ah! of a truth,
I would have seen th’ encompassing universe
Dissolve and vanish, leaving her alone
And me to gaze upon her! . . .”

Goffredo Mameli had the genius of discipleship—the pliancy of such natures becomes strength in the self-effacement of their surrender. He was about nineteen when he began to correspond with Mazzini, but before they were thus brought into personal relations, the young poet must have come under the influence of the master's mind and will. He had, no doubt, long devoured the mystical outpourings, printed on bad paper in worse type, circulating everywhere, though everywhere suppressed, of which the literary style alone—approached by no other Italian—sufficed to declare their author, though his name was absent from the title-page. It was Goffredo's mission to *sing* what Mazzini had *said*. Not that he consciously took upon him the office; he sang for the best of all reasons—because he could not help it.

In the autumn of 1847 he showed two of his friends something he had just written—a manuscript which still exists, in a flowing hand, with few erasures. “Read it,” he said, and left them soon after; but they, struck by the freshness and vigour of the verses, stayed up all night making copies, which were cast broad-side on the morrow. Goffredo, always modest, was inclined to resent the publicity thus thrust on him; but the song went on its triumphal way, and became the Marseillaise of the Italian Revolution. This was the origin of *Fratelli d'Italia*.

“Brothers of Italy, hearken,
 Italy is not dead!
 The helmet of young Scipio
 She has placed upon her head.
 Do you ask where Victory tarries?
 See her submissive come!
 For God created her of old
 To be the slave of Rome.
 Close your ranks and keep them steady,
 Brothers, now for death be ready,
 Italy calls!

We were the scoff of ages,
 Derided and undone,
 Because we were dismembered,
 Because we were not one;
 Around one hope now let us cling,
 One sacred flag around;
 To end our immemorial strife
 Th' auspicious hour doth sound.
 Close your ranks, &c.

Let us all join together
 For unity and love,
 Teach the benighted peoples
 The ways of God above.

Our native soil to liberate
 A solemn oath we swear,
 And us by God united
 Who to separate shall dare?
 Close your ranks, &c.

From Alps to Ætna's fire behold
 Legnano everywhere,
 Ferruccio's hero heart and hand
 Doth every foeman share:
 In all the babes of Italy
 Balilla's valour springs,
 And every village curfew
 Another Vespers rings.
 Close your ranks, &c.

They are weak and bending willows,
 Swords that are bought and sold;
 E'en now the Austrian bird of prey
 His plumeless wings must fold.
 Where Pole and where Italian fell
 He feasted on the gore,
 And with the Cossack drank their blood,
 But it burnt him to the core.
 Close your ranks and keep them steady,
 Brothers, now for death be ready,
 Italy calls!"

At Genoa, a few weeks later, they revived the custom of commemorating the expulsion of the Austrians in 1746, for which the signal was the stone thrown by the boy Balilla. Such a *fête* had been held annually under the Republic, but on the annexation of Genoa to Piedmont it was discontinued. The intolerable state of things before that memorable uprising is well epitomized in the question asked by Benedict XVI. of the Austrian commander and in the answer he got. "What will you leave to those hapless Genoese if, after emptying the treasury, despoiling the churches, sacking the houses, you still ask for more?" was the Pope's question. The answer was brief, and at least it was truthful: "*Eyes to weep.*"

It is easy to think of the thrill caused by such memories on the eve of a new revolution, and the effect created by an old man of ninety years who carried the tattered remnant of a flag taken by the people from the Austrians a century before. In the evening a new, unused flag was borne by a youth of middle height, delicate features, fair complexion, and long light hair to the place where Balilla threw the first stone, and was there solemnly blessed by a priest. The standard-bearer was Goffredo Mameli—the standard, the red, white, and green tricolour, then,

as far as is known, for the first time unfurled as the flag of Italian Unity.

"The *fête* changed its character," writes Michelet in the chapter devoted to Mameli in his "*Soldats de la Révolution*." "It was no longer the past deliverance of a city which was celebrated: it was the coming deliverance of the whole nation."

The name of Mameli will live as the author of *Fratelli d'Italia*. Nothing that he wrote afterwards attained the same popularity. It came at the right moment, and struck the right note; and the fact that it came first, and supplied a want, accounts for its pre-eminence. The songs written in 1848 and 1849 were eagerly read and listened to, and then forgotten. As poetry they rank higher than *Fratelli d'Italia*. Though still rarely reaching perfection of form, they are more mature, and the literary gain entails no loss of the one great quality of Mameli's poetry—its spontaneity. These songs are cries of hope, of faith, of wrath—of wrath, but not of hate. Hate grew no more in him than grass in winter; he pictured the oriflamme of love waving over nations which forget the enmities of a passing day; he imagined the earth as one vast city where tired humanity lives a new life. As Carducci, the chief of Italian living poets, has observed in his fine critical essay on Mameli, never was there a bard so hateless, so little enamoured of war for war's sake: not Körner, with whom he has sometimes been compared; not Petöffi, even. Goffredo would not have written:

"The clarion, battle's nightingale,
There sings the song of frantic zest,
There will I lie, and on my breast
Death's sanguine blossoms shall not fail."

In all the young Italian's war-hyms we hear the *Deus Vult* of the crusades:

"God gives His thunderbolt to the people, and marches at their head!"
"What matters it if a thousand and a thousand fall?
We are twenty-six millions, and this we swear—"

What was it that they swore?—

"The sword shall never leave our hand
While yet one field in all the land
Is tilled by slaves;
While there is not one Italy
From Alps to where th' Ionian sea
Trinacria laves."

This is the refrain to the *Inno Militare* composed when the first defeats had spread abroad the deepest discouragement. But Goffredo knew nothing of discouragement. In 1846, when it seemed folly to expect that even a blow would be struck for freedom, he had written :—

“Hope, fight, and dare;
Trust in your flag,
God will be there!”

Now that the blow had been struck, and had seemed to fail, he wrote : “*Italia sarà ! Italy shall be ! They build on sand who would oppose it. . . . God will pour out upon their dreams the full flood of the people !*”

“Builders on sand,” “Dreamers of dreams”—how often had the words been applied, instead, to the few enthusiasts who dared to hope in their country!

What remains to be told of Goffredo Mameli's life is a record simply of his songs turned into action. He served in the newly-formed National Guard of Genoa, and when the war broke out he joined the volunteers who were fighting in Lombardy, first as captain in one corps, then as lieutenant in another: little it mattered to him what rank he bore. When Lombardy succumbed, he hastened to Rome, where events were approaching a climax, and where at first he occupied his time in writing for the papers in support of his principles, as he had already done at Genoa. From Rome on the 9th of February, he despatched three words to Mazzini, which sum up his political faith: “Roma ! Repubblica ! Venite !”

“There I saw him again,” writes Mazzini, “radiant with new enthusiasm, in Garibaldi's ranks, absorbed in his military duties, and full of hope, as we all were, that when the young republican army was organised we should be able to throw down the gauntlet to Austria a second time and under surer auspices.”

He was offered a captaincy in the new army, but, like his friend Bixio, he declined it, opining that others older and more experienced ought to have the superior grades. Only later, when he lay on his death-bed, he accepted the rank of staff-officer. Indefatigable in the intervals of peace in striving to increase the efficiency of his men, he was first in every fight, and gained special distinction in the triumph of April 30th, on which

day he was wounded, but that did not prevent him from at once resuming his place in the ranks. He soon won the esteem and affection of Garibaldi—there is, indeed, no one of whom the chief writes with greater tenderness or more fatherly pride.

That April victory was sung worthily and with a deeply serious feeling (though the setting be light) by Arthur Hugh Clough, who was then present in Rome, and who, in a private letter written some three weeks after, thus expressed himself:

“Whether the Roman Republic will stand I don’t know, but it has, under Mazzini’s inspiration, shown a wonderful courage and a glorious generosity.”

English poets have returned more than once to the defence of Rome, nor is it strange, since no episode in the Italian movement more strikingly illustrates the meaning of Michelet’s saying that “Italy was the land of beauty even in her revolutions.” If the reason lies partly with the theatre—*Rerum pulcherrima Roma*, the wonderful city which has held entranced minds so widely different, at whose aspect the coldest imagination has been fired, the highest intellect has stood bare-headed, the shrine of poet and artist, of philosopher and priest, of statist and soldier—it must be added that the actors were worthy of such a stage. Even in the minor light of picturesque effect, how few historical figures, for instance, seem more like the creation of romance than Garibaldi as Gibson the sculptor drew him:

“This independent chief is here. I saw him for the first time on Sunday last, on the Monte Pincio. He rode a white horse. He is quite young, and I have seldom seen a more beautiful head; his profile is like a statue. His dress was elegant—no coat, but a graceful frock or tunic of scarlet and a small cap ornamented with gold. On one side he had one of his cavalry officers, and on the other a gentleman in black. Garibaldi was quite a show—every one stopping to look at him, ladies particularly. As he is beautiful, lawless, and brave, he is sure to please them. . . . Garibaldi’s manner is frank, natural, and manly. He is much esteemed by his companions-in-arms, and everybody speaks of his bravery, and that he does not plunder to enrich himself.”

In a rough-and-ready way, as proceeding from one who cared

nothing for political rights or wrongs, this sketch is singularly acute. In Garibaldi reappeared the soldier of fortune, the Condottiere of the Italian Middle Ages, but cast in a new mould. He was, indeed, "the unpaid paladin of justice." From the very beginning a halo of unselfishness surrounded him. "I am happy to be able to bear witness," said Lord Howden (who had known him at Montevideo), speaking in the House of Lords in 1849, "that he alone was disinterested among the throng of individuals who only sought their personal aggrandisement."

The judgments passed on few men at the opening and after the close of their careers have differed so little as in the case of Garibaldi. One of the latest and best is this, from a recent work by the distinguished writer Vittorio Bersezio, a Piedmontese and a Conservative:—

"The fascination which he exercised, face to face with any one, a fascination felt to be irresistible by the coldest soul in the world, Garibaldi possessed in a greater degree with the masses, whether in the market-place or in the camp. It emanated from him like a magnetic influence, which ran through each and all of the crowd, making them think, will, say, and do what he thought, willed, said, did. In the press of a struggle his look of a mild, proud lion quickly calmed the threatening ferment, his manly and sonorous voice went straight to the hearts of all, and mastered their feelings: he could curb as well as let loose the storm. In battle his sure, serene courage, which seemed unconscious of danger, instilled a breath of valour into the nerves of the most timid: when they saw him throw himself where the confusion was thickest, his face aglow, his eyes flashing, his head erect among the hail of balls, his men believed him to be almost invulnerable, and rushed after him, as if confident of sharing the immunity granted him by Fate. His courage was like his character, impetuous, straightforward, simple, spontaneous, without reflection—understanding but one method: to make for the enemy, the danger, the obstacle, as fast as possible and by the shortest road; to break it or be broken by it; and if vanquished, to gather up his forces and return more doggedly to the assault."

The subtle fascination, the lion-like look, the sweet and

sonorous voice, were still his, as he lay chained to his bed in his daughter's house at Genoa a few short years before his death, when I was introduced to him by Goffredo's brother, Nicola Mameli.

For a time victory was faithful to Rome's defenders. At Palestrina, and, on a more important scale, at Velletri, the Neapolitans, with their Spanish and Austrian auxiliaries, met with a lesson they were not likely to forget. Then came the action of the 3rd of June, which, glorious as it was to the improvised army, was yet the beginning of the inevitable end.

The 3rd of June, 1849, was a Sunday, and through the night which ushered it in all slept quietly at the Roman outposts beyond Porta S. Pancrazio, trusting in the word of the French general, who had gone out of his way to say that he would not attack *la place* before Monday morning at soonest. But it appeared that General Oudinot considered the city (*la place*) to be one thing, and the outposts to be another, which fine distinction deprived him of any scruple in attacking the latter without delay. The sleeping troops were awoke in the early summer light by the head-long advance of two French companies. In the engagement which followed the young Roman forces—4,000 against 20,000—starting at a disadvantage, and necessarily poor in experience, contested the ground till nightfall, literally inch by inch, with the tried French regulars, of whom, at least, it may be said, that they fought with a gallantry highly creditable to them. Some incidents in the day were less creditable to those who led the French attack. A French officer on getting within hearing of the Villa Corsini, which was defended by Enrico Dandolo's company of the Manara Legion, cried, in Italian, "Let us be friends!" Full of confidence, Dandolo ordered his men to cease firing. The French advanced till they were thirty feet from the villa; the officer then stood aside, and a violent discharge caused a third of the company to fall to the ground. The young captain, twenty-two years of age, but possessed of mature good sense and high principle, had his breast riddled, and died, uttering a prayer while two of his men attempted to carry him out of fire. In another part of the field Emilio Dandolo heard that his brother was wounded, but continued doing his duty until wounded himself, and taken to the ambulance. He waited for an hour, asking every one for news

of his brother, and being able to ascertain nothing, he could be no longer kept from going forth, lame and bleeding, on the hopeless search. For two hours he wandered up and down the country, asking for news, and examining every dead body which he passed. At last Manara, his chief, beckoned to him to come into a house which had been just then taken from the French. All present left the room, unwilling to witness what they knew must follow. "Do not go any longer seeking your brother," Manara said, when they were alone; "you are not in time—I will be your brother."

Among the common soldiers there was not a case of flight; even the wounded continued fighting. One lad, much under twenty, whose hand was smashed, reappeared in a few minutes, and when Manara asked him what he was about?—what good could he do now?—"Let me stay, Colonel," said he; "I shall do *to keep up the number*." Accordingly he "kept up the number" till a wound in his head killed him.

By the evening the positions seized by the French at dawn, which had been all taken from them, were all retaken by them, except the Vascello, where Medici held out, which only fell on the last day of the siege. Daverio, Masina, and how many more whose names deserve to be remembered by their countrymen, gave their lives for the honour of Rome on that 3rd of June. It was also the day on which Goffredo Mameli received his death-wound. He was off duty, and had scarcely returned from Velletri, where the fatigues of the campaign against the Neapolitans had tried his strength, but no sooner did he hear the sound of guns at Porta S. Pancrazio than he flew to the spot, where he arrived before the sun was up. For chief part of the day he acted as adjutant to Garibaldi, who wished to keep him near him, but finally yielded to his supplication to be sent forward where, as he imagined, the fight was hotter. "He seemed to think," the General wrote to the Marchesa Mameli, "that his position beside me was inglorious." He did not add that in this "inglorious position" the bullets managed as usual to perforate his own poncho. Only a few minutes after they parted he saw Goffredo carried on a litter to the rear; "he was badly wounded, but his face shone with the joy of having shed his blood for his country. We did not exchange a word, but our eyes spoke of the affection that long had bound us. I remained

where I was; he proceeded as if in triumph." They saw each other no more.

Goffredo was taken from the Villa Pamphily, where he fell, to the Pellegrini Hospital, in which the Princess Cristina Belgiojoso, Giulia Modena, Margaret Fuller, and other ladies did all that was possible for the wounded under the unfavourable circumstances of the heat, the bombardment, the general want of order, and the divided councils of the hospital authorities. There Goffredo lay, often unconscious, but so light-hearted in his sufferings, that the grave character of his wound was not at once recognised. Hope at first predominated; then there were alternate hopes and fears; then the fears took the ascendant. When the other wounded were transferred to the less exposed Quirinal, Goffredo was one of the thirty-eight who were too ill to be moved. In the varying phases of his bodily state, his spirit never quailed. "Courage," writes Mazzini, "was nature in Goffredo." On June 19th amputation, which had become necessary, as the wound refused to heal, was skilfully performed, and once more his friends hoped to save him. Like Alessandro Poerio, he asked if he could fight with one leg—or at any rate on horseback? It was his dream to die on the Lombard plains when the great battle should be fought out with Austria.

For a day or two he seemed better, but the improvement was only apparent; he lost ground afresh, and got worse and worse, his slight frame having no stamina to rally from all it had gone through. Meanwhile Rome was falling; the shells crushed on the roof of the hospital, and cannon-balls came through the windows. Goffredo watched them undisturbed, except that at times they made him impatient, as if flies were buzzing around him. He fancied that his father was in Rome, and he was anxious to ask his pardon for something in which he thought he had offended him. He frequently asked Dr. Bertani, who was night and day at his bedside, if he was not tired. On the morning of July 6th—three days after the French had entered Rome—singing, and almost conscious, and waiting "for this nervous attack," as he called it, "to pass off," he expired after only a few moments' struggle.

All his friends were dead, or flying into exile. Rome had fallen; the cause was lost. Did he understand the meaning of the silence which replaced the noise of the bombardment?

Rather, it seems, that prophetic visions cheered his last days. "In his delirium," says Garibaldi, "he prophesied of his country."

That autumn Mazzini wrote down his recollections of the dead poet in a few pages which will always remain his best memorial. A long biography might fail to convey an impression so lifelike as that left by the following words :

"The sadness which possesses me while I write is only the desire for the smile his eyes cast upon us—a smile quiet and serene as trust ; for the affection he bore us, all the deeper that he spoke little of it ; for the perfume of poetry which floated around all his person ; for the songs which from time to time wandered across his lips—unstudied, inspired, spontaneous as the morning song of the lark : songs which he forgot, and the people remembered. For me, for us exiles of twenty years who have grown old in illusions, he was like a melody of youth, a presentiment of times that we shall not see, in which the instinct of goodness and sacrifice will dwell unconscious in the human soul, and will not be, as is our virtue, the fruit of long and hard struggles. His had all the ingenuous beauty of innocence. Generally cheerful, temperately gay, as from a tranquil and secure conscience, nevertheless on his eyes often hung a slight veil of melancholy ; the shadow of the future and of an early death seemed thrown, without his knowledge, on his soul. His poetic organisation inclined him to I know not what of feminine languor and repose ; but contrasted with this tendency was a physical restlessness, the result of extreme mobility of sensations and of the nervous excitability which was in great part the cause of his death. Of a disposition lovingly yielding, and only blest where it could abandon itself to those it loved in all confidence as a child in its mother's caress, yet unshakably firm in what touched the faith he had embraced ; sensitive as a woman to the charm of flowers and sweet scents, handsome, but careless of his appearance—such was he when I knew him first at Milan, in 1848, after we had been for more than a year brought into brotherhood by letters and unity of work. And we loved each other at once ; it was impossible to see him and not to love him. A youth then, if I am not mistaken, of twenty-two,* he joined

* He was not yet twenty.

the two extremes rarely found united which were so highly prized by Byron—childlike gentleness and the energy of a lion, to be revealed, and which was revealed, in supreme emergencies. There were hours when you would have called him Sténio, Lélia's poet, born to exist on strains of the harp and images of beauty, and I used to call him by that name to make him smile; but a momentary inspiration, a prophecy of the future unity and glory of his country, an eloquent word on severe virtue and sacrifice, made his eyes brighten with the fire of vigorous thoughts, and then you would have said that he was only born to wield the sword. Sténio was in him transfigured by the cult of a grand idea, the purpose and the consecration of his life."

In one of Mazzini's last letters, written when he was ill at Pisa, he recalls Goffredo Mameli amongst those dearest to him who have passed away, and the loss is clearly felt as keenly as on the first day. "Strange," he adds, "that I should see all whom I have loved disappear one by one, while I remain, I know not why."

Goffredo died in the confusion of a conquered city, and for a long time it was not known what became of his body. Admiral Mameli went in person to beg it of the French authorities, but they sent him away unsatisfied and almost repulsed. Only in the summer of 1872, when Rome was the capital of Italy, a singular chance revealed the fact that friendly hands had hidden the remains in the small church of the Stimmate. The monks had never betrayed the secret. The inner side of the coffin-lid was inscribed with the initials G. M., and Dr. Bertani, who was deputed by the family to represent them in the sad office, had no difficulty in identifying the body. Before reclosing the coffin he cut some of the thick, fair hair, which was still untouched by time, for Goffredo's mother, who gave me a lock of it in a little silver casket—surely a pathetic relic when one thinks of its whole story.

Genoa asked for the recovered bones of her son, but Rome claimed them, whose citizen he was, since the Roman assembly, in its last sitting as its last act, conferred the freedom of Rome on all who had borne arms in her defence. The remains were transferred from the chapel of the Stimmate to the cemetery of Campo Varano. A slab only in the interminable wall of the

dead marked their niche when I saw it; but the Municipal Council of Rome afterwards decided to give them a more adequate monument. No better epitaph for Goffredo could be found than his own lines :

“ O child of future ages,
Unto these bones draw nigh !
Here Duty's blood-stained pages
Before you open lie ;
And ye old men, with but a span
Of life to give, come while you can,
And here learn how to die.”

Some sprays of ivy, growing near the grave, I carried to the Marchesa Mameli, who was then still living at Pegli, near Genoa, and to whose memory a few lines of affectionate respect are due. I will not speak of the kindness she showed me during the years I enjoyed her friendship, but I would recall the gracious dignity of her manner to all ; a combination of the stately charm of the *grande dame* with the utmost simplicity. In spite of ill-health and advancing years, she displayed traces of remarkable beauty, and her fine eyes flashed when she spoke, as she often did, of her great contemporaries—Garibaldi, Mazzini, and others of less note, but of the same stamp. “ Mine,” she would say, “ was a strong generation ! ” She took, however, a lively interest in the things of to-day ; nearly the last time that she was seen in public was at the reception given to King Humbert, when he came to pay a visit to the good Crown Prince, whom nine years later, almost on the same spot, he was to salute Emperor of Germany. Every one felt more uneasy than he cared to say ; it was the year of Passanante's attempt, and sinister rumours had been set about. The king telegraphed that he would have no troops, no police, and no carriage—he would walk from the station to the hotel. Mindful of the reports, the syndic did not wish to admit a deputation of workmen to the station, and only did so on the statement of a respected resident (Signor Luigi Cigolini), “ that he would answer for the workmen with his life.” At last the king came, said a kind word to the workmen, patted on the cheek a little girl of the infant school, who presented an address, and walked away between the serried ranks of his subjects, his imperial friend at his side. In more than one mind was the thought that this still untried king, with his singular air

of devotion to a high enterprise, would prove the not unworthy inheritor of the birthright won by so manifold sacrifices.*

I remember how well the Marchesa looked that day! She wore a long fur mantle—the same, if I mistake not, that was given to Admiral Mameli for his wife by the Czar Alexander—a gift that cost the receiver dear, as a court official (of course without the Czar's knowledge) followed it up with a bill for £80, which was paid to avoid creating a scandal.

She spoke willingly of Goffredo, whose loss was coupled with that of a loved young daughter who did not long survive her brother. "Goffredo is calling me," the young girl said, in answer to all her mother's efforts to prolong her life.

The Marchesa Mameli lived till the spring of 1885, supported by the tender love of her younger son, Nicola, who, in the Italian Chamber and on Lombard and Sicilian battlefields, proved himself a true Mameli,† and by the more than filial care

* I leave the above paragraph as it was written because it serves as one more testimony to the royal faith in his subjects which ultimately cost the life of the second king of United Italy. I recollect reading in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* an anecdote bearing on the same point. The occasion was a visit of the king to Genoa, where crowds of workmen not only pressed round his carriage but actually clambered up on it. He merely said very gently, "Take care, or you will hurt yourselves." Generous as such confidence was, it only made more blameworthy the negligence of those who omitted to take even the commonest precautions for his safety in the face of repeated warnings.

By none was *Umberto il Buono* more sincerely mourned than by the poor. I can hear now the voice, full of emotion, of our old fisherman at Salò as he said to me on the evening of that "Black Monday" when we and all Italy heard the news: "I never remember to have wept—and I have wept!" It was a tribute which the king would have preferred to many more splendid.

† Commendatore Nicola Mameli (who was to me more like a brother than a friend) died at Genoa on the 20th of January, 1901. I have not known a more serene or unworldly spirit, or one more modest and self-effacing in all that regarded the part played by himself. It was only after his death that I knew that he was decorated for valour at the engagement of Bezzecca. He had a native distinction, an intellectual and moral fastidiousness, which grows rarer every day. He was incapable of sacrificing principles to expediency, which was one reason why he never fulfilled his friends' expectations by becoming a power in politics. He possessed literary gifts of a high order, and wrote with originality and success on metaphysics, his favourite study. But with him, as with others of whom I have written, patriotism was the master-passion. A few days after his marriage he left his young bride to join Garibaldi (with her consent, for no two persons were ever more perfectly matched), and this shows the sentiment that ruled his life. He did not like all the later Italian political developments, but he never despaired of his country; he always said: "Much has been done; the rest remains for to-morrow." He was buried at S. Taglieno, near his father and mother and his wife, who died not long after the old Marchesa, in loving service to whom she had consumed her youth and her strength. Above their resting-place towers the huge granite tomb which looks as if it did not so much guard as imprison what was mortal of the Tiresias of Italy—Mazzini.

of her sweet and perfect daughter-in-law, Marietta Flores d'Arcais, Marchesa di Valverde.

I will conclude this memoir of the young poet "who lived between a song and a battle," by quoting the words which his mother wrote for me in a copy of the new edition of his poems:—"Goffredo è morto, ma vive nel mio cuore, e vivrà sempre sino al mio ultimo respiro. Suo madre—Adele Zoagli."

VIII

UGO BASSI

THE Roman Question, as it used to be called in the days when it was the thorn of Italy and the vexation of Europe, was a question in politics, and not in religion. The power exercised by the Roman pontiff in the Italian peninsula was of a kind direct, explicit, and practically independent of spiritual pretensions. It was simply the power of a temporal prince, insignificant had he stood alone, but formidable because two great military nations believed themselves to be concerned in his maintenance. That France entered upon the policy of Roman intervention solely on behalf of what were conceived to be French interests, is established beyond doubt or dispute. That Austria supported the temporal papacy on grounds essentially political is proved by the fact that so soon as she ceased to be an Italian power, every vestige of her interest in the fate of the Pope-king disappeared. And if the foreign assistance given to the Pope as prince had but slight connection with religious sentiment, the national opposition he encountered in the same character practically was independent of religious antipathy. The Italian movement again and again assumed the form of an attack on the temporal power; but whatever may have been the acts or utterances of individual fanatics, it is not true that either in or out of Rome it was directed against the principles of religion. Thus, if it was not in the nature of things that the Italian priesthood should be a patriotic body, it was quite within the limits of probability that an Italian priest should be a good patriot. It would indeed be a stupendous fact for the future historian to record, could it be said with truth that the whole mass of Italians

enrolled under the flag of religion had to be counted as an inimical force in the struggle by which Italy was erected into a nation. Happily this is not the case.

Nothing is more certain than that during the entire course of recent Italian vicissitudes, a considerable and not undistinguished minority, both of the clergy and of the religious orders, gave their best prayers to the side of their common country. Some did better, giving not only their prayers but their lives. Fra Maria of Sestri, a Capuchin monk, fell into the hands of the Austrians during the siege of Genoa in 1747, and died in dreadful torture rather than betray his people. Francesco Conforti, the eminent *savant*, with his fellow-priest, Marcello Scotti, was executed for patriotism by sentence of Ferdinand and Caroline of Naples in 1800. In 1822 the ecclesiastics Ingrassi, Calabrò, and La Villa perished on the gallows at Palermo as carbonari. In the same year Don Giuseppe Andreoli was decapitated at Modena. When told that he alone out of the many imprisoned with him was to undergo the extreme penalty, this good man clapped his hands and rendered thanks to God. In 1828, Canon Antonio de Luca, aged eighty years, and the monk Carlo da Celle, were put to death after the rising at Cilentò for having dared assert that freedom was more in harmony with the spirit of the gospel than oppression. Don Marco Fortini of Fratta was long imprisoned at Spielberg on a charge of carbonarism; when released, his health was so shattered that he died on reaching the Italian frontier. The men just mentioned were among the pioneers of Italian liberty. Later, in the dire anti-climax of defeated hopes which followed the great effort for the attainment of emancipation in 1848, there were not a few ecclesiastics who may be ranked with the most faithful of those who refused to despair. The Mantuans—Tazzoli, Grioli, and Grazioli—and the Brescians—Borfava, and Palusella—paid the cost of their fidelity with their blood. It was a saying of the first of these, Don Enrico Tazzoli, that the multitude of victims had not lessened the courage of the survivors in the past, nor would it do so in the future, even until victory was achieved, inasmuch as the cause of the people was like the cause of religion—it triumphed by virtue of its martyrs. The names here set down in what has no pretence to be a full list, would suffice to show that Italy is spared the humiliation of the

thought that one class of her sons was ranged without exception against her in her hour of need. But they are names which have failed to take hold of the mind of the nation at large. A single striking and pathetic personality has passed into the legend of free Italy as representing all the elements of patriotism existing within the ecclesiastic pale. Others are forgotten, Ugo Bassi is not; and the Italian people have added a saintly nimbus to his crown of martyrdom.

He was the son of a Bolognese father and a mother of Greek extraction. At the time of his birth, the first year of this century, his parents were living at Cento, but soon after they moved to Bologna, with a view to giving him as good an education as their modest circumstances would allow. In his early boyhood Bassi showed all the evidences of that precocity—not so much in the faculty of acquirement as in the faculty of emotion—which has often to be observed in the history of creative genius. It is not indeed any sure proof or promise of great things to come, for emotional intensity is only the steam-power by whose aid the man of genius threshes out his intellectual corn. What it does promise is that the child or youth will have through life the dangerous gift or a highly-wrought nervous organisation. From a psychological standpoint Bassi's boyhood bears a singular resemblance to the youth of an English man of letters—Sydney Dobell. I put on one side an unsuccessful attempt to enlist at fourteen, under Murat's banner; a boyish escapade into which, perhaps, entered some foreshadow of the burning patriotism that was later to master all his being. Further down the century there was more than one fourteen-year-old boy fighting in Garibaldi's ranks. Thrown back on himself, and on the teaching of his spiritual director, his precocious development carried him where it carried (with results far less melancholy) the author of "*The Roman*"—that is, to early love and religious excitation.

The story of his love is as sad a little romance as any poet or novelist "with the gift of tears" ever wove into fiction. He had a schoolfellow named Bentivoglio, and the schoolfellow had a sister, a delicate young girl, who inspired Bassi with an affection which, childish though it was, yet possessed all the magical enchantment of first love. It was plain to other eyes that Anna Bentivoglio was one foredoomed to early death, but Bassi did

not realise the fact—the young are rarely persuaded of the fatality of an illness that does not kill at once. It is more than likely that the strange spirituality which sometimes pervades the half-child, half-woman, who glides imperceptibly out of a world unknown to her, was the very charm that attracted him. He was permitted to sit by Anna's couch and read to her. One day, feeling no doubt too ill to listen, she asked him abruptly to leave off, giving no reason for the request. In a fit of foolish irritation Bassi went silently away and left the house unvisited for several days. Then came to him like a thunder-clap the news that the girl was dead. He begged his mother to take him to see Anna as she lay dressed and crowned like a bride; and kneeling down beside her, he remained in fixed contemplation. His mother let him be; only after a long hour did she say gently that they must go. To her surprise, he got up calmly and followed her. In that hour he had made the resolution of entering a cloister.

It is improbable that Bassi would have taken this resolve with the seriousness of one who cannot be turned from his purpose had not his mind been prepared for the reception of the idea of what is termed, in Catholic phraseology, a religious life. It is the system of Catholic education to stimulate the child's sense of moral responsibility to the utmost, and to convince him of the evilness of things human. If he be by nature excitable and easily impressed, the result is not difficult to foresee. The little child, instead of looking out into the beautiful world with hope and joy, shrinks from it as from a sink of corruption. And when he has reached this point, when, feeling himself weak, and imagining his soul not as the temple of the spirit of God, but as the lurking-place of Satan, he looks around for some harbour of refuge, he has not far to seek. Without presupposing the smallest effort to drive him in the direction of a monastic life, he must have heard it praised as a life of safety and peace—the more excellent life, which alone can satisfy the soul's aspirations, which is of itself so admirable that after embracing it little remains to be done to become a saint. To the monastic life, then, the boy or girl of Catholic training and sensitive temperament turns with the white-heat enthusiasm of youth—its thirst for the accomplishment of some great act; its craving after the ideal, the unfamiliar, the out-of-the-common; its impatience of

the realities of every day. When the subject is first broached, the aspirant will scarcely meet with much encouragement; but the arguments urged against the step he desires to take are of a kind that inclines him the more to it. Is he worthy? Has he constancy, sanctity, humility? Young people are ashamed of changing their minds, even in small matters, and they have a holy horror of confessing to a mistake in the valuation of their physical or moral powers. Thus in the majority of cases, the youth returns, after the prescribed term of probation, more resolute than before. Neither he, nor the directors of his conscience, can further doubt the reality of his vocation: of his call from God to the assumption of the religious habit. Amidst a shower of pious congratulations, the neophyte is received. This imaginary history was very much that of Bassi. On October 24, 1818, he began his novitiate in the order of S. Barnabas, taking the name of Ugo, in place of his baptismal name of Giovanni. Immediately after, he left Bologna for Rome, where his seclusion was varied by visits to the pilgrim spots—the Coliseum, the Catacombs, S. Peter's—and where his favourite studies were the Bible and the "Divina Commedia." Such a life, such studies, might have inflamed the dullest imagination. Bassi tried to give poetic expression to his Roman daydreams in a poem called "The Cross Victorious." The argument was a story of triumphant weakness, and of new life up-springing from the blood that watered the arena. Two stanzas may be quoted as showing how, in Bassi's mind, the thought of the past was wedded to the thought of the future:

"So shalt thou wage with tyrants ceaseless war,
 Our fount of pride and hope, O Rome divine!
 In ages still to follow stronger far,
 Thou with thy Capitolian fame shalt shine.
 Virtue restored again be popular,
 Again thy sons in freedom's arts combine;
 Thy reign shall be the buckler of the weak,
 Austere to greatness, kindly to the meek.

I see thy pure and venerated brow
 Steeped in the splendour of a light unborn;
 Albeit from what source I know not now
 Shall rise thy destined sun, thy glorious morn;
 I see on ocean's breast thy swift-winged prow,
 That shall the confines of Alcides scorn;
 I see to-morrow's world, regenerate,
 Receiving from thy hands the book of fate."

In 1833 Bassi entered upon his public ministry. He had acquired a knowledge of both the classical languages, and he also wrote fluently in French and English. A Shakespeare and a Byron were his inseparable companions. He sang well, and played the violin and other instruments. He painted pictures of saints, and a solemn mass composed by him was performed with success at Naples. Yet for all his graceful talents and his quickness of apprehension, Bassi never attained intellectual maturity. If he was not a child, he was a man of an age when the world was less old. It is this that lends interest to his appearance amongst men striving to actuate some of the latest hopes of mankind. There was something in him of Francesco d'Assisi and something of Savonarola. Under the right conditions he would probably have been as ready as either to believe that he saw visions and heard Divine voices. It may be doubted if his sermons contained much originality of treatment or finish of style, but their effect was immense. People threw down their garments for him to walk over. He went to Sicily, where he was enthusiastically welcomed. Just after he had left the island, the cholera broke out at Palermo, and, in the absence of all sanitary safeguards, the city was plunged into frantic panic. Bassi determined to go back without a moment's delay. He was no fatalist, nor does he seem to have had the presentiment of safety in danger which some men have. He knew the likelihood of his falling a victim to the disease; but he knew it to glory in it. It was to him a foretaste of *lo dolce assenzio de' martiri*—the sweet wormwood of the martyrs. It is told regarding his return to Sicily that the Palermitans, moved by such fantastic hopes as are bred in times of public agony, had gone down to the shore imagining that succour of some sort would come from across the sea. As the ship bearing the monk steered into the harbour mouth, his dark form was recognised leaning against the side of the deck. A cry went up, "It is Father Ugo Bassi!" When the boat by which he disembarked touched the land, he said, "My beloved people, God, who lately sent me amongst you to announce His Word, permits that I should come to you now to pray with you, to suffer with you, to die with you." The crowd pressed about him eager to kiss his hand or even the hem of his habit. He walked straight to the cholera hospital, where he remained while the scourge lasted.

Even the doctors were amazed by his untiring devotion. Once, when the hospital was so crowded that there was not so much as a mattress to be given to a fresh sufferer, Bassi took the man in his arms and made him a pillow of his breast.

When the cholera ceased, Bassi crossed over to Italy and resumed his ordinary life of preaching and struggling; for struggling formed a great part of his life. "Do you always preach like that?" asked the cardinal legate of Bologna, after one of his sermons. "You seem to me an apostle of revolution!" There was a time when Bassi thought of publishing the text of his discourses, as the best proof of the soundness of their contents; but he resisted the temptation to lay his case before a wider and perhaps juster tribunal. "I feel," he wrote, "that to do God's pleasure and to pray for the good of our enemies is as sweet even as triumph. Any way, the Lord hath not said vainly, 'Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.' This Divine word, that made so many martyrs to the gospel, will it not make others in future to the cause of truth?" Again, he wrote to a friend who was exerting himself on his behalf: "We will bear the cross not to-day only, but to-morrow, and every day even until death, as He bore it. And whenever that happens which you desire, we will not rejoice in the humiliation of those who will us ill, but we will thank the Lord in that He has changed this cross into another that may be easier to bear." On the death of an ecclesiastic who had always befriended him, Cardinal Caracciolo, Archbishop of Naples, he went a third time to Sicily. When he was a youth, he had given the answer, "I do not wish to beg," to some one who asked him why he had joined the order of S. Barnabas in preference to that of S. Francis. But to this extremity he was now reduced. Going up to a lady who was making costly purchases, he said, calmly and simply, "Signora, I am poor Father Bassi, just arrived at Palermo, and, as you see, lacking everything. In Christ's name I ask of you alms." The Palermitans recollected Bassi, and his prayer was generously responded to. He wished his benefactress to take back a portion of her gift; the half would have covered his immediate wants. "Do not make me blush more deeply," she said, reverently kissing his hand. From all classes in Sicily he met with the accustomed welcome. A small salary defrayed his travelling

expenses and enabled him to dress decently, so that he could write cheerfully to his mother: "I am no longer obliged to walk on my heels with my toes out of my shoes." He begged her in the same letter to pray fervently that he might be suffered to go his way in peace, "preaching the holy gospel and praising the Infinite Goodness." On the proclamation of the amnesty at the accession of Pius IX. he returned to the mainland, and in the summer of 1847 he sought an audience at the Vatican. "What a good heart Father Bassi has!" exclaimed Pio Nono, at the end of the interview.

A year had passed since what the diplomatic language of the day called the "*melancholy régime*" of Gregory XVI. was exchanged for the rule of the Pope Liberator. An unmodified prolongation of Gregory's system would have been not far from a sheer impossibility. A trustworthy person, writing during the Conclave, stated that the Government could not stand one day were it not for the Swiss troops and the protection of Austria. The party in favour of the old method of governing, if strong enough to impede and retard its alteration, were unequal to the task of maintaining it intact. Something had to be done, and something Pius IX. did. He was like a child who gives a starving family a box of sweetmeats, and is surprised at their asking for more solid food. His great fault lay in the fact of his letting all Europe believe that the solid food would follow the sweetmeats, and that soon. Thus he became deeply responsible at once for the action which brought the Italian movement to a crisis, and for the reaction by which it was crushed.

In July, 1847, Metternich observed that in Rome the revolution was complete, and the observation was sufficiently correct in the sense in which he meant it. The late tyranny had been replaced by a government so ill-defined and complicated as to be perfectly unintelligible. Our agent, Mr. Petre, was constantly expressing his expectation that public tranquillity would not be preserved. That the forecast was not verified, and why it was not, may be gathered from a sentence in one of his subsequent reports: "The influence of one individual of the lower class, Angelo Brunetti, hardly known but by his nickname Ciceruacchio, has for the last month kept the peace of the city more than any power possessed by the authorities, from the command which he exerts over the populace."

It will not be amiss if, before we go back to Bassi, I give some slight account of this Angelo Brunetti, with whom one day his fate was to be strangely linked. And first as to the nickname. Ciceruacchio means, in the tongue of the Roman people, "He who flourishes." Brunetti's mother called him so when a child because he was strong and ruddy; when he grew up the designation still fitted him so well that it stuck to him. He was a wine-carrier by trade, as his father had been. The wine-carriers of Rome form a class apart, and the purest Roman blood is that which flows in their veins. Nor are they unworthy of their lineage, for their probity and self-respect are proverbial. By middle age Angelo Brunetti had earned enough to buy a hostelry near the Porta del Popolo, where he sold wine and let out horses. He made a good deal of money, but so lavishly did he give it away that his wife often looked anxiously at her little sons, and wondered if they would not be left penniless. How by degrees, and without seeking it, he won the entire confidence of the great mass of his fellow Romans cannot well be traced step by step. Questioned on the subject in after years, the people could only speak of a strong arm always ready to strike a blow in defence of the weak, and a powerful voice which seemed to give utterance to their own best thoughts. There is not a more mythical personage in the legend of Free Italy than Ciceruacchio. Some of the tales of his marvellous feats of strength are probably fables; but it seems well established that in times of the Tiber floods, when no one else would brave the furious rush of the waters, he went in a boat to rescue such as were in danger, and to take provisions, furnished at his own cost, to others who were cut off from outer communication. To foreigners who had not forgotten all they learnt at school of the "grandeur that was Rome," there was a curious fascination in the discovery of a Roman tribune midway in the nineteenth century. Few persons have lived long on the banks of the Tiber without being struck by the indefinable continuity of Roman life. This is apparent for the most part in little things, as by the scattered growth of certain kinds of grain we may guess that a field was once planted over therewith. But in Ciceruacchio it was made plain to all who ran. Hence every one wished to see him, even more, so it was laughingly said, than to see the Pope. Lord Minto made his acquaintance in the course of that tour which, in the belief

of many wise persons, English and continental, was the sole, undivided cause of the Italian Revolution of 1848. On taking his departure for Naples, the British diplomatist gave Lorenzo Brunetti, eldest son of the leader, a copy of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," with these lines written on a fly-sheet—

"These be but tales of the olden day,
The patriot bard shall now his lay
Of charming freedom pour:
And Rome's fair annals bid the fame
Of Ciceruacchio's humble name
In deathless honour soar."

The Pope himself showed his esteem for Ciceruacchio. Not many men would have stayed unspotted in the midst of praise and flattery, that were the more dangerous because coming from those who had education and high birth to one who had neither. Angelo Brunetti was saved from conceit by a Roman sort of pride. He was too proud to shrink from working with his hands as he had worked when a boy; he was too proud to put by his coarse blouse for a black coat, or to try and talk any more polite speech than the rolling Roman *patois* his mother had taught him. It was the same pride that made him so careless of the common means of winning power and popularity. While he still hoped in the Pope, he gave away money and succour out of his own resources, pretending that it was the gift of "er Papa"; and when the republic was proclaimed, instead of seeking a post under Government, or even a deputy's seat, he was content to carry wine to the thirsty soldiers and to find workmen for the fortifications. And he would take no pay for his services or his provisions.

We have seen how in 1847 Ciceruacchio kept the peace of Rome. It was a fixed idea of his that the retrograde party tried to foment disturbances in order to throw discredit upon liberal principles; thus he thought he saw their hand in a threatened outbreak of the Roman *residuum* on the occasion of Pius' best measure: the freeing of the Jews. By strenuous exertions Ciceruacchio turned the riot that had been feared into a fraternisation between the two races. Rough in words, he was honourably moderate in act. More than one priest owed his life to him, and to him it was largely due that the ignorant masses did no mischief to the works of art and public monuments of

Rome. When, during his exile, Garibaldi wrote a few lines of tribute to the character of the Roman *popolano*, he could think of no more salient trait to record of him than "his charity for the powerful: one of the rarest virtues of the weak when they are called upon to take the place of the strong."

On New Year's Day, 1848, the Pope fell back fainting in his carriage, perplexed and alarmed by the crowd that closed round him. "Courage, holy father! you have the people with you!" cried Ciceruacchio. The people still looked on Pius as ranged on their side, and only prevented from satisfying their desires by his enemies and theirs. The main objects at which they aimed were three in number—the secularisation of government, the dismissal of the Swiss troops, and co-operation in the coming patriotic war. The most urgent demands were for increased efficiency of the army. Ciceruacchio, in conjunction with the Duke of Lanti and the Prince of Teano, presented a petition to the Consulta di Stato, in which stress was laid on the necessity of military reforms. The Consulta proposed various measures, but it was rumoured that the Ministers refused to carry them out. A tumultuous crowd assembled in the Piazza del Popolo to await the Pope's decision; if it were unfavourable, Ciceruacchio said "that they must take affairs into their own hands." At length Prince Corsini brought the announcement that the Pope was about to call to Rome an Italian officer of rank to assist in reorganising the army, and that further, he intended to secularise most of the ministerial offices and to negotiate treaties of defence with other Italian States. A band of citizens, wearing the papal colours and the Italian tricolour, halted under the balcony of the Quirinal to give thanks for these concessions. There was a revival of public trust in the Pope. An occasional protest against the doings of the advanced party seemed counterbalanced by oracular remarks that were interpreted to mean sympathy with their views. What other sense was likely to be attached to such words as the following, sprinkled as they were with benedictions on the peoples of Italy?

"The events which these two months have seen succeeding and pressing on each other with so rapid change are not the work of man. Woe unto him who in the wind which agitates, shakes, and shatters to pieces cedars and oaks, hears not the voice of the Lord!"

Towards the end of March 17,000 pontifical troops were sent to the frontier, under the command of General Durando. A great meeting in the Coliseum celebrated their departure, and Father Gavazzi, likening himself to Peter the Hermit, invited all who went to swear "on this soil, sanctified by the blood of saints and martyrs," that they would return no more till the country was free. Our agent reported that "nearly the whole population was fairly convinced that war had been declared, and that the Government was to assist in driving the Austrians out of Italy." On the 5th of April Durando addressed his troops at Bologna. He ordered that each soldier should wear a cross on his breast. "Pius IX.," he said, "has blessed your swords, united with the sword of Charles Albert. . . . With the cross and by it we shall conquer; and 'God wills it' shall be your battle-cry." Not much heed was paid to the statement of the Roman official journal, that when the Pope wished to express his sentiments he invariably spoke by his own mouth. The war of Italian independence was proclaimed a holy war by friends and foes. Count Ficquelmont, the Austrian Minister, said angrily, "C'est de Rome qu'a été arboré le signe d'une croisade; le clergé s'est mis partout à la tête de l'insurrection."

It happened that Bassi was appointed this year to preach the Lent course at Ancona. The series of sermons was not concluded when Gavazzi passed through the town accompanied by a party of *crociati*, as the volunteers were called. Bassi went to him and asked if he might share his work, and the offer being gladly accepted, the two Barnabites pursued their way to Bologna. The day after their arrival was Easter Sunday. A vast crowd filled the piazza; townsfolk and national guards, beggars in rags, shepherds in goat-skins, all came together to hear the preaching of the new crusade. Bassi spoke to the multitude from the great stair of S. Petronio. According to the "Gazzetta Ufficiale," issued next morning, the effect produced by his words was "beyond all possibility of believing!" The reporter continued, "He who was not touched yesterday can have no heart in his breast." Bassi called upon the people to give their lives, their money, their worldly goods. The scene that followed was the first of many similar scenes. From the richest to the poorest there was hardly a man or woman who did not press forward to make some offering to the country. Up to

a late hour at night the committee formed to take charge of the patriotic contributions were engaged in receiving all sorts of objects: clothes, linen, watches, jewels, and the small trinkets which in Italian poor families are cherished as heirlooms, not to be parted with even under severe stress of personal want. For the day, the Bolognese presented the spectacle of an united people. Unhappily there lay behind an evil inheritance of class hatreds and social mistrust. Bassi preached civil peace as earnestly as he preached war with the stranger. Religion and freedom, he said, should go hand in hand; harmony should reign between the clergy and laity, and fellow-feeling between the rich and poor. He dwelt on the good uses which wealth could be put to, and on the disinterestedness and public spirit that were to be found in high places. He even persuaded his hearers to cry *Evviva* where they had cried *Morte*.

Durando crossed the Po; "against orders," exclaimed the Cardinal Secretary of State, "but," he added, "orders are not now obeyed." In the belief of the outside world, if Durando acted against the Pope's orders, he acted in compliance with his wishes. The more initiated thought that whether with or without pontifical approval, the die was irrevocably cast. "It would be worse than useless," wrote Mr. Petre, "it would be imprudent on the part of the Government, to disown these acts." But they were all in error. On April 29th the Pope published his famous declaration that it was a calumny to suppose him guilty of Italian patriotism. To us, who know the Pius of later days, the Jeremiah not of the downfall but of the resurrection of his country, it is a lesser surprise to read in the text of the allocution that war with Austria was "abhorrent from his counsels" than to find him asking whether the German Catholics can blame him because he has not been able to repress the ardour of those of his subjects who have applauded the events that have taken place in North Italy, and who, inflamed by an equal love for their nationality, have gone to defend *a cause common to all Italian peoples*. If we would understand the torrent of indignation which the allocution called forth, we must remember that something else had been hoped of Pio Nono than that he would stand aloof washing his hands while Italians were fighting out the battle of their national existence. For a year and more he had been honoured and loved as the saviour of Italy, and what fell to

him now was the natural antithesis of that love and honour. Fifty thousand people walked through the streets of Rome almost speechless under the first blow of the news. A priest, mingling with the crowd, broke the silence by exclaiming, "He has deceived us!" Ciceruacchio then said, with tears in his eyes, "He has betrayed us."

The effect of the allocution on the Bolognese was not to make them dumb; they cried aloud for vengeance. All the day Bassi had been out in the country districts, seeking after recruits and money; he had scarcely come back, worn out with fatigue, when he received a message from the Cardinal Legate (Amat) imploring him to exert himself to calm the people. He went, therefore, to the cathedral, and a large number of citizens assembled in the dimly-lighted aisles to hear what he would say. He exhorted them to abstain from excesses and to be patient. He could speak the more convincingly because his own individual faith in the Pope was nearly as strong as ever; it was faith of a kind that is slow to yield even to the best of evidence. About this time the heads of the Barnabite order obtained from Rome a decree of secularisation affecting both Bassi and Gavazzi; but Cardinal Oppizzoni, to whom it was entrusted for delivery, returned it to those who sent it with the remark that he judged its publication "inopportune." Hence the religious status of the two monks remained unchanged.

We see Bassi next at Treviso, on the 12th of May, when General Guidotti led the small garrison in a desperate sortie outside the gate of S. Tommaso. Bassi showed the same fearlessness under fire that characterised him in all danger. He was hit in three places, but he refused to have his wounds dressed till he had given the last consolations of the Church to General Guidotti, who was carried dying out of the action. He was as joyful at having shed his blood in the Italian ranks as a schoolboy who wins his first prize. The chief wound was caused by a bullet, which was only extracted a month later, after Bassi had been transported to Venice, where Daniel Manin welcomed him to his home, and treated him with the greatest kindness. As soon as a tedious convalescence would let him, he went among the soldiers at Chioggia and Fort Malghera, encouraging the well, and tending and comforting the sick and wounded, whether friends or enemies. His influence with the soldiers was

great, nor was it less with the Venetian people, who flocked to hear his addresses in the Piazza S. Marco, and responded as cheerfully as the Bolognese had done to his call for aid to the army and the state. By the end of October his recovery was complete. In the memorable sortie of Mestre, he marched at the head of the Roman legion; and when a house full of Austrians was taken by assault, he was the first to enter it—jumping in through a window, and waving an improvised flag to his companions. On the recall of the Roman troops, after the defeat of Custoza (as forming part of Charles Albert's forces, with which they were amalgamated when repudiated by their own Government), he left Venice for Ravenna, where his spirit was refreshed by memories of that greatest of Italian poets whom he had passionately venerated from his youth up. In the city where Dante died he stayed some days before returning to Bologna.

An Austrian bombardment in August, and a reign of anarchy in September, were among the miseries that had befallen the Bolognese since Bassi bade them goodbye. Of the first, General Welden said that it was the result of a mistake and quite unintentional: which was small comfort to the bombarded population. As to the second, it was to be accounted for by the incapacity of the administration, and the lack of moral cohesion in the people. Miscreants of every class and condition profited by the prevailing absence of respect for constituted authority. "The arbitrary acts of the last Pope, and the weaknesses of this one, having rendered the government of Rome odious to the Bolognese," wrote Sir G. Hamilton, English Minister at Florence, "they would gladly embrace any government that would free them from it." This was a truer view than that adopted by the papal administration, who represented Bologna as beyond all human power of governance. In the month of December, the city was stated to be "tranquil under the rule of the clubs"—political societies which, for better or worse, caught the reins of public control that had so signally escaped the grasp of the Legate and his officials. Bassi became a member of one of the clubs, where his constant appeals to concord and patriotism bore good fruits.

At Rome the final crisis had come. It was precipitated by a crime that did as much harm to the Italian cause as it was

possible for any one act to do. On November 15th, Count Rossi was foully murdered. From the first Rossi had been doomed to failure, and, apart from moral considerations, it was to be regretted that his tragic end gave his failure in some sort the appearance of an accident. In a certain sense he was the Emile Ollivier of the temporal popedom. Once a revolutionist and an exile, he had acquired so great a distaste for revolutions that he refused to recognise the French Republic after the fall of Louis Philippe. Still, he did not cease to consider himself a liberal; and even his death hardly silenced the attacks made upon him by the ultramontane party. He was by nature reserved, courageous, and full of a fatal contempt for all who disagreed with him. The chaos he found in every department when, in September, 1848, the Pope made him his minister, was repugnant as to him as a man no less than a politician. For the Pope's person he had a touching regard: and having brought his mind to think that the papal cause was the cause of God, he endeavoured to give it an air of respectability in the eyes of the world. But, as has been said, he was doomed to failure.

Unconvicted deeds of violence were then so common in Rome that the theory of private revenge probably would have been accepted as accounting for Rossi's assassination, had not one or two hundred men, belonging to the dregs of the people, paraded the streets with cries of savage exultation over the minister's death. When the distinguished publicist, Farini, left the house where he had gone to take a last look at the lifeless body of his friend, he was received with insults that might mean menaces. Presently, in the Campo di Fiore, he met Ciceruacchio, who said to him, sadly, "Those are infamies that I should like to wash out with my blood, such shame and grief do they cause me. As for you, sir, fear nothing. Will you have one of us to escort you? We are honest *popolani*, and we would all rather die than that a hair of your head should be hurt." A large crowd assembled before the Quirinal on November 16th, to demand the proclamation of Italian nationality, the convocation of a Constituent, and the execution of measures furthering the war of independence. While a parley was going on, several of the civic guards in the crowd fired their muskets. These shots seem to have been intended for the Swiss, who, by some accounts, had fired once or twice out of the palace windows, and with whom the people were

violently incensed. Be that as it may, a prelate, Monsignor Palma, who was standing in one of the rooms of the Quirinal, was mortally wounded. No threats or offensive cries were raised against the Pope. Pius, however, lost all nerve. He spent a few days in acknowledging, disacknowledging, and re-acknowledging a new Ministry, and then fled.

“Dove è andato il Papa?” asked Bassi, his long-cherished faith broken at last—“Where is the Pope gone?” The Pope had craved the hospitality of a prince characterised by Cardinal Antonelli as “eminently catholic,” to wit, Ferdinand of Naples, once again indisputably King of the Two Sicilies, thanks to the vigour of his troops, who burnt thirty cripples in one church, shot and outraged women and children in a second, killed a priest before the altar of a third, and in a fourth dashed the consecrated elements to the ground.* It was to this effect that Bassi answered his own question at the People’s Club in Bologna on New Year’s Eve.

For some three months after the Pope’s flight Rome remained under the authority of a phantom ministry which, though disowned by him, yet nominally acted in his name. On February 9, 1849, the Constituent Assembly proclaimed a republic, only eleven members out of the hundred and forty-four present voting against it. Thus the most venerable and the last remaining of the prince-bishoprics of the early ages crumbled to pieces; nor was it to be any more actually renewed; for as was well pointed out some years ago by an ecclesiastic of high rank in a number of the *Rassegna Nazionale* of Florence, the galvanized life restored to the civil kingdom of the Pope after 1849 was essentially fictitious, resting as it did on extraneous and adventitious forces coming from without. In the death-spasms of an expiring world, and the birth throes of a new society, the temporal power of the Church had its office, its great uses, perhaps its necessity—though it is needful to go no further than Dante to see how it was regarded by many devout catholics even in its splendid period. But the time was long past when an ecclesiastical government could be other than an anachronism, still more incongruous in its religious than in its civil aspects.

Bassi hastened to Rome, whence in the beginning of March he started for Rieti, where Garibaldi was stationed. Shortly

* *Vide* English Blue Books.

after reaching the latter place, he wrote to his mother: "The dear reception I have received from the hero Garibaldi I cannot describe, or rather I could not have wished it better." All the legion loved him, and rejoiced in his presence. Writing a month later from Anagni, he said of the chief: "This is the hero my soul has ever sought. Hardly had we met when our kindred spirits (if it be lawful for me to liken myself to such an Italian?) understood and loved one another. Kindnesses and courtesies each day he showers upon me in equal measure." He preached before the legion, sometimes in church, sometimes in the open, always to the great gladness of all. Once in the neighbourhood of Subiaco, a halt was made by a spot where a torrent washed down the sides of a precipice. From this Bassi drew his images, carrying his hearers away with him. Another day, when he had preached in the piazza at Anagni, the officers and people bore him in triumph on their shoulders. All the while he was still wearing the habit of a Barnabite monk, though it exposed him to some inconvenience in places where he was not known. It was inevitable that at that period the clerical robe in its every variation should be viewed as the uniform of the non-combatant enemy who called in Frenchmen, Austrians, and Spaniards to fight Italians. Those who have seen how small is in Italy at the best of times the respect inspired by that robe, even where belief is firmest in the sacredness of the priest's office, may well wonder that the irritation then dominant did not lead to more than the few recorded cases of deplorable but isolated crime. Bassi never thought of changing his manner of dress. To Garibaldi, on the contrary, it appeared that his power for good would be increased by his relinquishing the monastic garb. How he brought about this end without wounding Bassi's susceptibilities can be told in the latter's enthusiastic words:

"Garibaldi, who holds me dearer than those who love me best could have dared hope (he says that I am sent to him by God to be a link between the soldiers and the people), Garibaldi, I say, suggested that I should be dressed, like the staff officers, in the red uniform, with some distinguishing sign to show that I am chaplain; for instance, the silver chain with the cross suspended from it, which is usually worn beneath the religious habit. Thus I should the better command the affectionate

hearing of the men should occasion arise for me to correct them, or remind them of their duty—for they hold the black gown in aversion. I answered that I would willingly fulfil this or any other of his desires, his wishes being to me as much law and necessity as if they came from God and the country. Well, at the time of my sermon in the piazza, he sent to the house where I lodge a uniform of his own which he had twice worn, handsome and most precious. So next day I went forth dressed in Garibaldi's uniform. He wears no badge of generalship, such as gold lace, slashings, and other mockeries, but dresses like the rest of the officers, content with being Garibaldi; not that he says this, or hints it, for his modesty is as great as his glory. We have been making real military marches over hill and dale and rugged steep for nearly two hundred miles. We have often slept under the sky, or out in the rain. About Italy I will not speak! shame makes me silent. Italy is here in our camp—Italy is Garibaldi and his followers.”

The last sentence reads almost as a prophecy. This man, who had then his European career unmade before him, was for the space of twenty years to have waiting his bidding an army ready for victory, or defeat, or death; blindly loyal without hope of reward, unobtrusively obedient without fear of punishment; an army which existed just by reason of the one fact that its chief had the “genius to be loved.” And if “Garibaldi” and his followers were not “Italy”—if there were other minds than his, and other swords than theirs which no less earned a title to the gratitude of the Italian people, still the further we move from the transactions of those twenty years, the more difficult does it become to see how, but for him and for them, Italy could have been raised from the company of nations that are dead.

The Government of the French Republic decided that the Roman Republic must not be let to live. The Roman Assembly commented on the decision by a decree that “force should be repelled by force.” Frenchmen were astonished at so much temerity, and yet more astonished were they when the world knew that on April 30th Oudinot had been routed by Garibaldi. The French made one prisoner—Bassi, who was seated with a dying man's head in his lap, during a momentary advance of the enemy, and who let himself be taken rather than quit his

charge. Till then he had been seen everywhere—on horseback at first, and on foot after his horse was shot under him. The little horse, called by its rider, “*Ferina*,” fell into a kneeling posture. Bassi quietly dismounted, and in distress at the loss of his favourite, he cut off a piece of its mane to preserve as a keepsake, bullets meanwhile whistling round him. When surrounded by the French, he surrendered only on receiving the officer’s word that his wounded comrade would be attended to. The French soldiers recognised him as having ridden at the head of the victorious Romans, and treated him rudely. General Oudinot was himself more courteous, and next day he was sent into Rome, bearing a letter to the Government. He had promised to bring the answer back, which he did the same evening, having walked a good fifteen miles. The answer was a refusal to negotiate on the basis of the invaders’ entering the city “as friends”; but the French admired Bassi’s good faith in bringing it, and entertained him hospitably. Half the night he sat up talking to his hosts of his country, and in the morning he returned to Rome. “Here I am, safe and sound,” he wrote, after narrating the adventure to his mother. “Garibaldi has given me a horse ten times handsomer than my poor ‘*Ferina*.’ Now we are to the front, and we live like real soldiers. I am well. Adieu!”

Through the whole siege Bassi devoted all his energies to his cause. “For our wounded,” writes Garibaldi, “Ugo Bassi, young, handsome, and eloquent, was really the angel of death. He possessed at once the simplicity of a child, the faith of a martyr, the knowledge of a scholar, and the calm courage of a hero.” It is remarkable that all who saw him were struck by his look of youth, though he had passed the midway of life. A word may be said here of his personal appearance. Bassi had brown hair which fell in waves on his shoulders; his eyes were clear and calm, but capable of lighting up with extreme animation; his mouth most often wore a smile; his skin was fair, and his figure well made and graceful. He rode exceptionally well, and perhaps to afford him an innocent gratification, Garibaldi gave his head chaplain the most fiery and spirited horses. When he rode in the midst of the battle, often dragging a wounded man into the saddle, and galloping with him out of fire, his hair flowing to the winds, the crucifix lying on his breast, never hit,

though in the hottest of the fight, he appeared to the soldiers as one more than mortal. Had the Roman Republic conferred Victoria crosses, he would assuredly have been the first recipient. In default of such, a *scudo* was presented to whoever buried a shell that fell without bursting, and Bassi, having performed the act, received the coin, of which he kept one *bajocco* (1d.). The incident was put on record under the great seal of the republic.

Bassi always went unarmed, but he acted on several occasions as orderly officer. Garibaldi remembered him saying, in his natural, ingenuous manner, and with a voice like an angel's, "I have one favour to ask of you; send me on the most dangerous errand." He often told others how glad he should be to die for Garibaldi. And the General said in his turn, "That man saddens me; one can see that he is bent on getting killed." As day by day he beheld the finest soldiers of the republic shot down, his heart, sensitive as a girl's, almost gave way with grief, though his habitual coolness never forsook him in the face of the enemy. After the engagement of June 30th, when Dr. Bertani stood in the sacristy of S. Maria della Scala, before the bodies of the Lombard lion, Manara, and Garibaldi's faithful negro, he heard sobs intervening between the reverberations of the French shells; looking round, he saw that it was Bassi, weeping bitterly.

The two lying dead side by side were different in all else save in that each had been an hour before a superb specimen of vigorous efficient, truly living humanity, worthy—the black man as well as the white—to be made in God's image. Anghiar, the negro, was of enormous strength; he had followed Garibaldi, with dog-like love, from Montevideo, where he was born; his head was shattered by a ball as he was holding a remount for his master.

Luciano Manara, who looked still noble in death, was the darling of Milanese society; rich, dashing, brilliant, an excellent musician, a charming companion, a loving husband and father. From the first day of Milan's freedom to the last of Rome's, he had given himself wholly to the service of his country. His Lombard legion of Bersaglieri was more like a picked corps in a regular army than a volunteer band, so high was the degree of discipline to which he brought it. He was a born organiser, and to the finest courage added military talents of a rare order. Though only twenty-four, he inspired confidence and even defe-

rence such as might have been paid to a veteran. Death, by which he had been spared while he could still serve Italy, overtook him in the last fight under the walls of Rome.

He fell at the Villa Spada. Emilio Dandolo had just been hit in the arm. "By God!" cried Manara, "is it always your turn? Am I to take away nothing from Rome?" A few moments later a ball went right through his body. He staggered a few steps, and then would have fallen had not Dandolo been quick to support him with his uninjured arm. "I am a dead man," he said; "I recommend my children to you." As he was being carried to the ambulance he let one of his hands fall into his friend's, saying, "Do not abandon me; stay with me." When the doctors came he entreated them not to move him—to let him die in peace. He wished to receive the sacrament, which was administered by a Capuchin. Afterwards he begged Dandolo to take his body home to Lombardy; and seeing that he was crying, he asked, "Are you sorry that I am dying?" Dandolo could not answer, the tears choked him. Manara added, gently, "I, too, am sorry." He called his orderly to him, and begged his pardon if he had sometimes lost his temper with him. Then he inquired about Emilio Morosini, the youngest of the legion. Not yet eighteen, Morosini's sweet disposition had made him adored by all, while his spotless purity checked on the lips of his comrades any word that could not be said before a child. They called him their guardian angel. He was always smiling—the winning, irresistible, prophetic smile of one who is not to grow old. He smiled as he murmured his prayers on the battle-field. He was the only child of a fond mother, and the delight and pride of all his family. When his dying captain inquired after him it was hoped that he was safe; but it was not so. Finding himself surrounded by a party of French, he fell fighting rather than surrender.

Manara expired after some hours of cruel suffering. "O Bertani, let me die soon!" was the sole word of complaint he was heard to utter. His funeral in the conquered, but still inviolate, city was like a last Roman triumph. First marched a band of Roman musicians; then what was left of the fighting strength of the Lombard Legion—four hundred men out of nine hundred; they had lost nearly all their officers—they had the vague, distraught air of sheep without a shepherd. Dandolo,

who met the funeral as he was on his way to the French camp to recover Morosini's body, recognised ten or twelve soldiers of his brother's company—all that remained! Next came the bier, over which was laid the bloody tunic Manara had worn. After the bier a hundred wounded dragged themselves along; that day they could not be kept to their beds in the hospital. Bassi delivered the funeral oration.

This was the 2nd of July. The French flag hung on the castle of Sant' Angelo. Mindful of the trust they held in the stones of Rome, threatened and injured already by French bombardment, the Roman Assembly decreed the cessation of a hopeless defence. The capitulation was signed, and on the 3rd the French were to make their entry. Garibaldi called his men together in the square of the Vatican, and gave all who would have it, not the command, but the permission, to follow him. They would have no pay, no rest, no rations; only bread and water, when by chance they could find any. They might stay where they were if they did not like the terms. Four thousand foot and nine hundred horse elected to go. Ciceruacchio came forward with his sons; neither he nor they would wait to witness the fall of Rome. He knew the country round, and he offered his services as guide. So the devoted band left the city by the Via Tiburtina.

For a month Garibaldi eluded three armies—French, Austrian, and Neapolitan. When he had given up his first plan of renewing the struggle in Tuscany, he made his way towards the republic of San Marino. The troops were engaged in some skirmishes in the vicinity of Arezzo, and in one of them Lorenzo Brunetti lost his life. Bassi had joined the retreating army at Tivoli; sorrow and exhaustion forced him to lag behind on the march, but he contrived each time to catch up the van. When he arrived at the border of the little rock of freedom, Garibaldi was entreated by the Captain-Regent Belzoppi to avoid exposing San Marino to the revenge of the Austrians. The petition was sent through Bassi. The General went to reply to it in person. He came, he said, as a refugee, and his men were prepared to lay down their arms. The position thus stated, the San Marino authorities welcomed their illustrious though unbidden guest, in which welcome they showed real magnanimity, if it be considered that the State was hemmed round by an Austrian force largely outnumbering the population.

Garibaldi issued an order of the day exhorting his men to respect the proffered hospitality, and setting them at liberty to retire into private life, with the reminder, however, that it was better to die than to live as slaves under the stranger. During the night of July 31st he escaped to the seashore, accompanied by most of his officers (including the gallant Englishman, Colonel Forbes), to the unbounded chagrin of General Gorgowsky, who had made sure of their capture. Of the remaining Garibaldians a part dispersed in the mountains and the rest were taken prisoners.

Garibaldi hoped to place his sword at the disposal of the Venetian Republic, which was still holding out. Thirteen fishing-smacks were on the shore at Cesenatico; in these he embarked with his officers. The chief called Bassi into the boat that carried himself, Anita, Ciceruacchio, and Luigi Brunetti. Anita, who would have shortly given birth to a child, had refused to remain behind at San Marino, as she had refused to remain in Rome. She silenced all Garibaldi's entreaties by the retort, "You want to leave me!" At starting the day was cloudless and the wind favourable to the little fleet, but as evening approached a gale from the north set in, making progress difficult. When Venice was sighted several Austrian cruisers gave chase. The goal might still have been reached had Garibaldi's orders been obeyed, but the fishermen lost their heads and made for the open sea. Sooner or later most of the boats were caught; four, including that which carried Garibaldi, ran ashore, driven before the wind, between the Punta della Maestra and the beginning of the pine-forest of Ravenna. The Garibaldians landed, shook hands in silence, and separated.

Ciceruacchio and his son went into the great pine wood. They were never seen again by any of the companions with whom they parted on the beach. The fate that befell them was long a mystery. The Roman people would not believe their tribune dead; they were confident he would come back to them. During the Crimean war there was a report that Ciceruacchio had been seen dealing out wine to the Sardinian soldiers. Only after the liberation of Venetia did evidence come to light which seemed to show conclusively that the father and the son, a boy of thirteen, with six other Garibaldians, one of whom was a Genoese priest, were shot without trial by order of an Austrian lieutenant named Rokavina, at Cà-Tiepoli, near Rovigo. The persons who gave

this testimony pointed to the spot where the victims had been buried.

Garibaldi took a different road. He was supporting his dying wife—her last strength gone—and had not even a drop of fresh water to quench her thirst. Bassi walked by his side, when of a sudden a thought struck him. "I have red trousers," he said (he had borrowed them from a soldier, his own being worn out), "perhaps I shall compromise you; I will go and see if I can change them." He went, and Garibaldi, crushed down as he was beneath the burden of misfortune, saw him go with indifference.

Close to the lagunes of Comacchio, Signor Bonnet, a proprietor friendly to the Garibaldians, had estates. Thither Bassi turned his steps, in company with Count Livraghi, a wounded officer whom he had met after he left Garibaldi. On the 4th of August they entered a hostelry near the town and asked where they could find Signor Bonnet. The people answered that he had gone on a few hours' journey. Two young countrymen said that the neighbourhood was swarming with Austrians and papal carabineers. They had a boat ready, and they proposed to row the fugitives over the lagune to a place of greater safety. There comes a time in the chase when the hunted animal can do no more, not even for life's sake. Bassi told the youths to be without fear; his companion was weary, and he likewise; for the present they would lie down to sleep. He spoke so calmly that the countrymen thought they must have overrated the danger. While Bassi and Livraghi slept a papal carabineer came to the hostelry, and hearing that there were two strangers, he had them roused, and took them before the Governor of Comacchio. He had a notion that one might be Garibaldi. Bassi said, when questioned by the governor, "I am guilty of no crime save that of being an Italian as you are yourself. I have risked my life for Italy, and your duty is to do good to those who have suffered for her." The governor would have been glad to let the prisoners go, but he dared not. He sent them therefore to an officer commanding the Croats, who sent them to an inn, the *Locanda della Luna*. They undressed and went to sleep again. Towards noon Signor Bonnet returned to Comacchio, and on learning what had happened, he hurried to the *Locanda della Luna* with the resolution to save the two Garibaldians at all costs. Five minutes

earlier he might have succeeded ; as things were, he was followed, almost at once, by twelve Croats in the leading of the carabineer who made the first arrest. Bassi and Livraghi were driven off to prison with bayonets pointed at their breasts.

The Austrians alleged afterwards that the prisoners were taken with arms in their hands. It is said that one of their officials admitted that the charge was fabricated, because without it Bassi, at least, could not have been shot. As a matter of fact, Livraghi had lost his arms, and Bassi never carried any. "The only arms he possessed," says Signor Bonnet, "consisted in his breviary and a leather case containing the last cantos of his sacred poem, 'La Croce Vincitrice.'"

Bassi was in the prison of Comacchio for two days. He drew on the wall a picture of Christ on the cross, writing underneath : "Ugo Bassi here suffered something, glad in spirit through the knowledge that he was innocent. Livraghi, a captain of Garibaldi, was present and shared in everything."

On the third day the prisoners were chained and conveyed to Bologna in a cart under a guard of soldiers. There is a tradition that Garibaldi saw them passing through the *Pineta*. Along the way some there were who scoffed and jeered at Bassi. Thus did the chances of fate lead him to die in the city he had ever looked upon as his beloved home : "la mia cara patria," as he was wont to call it, singling it out as in a more special and personal sense the land of his fathers. He was taken to Austrian headquarters, where his sister obtained the grace of a short interview with him. He told her not to grieve, for that his earthly mission was at an end. His aged mother, Felicita Bassi, was kept in merciful ignorance of her son's peril and of the closing scene. She lived yet a few months believing him to be in an Austrian fortress and hoping for his release.

Count Livraghi was a Lombard, and had once served in the Austrian army. This was more than enough for the framers of the indictment. But against Bassi there was no case. Only the promptings of blind hate urged the Austrians to make him the scapegoat for all the damage that had been done them by Italian priests from the Pope Liberator downwards. Pius IX. was much affected when he heard of the monk's death, and he had good reason to be.

The thing can hardly be called a judicial murder ; there was

so little that was judicial about it. Bassi was briefly examined by an auditor ; then the sentence was drawn up. Still General Gorgowsky thought that as a priest was concerned it were as well to have his act approved by priests. Hence arose the most shocking incident of all. Twelve priests were fetched to countersign the death-warrant of their brother in Christ. Nine of these priests were Italians, and they signed. Three were Hungarians, military chaplains in the Austrian army. These three refused to take upon them the shedding of innocent blood.

On August the 8th the condemned men were led outside the gate of Sant' Isaia to a place where it was customary at that time to put criminals to death. Bassi tried to calm the indignation of his fellow-sufferer. Whatever words he was heard to speak were of peace and forgiveness. The grief, and doubt, and heart-sickness of defeat had passed him by, leaving the assurance by which he had been sustained through life, that, after all, "God had promised to save Italy." His own need was rest, and he was soon to have it. There was a great concourse of people and soldiers. By mid-day the place of execution was reached, and the firing party took up its position ; but the young officer who was told off to give the word of command was too deeply moved to utter it. Another officer took his post. Bassi lifted his eyes in prayer towards the Monte della Guardia, where there is a sanctuary venerated by devout Catholics. Then he said, "I am ready ;" and in a moment he fell dead.

He was buried a few paces from where he fell. During the night unknown hands strewed the ground with flowers. Every night the same thing happened, till the papal commissary had the body secretly dug up and laid in the cemetery of the Certosa, to which he could prevent access. He could not prevent the feeling of horror evoked by the death of this patriot priest. Few executions have made an equal impression. People whispered strange stories. Some one said that when walking after dark he had seen the monk robed in white with a shining light about his head. The fantasies of southern imaginations wound round the facts of a simple and heroic life.

On the plain skirting the pine woods of Ravenna, where the last defenders of Rome wandered to death or exile, stands the vast church of S. Apollinaris in Classe. It is the only stone erect of what was once a populous city. The marsh water stagnates on

a floor trodden by no congregation ; but the church stands firm, bearing aloft in the wilderness the legend it has borne these thirteen centuries—*Sanguis martyris semen fidei*. The hunted Italians might have read a message of comfort in that inscription. Italy had been well sown ; the fulness of time would bring the harvest.

In just ten years Garibaldi visited Ugo Bassi's grave—a grave honoured and tended by a free people.

A pious duty, still more incumbent, had lately led him back to "Ravenna's immemorial wood" which was as green and fragrant then, as when Dante listened to the murmur of its boughs, or Byron to the song of its cicalas—though now, through an unexplained fatality, it seems threatened with total destruction. Here he had hidden for several days, after closing Anita's eyes and leaving her body to the care of some poor labourers on a farm of the Marquis Guiccioli's ; not able to have the sad consolation of seeing it decently buried. It had been ultimately laid in a chapel (about a mile from the farm) which was the object of his present pilgrimage. He was accompanied by his children, and with them heard mass said by a priest who was there to receive him, before turning away his steps in the falling darkness.

Nothing partakes so much of the marvellous in Garibaldi's history as his flight in 1849 from the Pineta to the Maremma. Austrians and local police and soldiers abounded everywhere ; the peasants were warned against giving even food and drink to "the highwaymen and escaped galley-slaves who were infesting the country." The distance was very great ; the tracks over the mountains and through the woods were always hard to find and often difficult to traverse. In spite of menaces and offered bribes, every man he met proved his friend—there was not a traitor between the two seas. Well might he exclaim, in recalling the charity and courage which saved him, "How proud I felt to have been born in Italy"—in Italy, the fallen Italy, the land of the dead !

Perhaps the most vital aid was that rendered by a priest, Don Giovanni Verita of Modigliana, who sheltered the proscript for two days in his house in the Apennines, and guided him safely along the mountain summits to a further stage of his journey. The final act of rescue was performed by a fisherman of Lerici, who carried him in his boat from the shore of the Maremma to

Porto Venere, where he regaled him with a dish of fish prepared by himself, which, as he was fond afterwards of relating, the hero was pleased to praise. On parting, Garibaldi offered him the little money he had left, but his rescuer would take nothing, except a sheet of paper on which the service he had done was briefly recorded. When reduced to extreme poverty he refused a considerable sum for this autograph. He never traded on his generous act, but quite at the close of his life his case was mentioned to the Prime Minister, by whom he was assigned a pension of 300 francs. Small as it was, it was enough to relieve his modest wants.

Angelo Brunetti had to wait a little longer for the freedom of his birthland, but now he, too, lies amongst his liberated fellow-citizens. I can speak as an eye-witness of the home-taking of Ciceruacchio's dust. At Rovigo, October 10, 1879, an urn holding what was left of the Roman popolano, his son, and their companions, was placed in the train running from Venice to Rome. Soon after Rovigo the line leaves Venetia and cuts through an angle of the Romagna before entering Tuscany. At each town, once bound to Rome, people were gathered to wish God-speed to the convoy. There might have been 4,000 men inside the station at Bologna; young men mostly, of the artizan class. It was noteworthy to see the forbearing gentleness of this crowd in the midst of its excitement—a woman could pass to and fro through the thick of it without having anything to fear. The flags and garlands were draped in crape, and as silence is the privilege of the dead, all was quiet except for the strains of a funeral march. Yet when the train moved off, the pent-up enthusiasm would break forth, and cheer after cheer followed us till we were out of hearing. We were in Rome early next morning. Under the charge of Menotti Garibaldi the urn was taken to a *chappelle ardente*, where also were deposited chests containing the remains of more than three hundred of those who at different dates had died for Rome. On the 12th, six funeral cars left the Piazza dei Termini for the Janiculum. A long procession went before and after them—workmen's and masonic societies, ministers to the Crown, troops of the regular army, Garibaldian veterans, and a company of the orphan children of Italian soldiers. The latter wore their father's decorations; one young boy with

the face of a child Raffaello, had his breast hidden by medals and crosses. Next to the bier walked two fair-haired little girls, and two women ill able to conceal their emotion ; they were the surviving kindred of Angelo Brunetti. His name, or the name rather that had been given to him, was the only one heard that day. Ciceruacchio had come back, and who should say that he was entirely dead ? This was the thought uppermost in the minds of all.

The masses in the streets and public places defied counting, and the conduct of the people was everywhere dignified and imposing. After many hours of a slow triumphal progress, the procession wound up the Janiculan Hill to the terrace opposite S. Pietro in Montorio. Below the terrace lies every foot of the city ; beyond the city, the campagna ; beyond the campagna, the mountains. Here the dead were committed to the earth while the living multitude stood round in the freedom and sunshine of Rome.

IX

NINO BIXIO

IN the autumn of the year 1847 Genoa was making ready to receive the King of Sardinia. There was nothing very remarkable in the fact of the king's visit: it was the custom of the Sardinian monarchs to pass a month in the course of every year in that city of palaces. What was remarkable was that Genoa should be at any pains to make ready to receive him. The proud republican city, whose affections lay enshrined in the memory of her past glories, had incessantly chafed under the yoke of her Savoyard masters; and heretofore she had suffered them to come and go without at all putting herself out to do them honour. There had been no love lost on one side or on the other. But now, from *Ætna* to the Alps, a mighty transformation scene was at work in Italy. The Vision of Unity was dawning upon the peninsula, and at its coming old jealousies and hatreds deemed imperishable vanished out of sight, even as nocturnal mists roll off the mountains at the first rays of sunlight. The heart of Italy palpitated with the deep and strong hopes that are begotten of despair. What Genoa meant by going forth in her thousands to welcome the Sardinian king, was that henceforward there was to be but one cause—that of Italy; and but one cry—that of “War to the foreigner!” Without doubt the king divined the meaning of these unaccustomed throngs, these unwonted cheers; but the people, half-suspecting it would be judged high treason to proclaim it, held their peace as concerned the common thought which had brought them there. Not altogether, however, for a youth, more eager or more daring than the rest, rushed through the crowd, grasped the reins of Charles

Albert's horse, and thundered out, "Sire, cross the Ticino, and we are all with you!" This youth was called Nino Bixio.

Like Garibaldi's, the Bixio family sprang from Chiavari. Nino's father migrated to Genoa, where he settled in a position of trust in the employ of a goldsmith: he was an honest man, somewhat limited in mind and weakly in body. His wife was a woman of a very superior stamp, and was distinguished alike for great beauty and great good sense. It is worth noting that she was the intimate friend of Mazzini's mother, one of the noblest of the noble company of Italian women, who for many years was spoken of by all the party of action simply as *La Madre*. Every one understood whose mother was meant.

Nino, as he was called—his baptismal name was Girolamo—the last of eight brothers, was born October 2, 1821. Unhappily for him, his excellent mother died when he was nine years old; and though it was not long before his father married again, there was no one in the house from that moment who had energy or authority to keep order amongst turbulent boys, and a veritable reign of anarchy was the consequence. So Nino grew up to be a bad boy. All things considered, the "bad boys" and the "stupid boys" have produced quite as respectable a quota of eminent men as the youthful models of primness and precocity. As regards poor Nino, he cannot be held solely responsible for his juvenile peccadilloes. He was, it is true, sent to half a dozen schools, one after another; but no one cared or concerned himself whether he got on well or ill; it was no one's business to remember to pay the master, or to furnish the scholar with maps, school-books, or even paper—the boy was reduced to writing his exercises on the back of the labelled cards of the goldsmith. His schoolfellows, with the cruel, quick instinct of the species, soon discovered the neglect with which Bixio was treated at home, and made a butt of him in consequence—the masters, it would seem, not disdaining to join in the game. Bixio was not the boy to stand this; he threw the inkstand at the master, and administered black eyes to the pupils; from being a butt, he became a terror. These early years must be taken into consideration when we form an estimate of his life as a whole; for the want of a softening and controlling influence during his boyhood, in addition to a temperament naturally hot-headed and a tongue naturally unguarded, led him into trouble on sundry occasions in after

years, when the exaggerations of popular report almost succeeded in giving him the reputation of a sort of filibustering Fra Diavolo, who would cut off a man's head as soon as say good morning to him—a reputation which he did not deserve.

At thirteen, Bixio cut short his school-days by going to sea as cabin boy on board a vessel bound for South America. His shipmates made fun of him upon a fresh score; they styled him *scioetto*—"little gentleman," in the Genoese dialect. Altogether, he did not find the life highly congenial, and he ran away once or twice, but was caught by the captain, and in due time taken back to the port of Genoa. The family were apparently exceedingly anxious to get him off their hands, and therefore lost no time in enlisting him as a seaman in the Sardinian navy. The reasons assigned for this step do not seem to have been very conciliatory, and the boy resisted, upon which he was coolly turned into the streets, where he was found some days later by the police, who forcibly deposited him on board the ship he was to serve in—on the whole, as matters stood, the best thing that could have befallen him. So some years elapsed, and, whether from reading Niccolini's "Arnold of Brescia" and other suggestive works of the same class, or it may be from forming the acquaintance of members of the society of Young Italy, the principles which were at once to govern and ennoble his life took possession of him: henceforth he believed that Italy had a future, and that each of her sons was in duty bound to hasten its advent. He became serious and studious, and held himself in readiness to join in the struggle for national existence as soon as it should begin. By serving as he did in the Royal Navy of Piedmont, he felt that his liberty of action was restricted, and he resolved, if possible, to change into the merchant service. This plan involved a certain amount of expenditure, which he was not himself in circumstances to meet; he was, however, enabled to carry it out by the timely assistance of his brother Alessandro, who had already obtained a fair position in Paris. A remarkable man, this Alessandro Bixio, by the way—a physician, naturalist, aeronaut, journalist, and politician, in which capacity he became the trusted friend of the chief French republicans, and a minister and diplomatic agent under the Government of '48. He received the Legion of Honour, and, amongst other exploits, fought a duel with M.

Thiers *à propos* of the presidency of Louis Napoleon. Made prisoner at the *coup d'état*, he retired, after his release, from the political arena, and devoted himself to the interests of scientific agriculture and industrial enterprise upon a large scale. He was Nino's senior by nearly twenty years, and he survived him.

In 1846, Bixio, with two companions, embarked in high spirits on an American merchant-ship, sailing for Sumatra. But their exuberance was considerably damped by the discovery that the captain of the vessel was a Quaker, whose endeavour it was to institute a rule, something between that of a Trappist monastery and of a Scotch Sabbath. Silence, meditation, and solemn faces were the order of the day; and the three Genoese sailors, scarcely emerged from a madcap boyhood, found themselves sorely out of their element. No sooner were they in sight of Sumatra, than they secretly decided to run away, or rather swim away, from the penitential vessel as best they might. One of the three, Parodi, observed that these waters were swarming with sharks, to which Bixio rejoined: "What matter the sharks?" and leapt in, followed by the others. It was a bright night; the shore seemed near; but distance is deceptive at sea, and the further they swam the further it appeared to recede. Poor Parodi vanished beneath the water: exhaustion or a shark had finished his career; the two others were almost at the end of their strength when they descried a little seagull islet within a short space of them, and here, more dead than alive, they landed. They were perceived by the natives on the shores of Sumatra, who came out to fetch them, and who treated them kindly, but looked upon them as prisoners. A refusal to obey the mandates of their captors would very probably have been followed by instant execution; and the customs, social and religious, with which they were requested to conform at the Malayan court threatened to lead them into disagreeable predicaments, when the worthy Quaker captain arrived as a *deus ex machinâ*, and carried off his runaways, much to their own relief. Thence they sailed to New York, where Bixio took service in the first vessel bound for Europe; and in 1847 we find him once more making an appearance in Genoa in the manner already described.

Those were the days of demonstrations. One followed upon

the other in quick succession : in every Italian city each passing event or incident which could possibly take the impress of a political significance was invested with it. Thus Mr. Cobden's tour grew into the proportions of a quasi-royal progress ; thus at Genoa, when the news came of an insurrection at Palermo, the people proposed a public thanksgiving in the Church of the Annunciation, and Goffredo Mameli dashed off this inscription :—

“ A Dio
Per la Vittoria del Popolo,”

which Nino Bixio, clambering up over the church door, defiantly fastened on the wall, that he who ran might read. Thus again at Genoa, the king's entry was made the occasion of a great political manifestation. These demonstrations were no idle excuses for crowds and rhetoric : they sounded the keynote of the symphony soon to be played by the full orchestra of bayonet and cannon.

On the 18th of March, 1848, Bixio and his friends heard of the revolution in Milan ; the day after, he was on his way to the Lombard frontier. Raffaele Rubattino, whose name will occur again in these pages, paid for the diligence ticket which took the young volunteer to Cavo, for he possessed hardly a sou in the world. At Cavo a small nucleus of volunteers was concentrated, where Bixio was shortly joined by Goffredo Mameli and other of the patriotic youth of Genoa. Mameli parted from Bixio upon a summons from Mazzini to Milan. As a souvenir he gave his friend a little almanac in which to write a diary of the campaign. This almanac is still in existence, having been carefully preserved by Bixio for the sake of his friend ; and although the volunteer corps in which he had enlisted did not have the chance of doing great things, his brief records are interesting, as denoting a curious maturity of judgment in military matters, for a seafaring youth without any special training or experience. The armistice of Salasco put an end, for the time, to the ardently-wished-for and bitterly-disappointing Piedmontese war with Austria. The volunteers were disbanded ; Garibaldi alone yet held out in the midst of universal dissolution. To him Bixio went, and so began their long and fruitful connection.

In the April of 1849, the assurance of amity tendered by General

Oudinot in the name of his master, the President of the French Republic, procured a peaceful reception for the French troops which landed at Civita Vecchia. When the mask was lifted, the French general was in possession of the fortress, and resistance was impossible. Bixio was there ; burning with indignation, he burst into the room where Oudinot and his staff were holding a council of war, and denounced "the infamy of one republic coming to assassinate another." Oudinot replied with some platitude about the intruder being too young to understand the grave events which took them to Rome, and so the incident ended. Again the mask of friendship was resumed, but only to conceal still further bad faith. One month later, Napoleon empowered the French envoy, Lesseps, to sign a convention with the Roman Republic, whereby the war was transformed into an alliance, and at the same time gave secret instructions to Oudinot to trample on the treaty thus signed, and break the truce. Treachery characterized every step in the expedition ; but Napoleon knew that he must carry it through at all hazards ; he knew that the destruction of the Roman Republic was the death warrant of the French, to which self-evident fact not a few so-called French Republicans shut their eyes. Bixio's part in the defence is told in a few words. He was Garibaldi's orderly officer ; his right hand in a dozen brilliant engagements. On one occasion he had the good fortune to make three hundred French prisoners on his own account. In the action of the 3rd of June at the Villa Corsini, he was severely wounded. "Write to my brother in France," he cried, "and tell him I am struck down by a French bullet." The same day, the hospital to which he was taken received another wounded soldier, Goffredo Mameli. When Bixio was in a condition to be moved Mameli sent him this note :—

"My brother,—Two lines written as best I may in my state of semi-crucifixion. If you go to the Quirinal it is a sign that you are up : in that case you might look in on me ; I do not insist, because I know you will do it if you can. I, too, asked to be near you ; I do not know what prevented it. My wound is better, but I fear it will be a long affair. Patience ! Comfort my ill-humour by loving me.—GOFFREDO."

Presently we find this entry in Bixio's diary : "At half-past

7 a.m. on the 6th of July, 1849, in the hospital of the Trinità dé Pellegrini, Goffredo Mameli yielded up his great soul!"

It was not until after the fall of the city that Bixio was well enough to return to Genoa. Always a sailor at heart, he now devoted himself to the study of navigation, and obtained a captain's certificate. But before seeking an appointment, he consulted Mazzini as to whether he might consider himself "on leave" from the service of Italian Independence, and Mazzini answered, "No." Thus his departure was put off, till the *coup d'état* of Napoleon dissipated all immediate prospect of a renewal of the struggle suspended beneath the walls of Rome and Venice. Bixio then re-entered the Genoese merchant service; but the more he saw of it, the further it fell short of his conception of what it ought to be. What he wanted was a mercantile marine worthy of comparison with the old princely commerce of republican Genoa: worthy to compete, under the colours of a great nation—the Italy of the future—with the vast argosies of British trade. A man of action and energy in whatever he gave his mind to, he did not rest until he was in command of a fine clipper—the *Goffredo Mameli*—constructed under his own eyes, and destined to transact business with distant stations. The ship sailed from Genoa in 1855, bound for Melbourne, the first Italian vessel that ever took the direct route for Australia. A little while before leaving, Bixio married Adelaide Parodi. His marine venture had not the success it deserved; and time hastening on brought the year 1859, which summoned him to other work.

The early part of 1859 was a period of suspense and anxiety for Italian patriots. A momentous crisis was plainly at hand; what would be its issue? There had been enough of magnificent failures in Italy. Only eighteen months before the pure-minded, chivalrous Pisacane, Garibaldi's precursor, had added one more to the list. His blue eyes and golden hair are familiar to the readers of Mercantini's poem, "The Gleaner of Sapi," in which a peasant girl relates the landing on the Neapolitan coast of the young leader with his three hundred. They were soon all taken and killed, as they probably expected. "If the country does not respond to our appeal," they had said, in the pledge to which they signed their names, "without reproaching it we shall know how to die like brave men, following the noble

phalanx of Italian martyrs. Let any other nation of the world find men who, like us, immolate themselves to liberty, and then only may it compare itself to Italy, though she is still a slave." Words which mark the close of an epoch.

Whilst waiting for the sword to be unsheathed, Bixio took up the pen and started a journal, for the purpose of advocating the temporary military dictatorship of Piedmont. "We will follow the Government, if the Government will lead." Such was Bixio's programme now, as it had been when he uttered the famous "Cross the Ticino, and we are all with you." It embodied the consistent conviction of his life—a conviction inspired neither by any great partiality for the house of Savoy, nor by quite the feeling of Dante's "*Facciam l'Italia anche col diavolo!*" The fact was that Bixio did not attach very much importance to forms of government. He held that the question of Monarchy or Republic should be regulated by the political expediency of the moment. But it should not be forgotten that this expediency was that of Italy.

If, however, Piedmont was to be followed, she must lead. "Arm! arm! forward! forward!" cried Bixio, day by day. "Do you want money?" he said. "Take it. Do you want men? They are only waiting for you to call them." And he added, with prescient wisdom, "the utilization of the whole available force of the nation will not be less, but more imperative, in the event of a French alliance; for an alliance between the weak and the strong means the relations of servant and master."

When war was declared Bixio followed Garibaldi and his fortune. The corps of 3,600 volunteers performed prodigy after prodigy, took Varese, won San Fermo, defended the Stelvio, covered the Valtellina—almost contrived to draw off the world's attention from the great operations of the allied armies.

Then came the thunderbolt of Villafranca; then came the claim for Italian provinces. To what has been said elsewhere I will only add the remark of an Italian writer which embodies the grain of consolation existing for Italy in all this sad disillusion. "Had Napoleon III., he observes, 'remained faithful to his first manifesto, 'From the Alps to the Adriatic,' the subjection of Italy to the French tutelage would have henceforth

known no limits whatsoever." As it was, that tutelage exercised a sufficiently baneful influence over the new kingdom. But the statement is substantially true; the Treaty of Villafranca freed Italy from what would have been overpowering obligations. The cession of Nice and Savoy cancelled the debt of gratitude incurred at Magenta and Solferino. Not the debt of heartfelt thanks to the Frenchmen dead among the Lombard maize-fields—the Frenchmen who were so brave and so merry, who brought their pets across the Alps, and scarcely a yard of lint to bind up their wounds; but the debt of political allegiance to France.

The convent bell of La Gancia rang in the Sicilian revolution of 1860. Knowing the monks to be entirely devoted to the patriotic cause, the conspirators hid themselves and their arms in the crypt of the chapel, and on the morning of the 4th of April prepared to come forth and head a general rising, when the authorities, who had got wind of their proceedings, sent troops to besiege the convent, where, after forcing the door, they pursued the inmates from floor to floor, sparing neither monk nor layman, and after getting possession, sacking the whole place, including the chapel, in which, as in 1848, they flung the sacred elements on the ground. At Palermo they tell you that not a soul would have escaped alive, had not one of the monks discovered, or succeeded in making, a narrow hole in the outer wall, through which he and his companions crawled, replacing afterwards a waggon which hid the aperture. In 1888 I was shown the position of this hole, which the people call "La buca della salute."

Crushed for the time being in the capital, the insurrection spread here and there in the country, and in a week Rosolino Pilo, of the family of the Counts of Capaci, a tried Sicilian patriot and an intimate friend of Mazzini, arrived, after a perilous voyage, to take the lead of the bands which were scattered about in the mountains.

In the campaign of 1859, Bixio acted as major in the second battalion of Medici's regiment. His position in that of 1860 was one of far greater independence and importance. Garibaldi entrusted him with the delicate mission of superintending the embarkation of the "Thousand," which had to be performed with the utmost promptitude, and under the guise of secrecy. "Let us go, even with twenty men," Garibaldi had said to

Bixio, who was eager to be off, "provided we go at once." The ex sea-captain desired nothing better. He pushed on the business with all despatch, losing his temper, of course, fifty times a day, and not even taking notice of the wife and children he loved so well. At length the arms and ammunition were deposited upon an old hulk which lay in the port of Genoa, jammed in between two steaming vessels, the *Piedmont* and the *Lombard*, belonging to Raffaele Rubattino, the proprietor of the well-known Indian and Mediterranean lines of Italian mail steamers. Rubattino, good patriot, but at the same time cautious man of business, was quite willing his ships should be used, only they must be taken "by force." At dusk on the fourth of May, some forty of the flower of the Garibaldians silently assembled upon the old hulk, and between nine and ten o'clock, Bixio stepped on board, and drawing from his pocket the *képi* of a Lieutenant-Colonel, said, "Gentlemen, from this moment you are under my command; attend to my orders." The orders were to possess themselves, revolver in hand, of the two neighbouring steamers, to carry on board the cases of arms and ammunition, and to prepare for immediate departure. By early dawn the ships were under weigh for Quarto, where Garibaldi was awaiting them in the midst of his Thousand. In his work, "I Mille," he gave an account of this night-watch at Quarto. "The stars shone out in all their southern splendour, and," he says, "an indefinable spiritual harmony seemed to make its presence felt." Who doubted the victory? he exclaims. Not he, certainly. All who were gathered together on that occasion are witnesses to the serene tranquillity of his bearing, the placid smile which from time to time lit up his countenance. His was the faith which moves mountains. But not all who were there assembled professed that faith. Some among that strange medley of veterans and children, of proscripts and soldiers of liberty from different lands, were not so assured of the success of the expedition which was going forth against fifty thousand picked Bourbon troops in Sicily, with a fleet to back them up. Some hoped for little but martyrdom. Some believed victory impossible, but said, with Sirtori, "Where Garibaldi goes, we follow." But all were quite at one in the resolve to "do or die," and in that was their strength.

The hours wore on, and the little throng stamped their feet upon the sea-shore with impatience. What if the ships did not come after all? What if they had been stopped or hindered in their passage? "Bixio and his companions are not the men to be foiled in what they undertake to do," remarked the eldest of the Cairolis, with what Garibaldi calls "that angelic calmness of his." Many, however, have anxious faces. Some look at their watches, others whisper, "Must we return as we came?" But these harassing doubts and fears are suddenly changed to a tumult of satisfaction, for off the promontory appears, too visibly to be mistaken, the outline of the *Piedmont* and the *Lombard*, and in less than two hours the Thousand, with their chief, are safely embarked.

It is little to say that the anxieties of the expedition were not ended, but begun; but it was shortly threatened with a danger that had not been counted on. The speed of the two steamers was different—and Bixio, on the *Piedmont*, had wholly lost sight of the *Lombard*, when in the clear darkness of the May midnight he discerned an ominous black mass upon the water—obviously an enemy lying in wait! Bixio's excitement was tremendous; mindful of certain last instructions he had received from Garibaldi, he decided upon his course of action, raised a desperate shout of alarm, desired the engine-man to put on all steam, and commanded the pilot to steer straight upon the redoubtable apparition. The volunteers rushed on deck, clutching their arms, and re-echoing the cry of "Board her! board her!" without much knowing what it meant. Bixio stood at the prow, ready to be first in the assault. They were within an ace of collision, when a sonorous voice sounded—

"*Capitano Bixio!—Garibaldi!*"

Bixio's heart sank within him. He was just able to stammer out—"General!"

"What are you about? Do you want to send us to the bottom?"

"General, I saw no signals."

"Eh! don't you see we are in the middle of the enemy's lines! Make for Marsala."

"All right, General."

So ended this historic dialogue.

For Marsala they made. To this day the strange fact of the landing being effected without the interference of the Neapolitan fleet remains not wholly explained. It has been stated that the English squadron lay between the Garibaldians and the Bourbon men-of-war; but such was not its position. Somehow or other, however, the vicinity of the English ironclads did deter the Bourbon commanders from attacking the *Piedmont* and the *Lombard*; a fear may have been felt lest the falling of a stray projectile on one of the English houses of business along the shore should lead to English intervention. Garibaldi, one of whose rarest qualities was an extreme readiness to acknowledge obligations, declared his gratitude on this occasion with a frankness that distracted the British Government. He never forgot the service; when he was at the opera, during his triumphal visit to London, on recognising Admiral Mundy (who was in command of the squadron), he immediately left his box to go and pay his respects to him. In the "Memoirs" published since his death, he writes: "Thus the noble flag of England once again contributed to saving an effusion of human blood, and I, the spoiled child of these lords of the ocean, was for the hundredth time their *protégé*."

The Thousand marched on Calatafimi, where the Royalists were entrenched in seven strong positions; and the most bloody encounter of the whole expedition ensued. General Landi, in command of the 4,000 men sent to intercept and annihilate the "filibusters," had seized the immense natural advantages of the ground. He must have felt the utmost confidence in his ability, not only to repulse the handful of liberating invaders, but to drive them once for all into the sea.

Garibaldi, on the other hand, knew that he must win this battle. He could not afford to lose it; if he did, everything would be lost, and he had far better have stayed at Genoa. Even if he escaped destruction, recovery from a first defeat would have been impossible. His prestige alone could carry through the enterprise, and it was a prestige of success. It was the superstition that Garibaldi would succeed that freed Sicily.

What a scene it is—this glorious solitude! These rolling hills whose tops touch the loveliest sky, and look down upon the loveliest sea in the world; these valleys with their vineyards crossed by hedges of prickly pear, and there, to the left, the

Temple of Segesta, alone in its unsurpassable beauty and perfection. All is still now; hardly a breath of wind moves the acanthus spikes, the wheat round the temple ripens for the fortieth time since that May harvest—for the harvest here is in May. But who can come here, who can have ever known the wedded magic of nature and human associations which can be felt nowhere as in Sicily, without exclaiming, What a scene for the casting fight of this fairy-tale of modern history, the march of the Thousand!

They were not in reality a thousand, but about eight hundred. Garibaldi had only them with him at Calatafimi, and such *squadre* of *Picciotti*—Sicilian insurgents—as had hitherto been able to join him; brave fellows they proved themselves on many future occasions, but they were at present totally unorganised, and not unsusceptible to panic. Tranquilly seated on the grass, Garibaldi watched the Royalists' approach, which was rendered conspicuous by their indulging in a lavish expenditure of powder and shot long before they were close enough to inflict damage. As soon as they were within range, the Pavese and Bergamasque companies were ordered to return their fire. Still they came on, when the captain of the Thousand sprang into his saddle with the cry, "Forward, boys, to the bayonet!" The volunteers charged vigorously, their chief riding at their head, his charmed life escaping as usual amidst the hail of balls which whistled about his ears.

Hour after hour went by, but the desperate fighting continued. The plan was to carry each position at the point of the bayonet. At a certain juncture the struggle appeared hopeless; the best had fallen, the ammunition was gone, the fierce Sicilian sun was wearing out the hardest. The commander of the first company, who had exposed himself all the day through with reckless gallantry, approached Garibaldi, and whispered in his ear, "General, I fear we must retreat."

The chief started as if he had been stung by a scorpion, but on seeing who it was that addressed him, he answered gently, "Never say that, Bixio. . . . Here we *die*."

"Sooner than hear those words, I had wished myself a hundred feet under the clod," Bixio used to say, when he told the story. He made up his mind to hold his peace on the subject of retreating in future.

“My sons,” said Garibaldi to the volunteers, “I require of you one last desperate charge. Five minutes’ rest, and then—forwards!” The time past, he cried, “To the bayonet!” and the whole little host repeating, “*Alla baionetta! Viva l’Italia! Viva Garibaldi!*” dashed up the mountain side. In a quarter of an hour Calatafimi was won!

Meanwhile, Rosolino Pilo had kept the field in the mountains with his bands of Sicilian peasants. He had sustained the revolution single-handed from the beginning of April to the second week in May under circumstances which seemed to grow worse and worse; and the arrival of the Thousand, rousing, as it did, the Royalists to some sense of their danger, only made his position of a hunted outlaw the more precarious. The villagers generally gave him what succour they could; the Sicilian priests were almost all revolutionists in 1860, and their influence with their flocks was naturally great; but these mountains are ill-adapted for harbouring guerilla bands. There are no glens, no underwood; the prickly pear rarely attains a height sufficient to afford cover, water is scarce; stretches of wide, open table-land lie between summits which command immense prospects. From Castrogiovanni, for instance—the ancient Enna, where no plant taller than the wild sweet-pea springs among the stubby grass—you can see half Sicily.

In spite of all drawbacks, Rosolino stood out, and was encamped on the heights above Monreale when Garibaldi approached the capital. The latter gave him orders to light many fires every night. The impression produced was that Garibaldi himself was quartered with all his men in that direction, and was meditating a descent on the town by the Monreale road. This was exactly what he wanted in order to put the Royalists on a wrong scent. His plan, which he kept secret even from those nearest to him, was to skirt round to the opposite southern heights, making Gibelrossa the base of his operations.

The townsfolk of Palermo still speak of the weird effect of those fires, night after night, along the mountain tops. They knew their fate was about to be decided, but how? In the town were 20,000 troops, well equipped and provisioned, backed by four frigates and two forts; in the hills were a few thousand badly-armed peasants, and under eight hundred way-worn red-shirts. On this side, however, there was also Garibaldi.

The flank movement towards Gibelrossa was accomplished with complete success, but Rosolino Pilo, as he sat writing to Garibaldi on the 21st of May, was hit by a Bourbon bullet and killed. He died in the full tide of victory, having done his work.

The taking of Palermo gave Bixio an opportunity for greatly distinguishing himself, and Garibaldi acknowledged his services by publicly embracing him and signalling him for the enthusiasm of the people. "It is a recompense worth more than a cross," wrote Bixio to his wife. In the attack on Palermo he received what he called a slight contusion—a bullet in the ribs—which he extracted himself. When he could get about, he was despatched on the disagreeable though important mission of pacifying various districts of the island, where old feuds and rancours had, in the name of Socialism, given rises to deplorable excesses. Having conducted this business to the satisfaction of those who sent him, he sailed with his division to Calabria.

Reggio was taken. It had been intended that Bixio should enter the town by a night surprise, but the alarm was given, and his column was greeted by a discharge of musketry. A horrible *mêlée* followed in the darkness; Bixio's horse received a score of balls, and himself one in the arm. It was impossible to make out which were friends or foes; but finally the *Regi* were driven back, and retired to the castle. Meanwhile, Garibaldi had taken the commanding heights, and the castle surrendered in the course of the day; Bixio was deputed to sign the capitulation, the terms of which were extremely lenient, it being Garibaldi's wish not unnecessarily to humiliate the aged officer till now in command. In the evening, Bixio espied the enemy making a slow retreat, and hastened eagerly to Garibaldi to suggest a surprise. The latter bade him leave that for the morrow, and go and have his wound dressed. Bixio replied that he was "all right"; to which he got the answer, "I suppose the balls that reach you are made of puff-paste." The truth was, the chief was not a little proud of this, the most daring of his generals.

The fate of the campaign which had thus planted the tricolour flag in the kingdom of Naples, August 22, 1860, was definitely decided, forty days later, by the battle of the Volturno. Till then Garibaldi had indeed led his legions along the way to victory, but this way lay across an abyss bridged over as it were by last night's ice. On the eve of the 1st of October the issue of the

undertaking hung yet in the balance. The Neapolitans had collected in the fortress of Capua a well-armed, well-equipped force of about 45,000 men; they had brought Francis II. from Gaeta to witness what they thought to make their grand performance; they had chosen his birthday for its execution. Their troops were prepared to fight to the uttermost, and in fact did so. The "general idea" of their plan was to break through the Garibaldian lines, and march on Naples. These lines Garibaldi had sketched out a month before—they stretched from Sant' Angelo to Maddaloni, a distance of fourteen kilometres. In confiding to Bixio the positions he was to defend, the chief gave him one piece of advice—to look out that he kept them. Bixio answered, "While we live they are safe."

The Volturno has been called Garibaldi's greatest battle; it certainly was Bixio's. The defence of Maddaloni was practically a separate action from the fighting carried on at Sant' Angelo and Santa Maria, and it was conducted by Bixio, alone and unaided. The earliest assault of the *Regi* was made in the direction of Maddaloni, at about four a.m., they having come down from Capua under cover of the dense white mist which hung over the river. Some twelve hours later Bixio saw the last of them flying before his bayonets; and at almost the same moment Garibaldi telegraphed to Naples—"Victory all along the line." The liberation of the Two Sicilies was an accomplished fact.

The fiction that the fortune of the day depended on the arrival of the Piedmontese Bersaglieri was never credited in England, which was kept well informed by its able war correspondents, but it has still some believers in Italy. The Bersaglieri did not win the battle, because they were not there. Garibaldi repulsed the advance of 30,000 Neapolitans and Bavarians with his own volunteer army of 16,000 men. All the varied elements collected round his flag were, perhaps, more fully represented on that than on any other occasion; all, indeed, save one—the "Adolescenti" did not answer the muster call on the morning of the Volturno. These children, few of whom had reached the age of fifteen, who first took the field in 1859, duly reappeared in 1860, much to Garibaldi's delight, for he was extremely fond of them and would trust them anywhere. But in the middle of September the company was completely cut to pieces near Cajazzo, after five hours' lion-like fighting. One

wishes they had fallen in the "glorious victory" instead of in an engagement of little importance.

Present at the Volturno were sixty-nine Hungarian Hussars, and thirty-seven Frenchmen, under De Flotte, who held an isolated farmhouse all day against relays of assailants. There were several English officers, of whom it is sufficient to mention Brigadier (now General) John Dunne,* who was severely wounded in a magnificent attempt to check the first violent rush of the Regi on Casa Brucciata. Another fine episode was the defence of Castel Morone by Major Bronzetti with three hundred men opposed to twelve hundred. Bronzetti (whose brother fell fighting the Austrians) saw the importance of the position, and chose to die rather than surrender it. At the end of six hours the Bourbon officer, admiring their valour, implored the few survivors to yield, but they would not, and all fell. The object had been attained, for it was too late for the Royalists to profit by their advantage.

The Sicilians and Calabrese were there in large numbers, and fought like heroes from first to last.

Bixio on the succeeding days took prisoner 7,000 of the men he had beaten on the first. Subsequently, in the passage of the Volturno, he was thrown from horse, and his leg was broken. One present when he was brought to the ambulance describes him as coolly assisting the surgeon in setting the fractured limb, but grumbling at its putting him *hors de combat*, and desiring that his wife should not be told of the accident. This mishap brought to an end Bixio's share in the campaign, in which he had fairly won the proud distinction of *Secondo dei mille*—second only to

* The last time I saw this gallant officer was at Monte Carlo in 1900. I then tried to persuade him to write his autobiography, and I still have hopes that he will give his varied and extraordinary experiences to the world. He gave me a most interesting account of how he was sent by Sir James Hudson to warn Garibaldi against persisting in the campaign which ended at Aspromonte. Sir James knew that the whole affair had been revealed, somehow, to Napoleon III., and that the Emperor was determined that nothing should come of it. Garibaldi would take no warnings, and thus matters proceeded to their bitter end. It was characteristic of Dunne that when, after impatiently rejecting the proffered advice, Garibaldi asked him, "And now, Dunne, what are *you* going to do?" he answered, without a moment's hesitation, "I am going with you, General." "Va bene," was all the chief said, but he looked pleased, and that, for his followers of whatever nation under the sun, was the supreme reward. The Englishman did not, as it turned out, go to Aspromonte, because Garibaldi sent him to Rome to prepare the revolution which was intended to take place there as soon as the success of the movement was assured. On its failure, he only escaped just in time to avoid being arrested.

his chief. A fortnight after, Garibaldi was back in Caprera, eating the potatoes he had planted in the spring.

Bixio devoted the next six years to politics, and his speeches from his place in the Chamber of Deputies, whither he was sent by Genoa, his native city, contain much wise counsel and sound sense, expressed with a plainness and candour which, if not always very "parliamentary," were, at all events, honourable to the speaker. In no respect a party man, he was alike respected by the *Cavourini* and the advanced Liberals, and was more than once called upon to act as intermediary between the two. In this character he was connected with a project, formed by Generals Mieroslawski and Klapka, for the simultaneous emancipation of Venetia and Hungary. The chief features were an insurrection in Transylvania; the formation of a foreign legion commanded by Garibaldi, designed to effect a landing on the Adriatic coast; and declaration of war against Austria by the Italian Government so soon as the movement should be well set going. Bixio introduced the generals to Cavour, who listened not unfavourably to the scheme, but insisted that as a preliminary measure, a trustworthy person should be sent to Hungary to sound the temper of the people. Cavour in those last months of his life, when he was reckoned in florid health, and when some were charging him with facile acquiescence in the unfinished state of the national edifice, had rather the prophetic impatience of a dying man to see his life-work completed.

In the campaign of 1866 Bixio was in command of a division of the regular army which he had trained and disciplined to move like clockwork, but barring a few minor actions in which it engaged with invariable success, this splendid body of men was given no chance of distinction. Had Bixio brought up his division during the battle of Custoza, it may be confidently surmised that it would have turned the fortune of the day, but his pressing entreaty to be allowed to do so was met by a peremptory order to remain where he was. Thus the second Custoza was lost; thus the gallant army of New Italy fought with futile heroism from eight in the morning to five in the evening without *ensemble*, order, plan, or to speak more accurately, with a plan the peculiarity of which was that it prevented any one from having any.

It is genius, says Garibaldi, that wins battles; and he adds—

the only general at Custoza was the Archduke Albrecht. Possibly if Sadowa had come a month later, the Italians might have retrieved their losses; the main army under Cialdini was preparing to renew the conflict with more promising conditions; Medici (who had it in him to leave a very great name) had all but reached Trento; and the volunteers were advancing towards the same goal through the Alpine passes. But Prussia, having got what it wanted, made peace without any reference to its ally south of the Alps, which at the outset had refused the tempting bait of Venetia rather than be untrue to its engagements.

Bixio's letters at this period are melancholy reading; he was bitterly disheartened, and even more as a sailor than as a soldier. The disaster at Lissa cut him to the quick, so much the more because, with grave forebodings, he had supplicated the Government to give the naval command to Garibaldi instead of to Persano, and he was convinced that had he been listened to, the chronicler would have had a different tale to tell. The appointment would have been romantic, incredible—yet it is sure that Garibaldi, who was almost amphibious from his birth, had many of the instincts which go to make splendid seamen.

One thing gratified the whole nation, namely, the truly Savoyard courage shown by the young heir to the throne. Bixio, whose loyalty was not born with him, but had grown out of the esteem inspired by an honest king, went up to Prince Humbert and asked permission to shake hands with him in token of an old soldier's admiration.

In 1870 Bixio was once again under fire, beneath the gates of Rome. He had hastened up to the Eternal City from Civita Vecchia, where the Papal commandant had capitulated to him, happily without a shot being fired. With the entry of the Italian troops into Rome, the career of Bixio, the soldier of Italian independence, closed; the career of Bixio, the politician, may equally be said to have closed on the day he witnessed, with eyes moist with tears, an Italian parliament, opened by an Italian king, in Rome. That hour he felt—not, indeed, that there was nothing more to do, but that his own work, the work of the revolution and the sword, was closed. It behoved him now, he thought, to devote what years remained to him to the interests of his family, and he believed that in pursuing this object he could at the same time render one last service to his

countrymen in the shape of a needful and salutary example. His mind was still full of the ideas that had been present with him when he sailed in the *Goffredo Mameli*; he had never tired of bringing them before the notice of the distinguished persons with whom he was brought in contact, and of the Chamber of Deputies. It was his constant conviction that Italy ought to have such a mercantile marine as would raise her to the position of a first-class commercial power. That in most respects she was essentially fitted to assume this position was not to be disputed; all that was required, in Bixio's opinion, was the liberal encouragement of Government and the growth of private enterprise. Among the innumerable benefits accruing from commercial greatness, Bixio well pointed out that not the least would be the gradual absorption of a large portion of the vast class of *désœuvrés*, which is perhaps the worst curse inherited by Italy from ages of despotism. "Are you aware," he once bitterly exclaimed, in the Chamber—"are you aware in what we are superior to other nations? In criminal statistics—in the 290,000 cases annually brought before Italian tribunals—in the number of the habitually idle. There is our superiority." And the remedy he proposed for this state of things was that Government should stimulate production, animate commerce—above all, foster the mercantile marine.

It may be that Bixio shared with the bulk of his fellow-countrymen the illusion common to peoples emerging from revolution, which ascribes to Government an exaggerated power to make or mar, and which regards the liberalities voted by Parliament as dew from heaven, and not as the sweat of toiling multitudes. But his contention, again and again repeated, and finally acted upon so far as in him lay, that by commerce nations must become great, was sound and sane, and worthy of a son of Genoa whose merchants conquered for her the title of Superb.

Between that time and this, extraordinary progress has been made, and if Genoa has not yet actually beaten Marseilles in the commercial race, she has so nearly caught her up that one can scarcely open a French newspaper without finding evidence of the grave apprehensions which her rivalry inspires.*

It was before the Franco-German war that Bixio determined to embark once more in a mercantile enterprise. Public-spirited

* September, 1901.

though he was, and always ready to practise what he preached, it is still unlikely that he would have taken the step unless urged by private motives as well. He had arrived at an age when men are not eager to enter upon new cares, new responsibilities, new exertions. But the feeling that he was growing an old man without having been able to lay up an adequate provision for his children became intolerable to him. "Never mind the lads," he used to say; "there will always be work for them; but the girls—how are they to be married without something of a dowry? If from one moment to another I were to die, how are they to be educated and set up in life? For thirty years I have laboured for my country; in the years I have yet to live it is my duty to work for my family, and there is no time to lose."

A memorandum written by his daughter Giuseppina places before us his private life in a few simple, unaffected words. Her earliest memories date from the time when the family went to Naples to be near her father after the serious accident which befell him in the passage of the Volturno. She well remembers being taken to his bedside to receive his caresses. She goes on to say, What sacrifices did he not make for the education of herself, her sister, and her two brothers! Whenever his many occupations allowed him a moment's leisure, it was sure to be employed in joining his children in play, or helping them in work. How happy were the evenings they passed together: the mother by his side, the boys on his knees, the little girls seated at his feet. She remembers that often, while she was a child, she was awakened by the step and the kiss of the kind father, who stole in stealthily to see if his darling rested quietly; and then, if any of them fell ill, he became at once transformed into the gentlest of sick nurses, and would not leave the sufferer night or day till the worst was past. And how unbounded was his love and veneration for their mother! What respect for her he instilled into the minds of the children; by what close bonds of mutual esteem were not he and she united despite his long and unavoidable absences!

There was no time to lose, Bixio had said, but with war came the possibility that Italy might have need of him, and, good citizen to the end, he delayed the execution of his project until the horizon was clear again. On the disappearance of this last

hindrance he allowed nothing further to stand in the way of its steady prosecution—not even the advice of his best and wisest friends. Almost to a man they counselled him to remain in Italy; they urged upon him that he could ill be spared either in the Chamber or in the army; but when all arguments failed, and when Bixio continued immovable, from the king downwards, all who loved and valued him helped his scheme forward to the best of their ability.

All the time in his heart he was loth to leave his home, his native land, and the king's service. As the day of departure drew near, he was oppressed by fits of uncontrollable melancholy, and when the officers of the Leghorn division came to bid him farewell, he could not hold back his tears. He seemed even to feel the shadow of his lonely end; whilst staying at Wurzburg, in the last year of his life, he happened to meet a funeral procession passing along the street, in which the relatives of the deceased took part. "None of my people," he said, turning to his companion, "will accompany me to my last resting-place."

Leslie and Co., of Newcastle, built the ship, a fine vessel of 2,802 tonnage, appropriately named the *Maddaloni*. The undertaking was looked upon almost as a national enterprise, and many were the good wishes which accompanied the ship when she sailed from Messina, on July 6, 1873, laden with coal, for Port Said. Just before starting, Bixio wrote to his younger daughter:—

"DEAR RICCARDA,—A thousand thanks for your good and affectionate letter. I, too, hoped and believed that I should have been able to come to Genoa, but I could not. Pray for me, who am your good and loving father. Yes, pray for me; you are an angel, and God listens to filial prayers and fatherly benedictions. I have you in my cabin, together with your sister, and I often sit down sadly, and look at you and bless you. May God make good mothers of you—like yours. I think of you with pride, and I hope to consecrate my last days to working for you. Good-bye, my good Ricca. Your father blesses you.—

"NINO."

The captain-general soon proved that he had lost none of his sailor's cunning. He was up at dawn, directing all himself, inventing work for the crew when none was pressing, out-piloting

the pilot, enlivening the voyage with discourses on each spot of historic interest they passed. The *Maddaloni* was the first Italian vessel that conveyed coal through the Suez Canal. Wherever the ship called, her captain was fêted and welcomed, more especially at those stations where the English element predominated.

From Port Said they sailed to Singapore, thence to Batavia. At Batavia, General van Swieten proposed to Bixio an advantageous arrangement by which he should transport a body of Dutch troops to Atcheen, where they were required for active service. Bixio accepted the proposal with no misgivings. But the ship had not gone far before cholera broke out among the troops. Arrived in the roads of Atcheen, Bixio begged General van Swieten to allow the men to be instantly landed; but the latter, it seems on very insufficient grounds, refused. Thus they remained penned up on board, dying hourly; and of course the epidemic spread from the passengers to the crew. Bixio heaped upon himself those impotent and irrational reproaches which man is ever loud with when, by what seems some strange irony of fate, he is made the blind instrument of his own undoing. But though half maddened by sorrow and vexation, he was unwearying and unremitting in his endeavours to alleviate the sufferings of those around him; the whole available space on board, including the captain's cabin, was turned into a hospital. At length—December 7, 1873—the permission for the landing was granted. The effect was instantaneous; the epidemic ceased as if by a miracle, and the sailors hastened to tear down the sad signs and vestiges of death and disease. But the tragedy was not played out. On December 9, Bixio remarked to the medical officer on board, that although he felt no precise ailment, he had a presentiment that his life drew to its close. "I grieve," he said, "for my wife and the four children I leave behind. Had I been spared for two years more, I should have been happier, for then the future of my dear ones would have been secure." On the 14th he still did not suffer in any definite manner, but he insisted on dictating a letter, conveying his last wishes to his family, his friends, and the officers of his ship. This letter began:—

"DEAR ADELAIDE,—I feel that I am dying, and I die with the

thoughts of you, and blessing you and my children. I quitted the army, which is dear to me, and I may say I also quitted Italy, which I hold yet dearer; but it seemed to me that, as father and husband, I owed this to you. I have done all that I could, in the sole intention of assuring the position of my babes, Giuseppina and Riccarda, and my two boys, Garibaldi and Camillo. I had hoped that I should live long enough to give them a good education, but life fails me, and nothing remains to me but to hope that the country I have served lovingly, and my king, Victor Emmanuel, whom I have served and loved as a good king, will not forget my family."

To his friends also, he commends his family, "which I leave in want." Bixio read over the letter and closed it.

On the 16th of December he died of cholera, on board the *Maddaloni*, off Sumatra. "Oh povere mie bimbe!" were his last intelligible words.

His body was buried upon a small island, but it was discovered that the natives had dug it up and carried it away. Thus the veteran patriot's bones were scattered on those same Malayan shores which, as a sailor lad, he had reached breathless and half dead, a runaway from the Quaker captain's merchant vessel. His time was not come then. Fate had good things for him to do, and his destined work he lived to fulfil in true heroic fashion. And now his labours ended sadly but not ingloriously, for duty was still his beacon-light.

After many years, some small relics, believed to have formed part of his remains, were restored to Genoa. But the best consolation to those who cherish his memory, is the knowledge that while the annals of the *Guerre sante* of Italy endure, the name of Nino Bixio will not die.

X

THE CAIROLIS

ON the 24th of October, 1875, the little Italian village of Gropello assumed an air of unwonted excitement; public men, known for their championship of the most opposite political opinions, members of Parliament, officers of the army, municipal authorities, university professors, together with the delegates of many patriotic societies and artisans' associations, formed part of the crowd collected in the small piazza. Gropello is so obscure a place that it will be as well to indicate its locality. From the heights of La Superga, whence north-western Italy may be descried, spread out like a map, the silver ribbon of the Po is seen running eastward along the face of the great plain of Piedmont; carrying the eye to where the course of the river bears to the right, it surveys a district called the Lomellina, and in this district lies the village of Gropello, not far from the Lombard border. The cause of the notable October gathering was the uncovering of the statue of a lady, seemingly bowed with years, though of gracious presence—on the base of which might be read, amongst other inscriptions: “A Cairoli-Bono Adelaide. . . . Benemerita del Comune colla Fondazione dell’ Asilo Infantile.” The statue stands in the grounds of the Home and School here mentioned; when the veil was removed, a troop of little children came forth from the adjacent building, bringing flowers to lay at its feet. But the monument meant something very different from the mere acknowledgment of an act of local benefaction.

Adelaide, eldest daughter of Count Benedetto Bono of Belgirate, was born at Milan on the 17th of March, 1806. Count Bono

had adhered from the first to the order of things which replaced the hated supremacy of the Austrians. Napoleon went before the Lombards as a deliverer rather than as a conqueror, as a compatriot rather than as an alien. His dazzling career enthralled their imaginations, and the conscription itself, onerous though it was, scarcely tended to decrease his popularity. The men who fought with him felt that his glory was theirs. Till almost lately, there existed in Milan a compact regiment of Napoleonic veterans who spent the best part of their time in discussing the exploits of *l'uom fatale* over sour wine. Count Bono was in the service of the State during the whole period of French ascendancy, acting as Commissary under the *régime* of the Cisalpine republic, and as director of the communal administration under the vice-regency of Prince Eugène Beauharnais. He was also a member of the legislative body. After the fall of Napoleon he retired into private life, but the Austrians paid an indirect compliment to the ability with which he had executed his official duties by retaining in force the code of municipal laws instituted by him. His daughter Adelaide and her sister Ernesta were still children when Lombardy was handed back to the house of Hapsburgh-Lorraine. They were not, however, too young to be vaguely sensible of the blank dismay that overwhelmed their beautiful province when it saw itself abandoned to the tender mercies of Metternich, and from the day when the white-coated soldiery reappeared in Milan—in defiance of the solemn engagement to leave it inviolate, entered upon but forty-eight hours before—sad tales of wrong and oppression would from time to time reach their ears and move their girlish hearts to pity and indignation : tales not only of suffering inflicted upon men, but also of cruelty resulting in the deaths of young and helpless women. These stories, which every now and then evoked a stifled cry of horror from end to end of Europe, made an indelible impression, more especially on the mind of the elder of the two girls. At the age of eighteen, Adelaide Bono married Carlo Cairoli of Pavia. Although his name would be scarcely widely remembered did its title to fame rest solely on his own acquirements, Carlo Cairoli was in many respects a man of note. His parents were not of precisely the same rank in society as the aristocratic family to which Count Bono belonged, but they were refined and well-educated people, and had done all in their power

to foster the exceptional talents of their son. At that period the University of Pavia stood very high among European schools of medicine, so that his native town provided young Cairoli with first-class instruction in the department in which his tastes chiefly lay. His great aptitude and unwearied diligence caused him to be soon regarded as a student of singular promise, and when he had served his apprenticeship, recognition was followed up with reward; he was in succession promoted to a lectureship, a post at the municipal hospital, a professorship at the Surgical Institution, and finally to the presidency of the School of Surgery, left vacant by the death of the illustrious Scarpa. His reputation became largely extended, particularly as a skilful and successful operator, while his gentleness of manner, and his untiring devotion to his patients, made him no less popular as a man than he was esteemed as a surgeon. The well-to-do admired and trusted him; the poor held him in little short of veneration—notwithstanding that time was literally money to him, his services were always at their disposal, as, for that matter, was also his purse. From his youth upwards his strongest hopes had been set on the emancipation of his country, and the Austrian police looked upon him with no very friendly eye. In 1830 he had been a widower for several years, his first wife having died early. Such was the man who took Adelaide Bono to his home, which grew to be the acknowledged centre of all that was intellectual and distinguished in the society of Pavia. In the first years of their marriage, two sons were born to the Cairolis: Benedetto, so called after his grandfather, and Ernesto, named after Ernesta Bono, who was now married to Signor Cavallini of Belgirate. Only two or three summers had passed over the heads of these children when a painful sensation was created throughout Italy by the death in a Venetian prison of Enrichetta Castiglione Bussoli, the devoted wife of one of the unwilling subjects to Austrian rule. It is related that when Adelaide Cairoli was told of the fact, she clasped her little sons in her arms and made a vow to bring them up in abhorrence of their country's oppressors. Later, three other boys were born; Luigi in 1838, Enrico in 1840, and Giovanni—Giovannino as he was always called—in 1841. Nothing else has to be recorded of the Cairoli household until we meet its members in the stormy arena of revolution. Carlo Cairoli continued to enjoy the undiminished goodwill of his

fellow citizens, and if the professional labours which brought him celebrity and fortune were not to be performed without a severe strain upon a not very robust constitution, an unfailing relaxation awaited him when his day's work was concluded, in a hearty game with his children, who were as bright and promising lads as any father could wish to see.

The Cardinals who on June 16th, 1846, gave their vote to Mastai Ferretti, Bishop of Imola, unconsciously decreed the moment, and to a certain extent the manner, in which the Italian, not to say the European revolution should begin. The memorable prayer of the new pontiff, "*Benedite O sommo Iddio l'Italia !*" is a landmark in history ; and the attribution to Pius of ideas which he later declared he had never even dreamt of, served much the same purpose as would have been served by his actually entertaining them. Europe witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of Italian patriots threatened with imprisonment at Naples and shot down in Lombardy for singing the pope's praises. By both those Catholic monarchs, Ferdinand I. and Ferdinando II., the people were forbidden to make direct or indirect allusion to the reigning pontiff, or to breathe his name under any pretence. It wanted no prophet to discern that a crisis could not be long delayed. Yet the Viennese Government did not anticipate serious trouble with the Italian provinces. The Austrian officials were blindly rooted in the notion that the harmless if uncomplimentary cries of "*Va via !*" with which old Kaiser Franz was once saluted by all the daws and magpies of Milan, might be taken as a fair type of the kind of opposition they were likely to meet with in Italy. But times were changed since the Lombards could devise no better plan than to make magpies and jackdaws their interpreters. Times were changed since an Italian gentleman exclaimed in the hearing of an English traveller that he wished with all his heart that the Austrians would carry their tyranny to the length of ordering every one of his countrymen, himself included, to receive daily a hundred blows with the bastinado, for that he believed that this, and nothing short of this, would rouse them to a general insurrection.

The hour had come when it was the plain duty of Lombard patriots to co-operate together in the work of preparation for the day of action ; and in Pavia the prime mover in this direction was Carlo Cairoli. Full of boyish ardour, and of more than

boyish resolution, his two eldest sons exerted themselves in the same cause for which their father was labouring. That was a time when the youth of an entire people thought less of the story of great deeds than of the doing of them. The occasion is very rare when beardless boyhood becomes a factor in the progress of events affecting the destinies of nations; and it is well that it should be so. Nevertheless that will be a fine page of Italian history which tells how in '48, and through the following twenty years, the youth of the country uprose to wipe out with their blood the shame of centuries of faction and inertia.

Benedetto and Ernesto Cairoli were in the thick of the agitation of which Pavia became the scene. This agitation was not in itself of capital importance; but it may be briefly described as being illustrative of the way in which the latent forces of discontent took palpable form all over the peninsula. It is worth noting that the first sign of open murmur seems to have been "got up" by the Austrians. Those mysterious bodies known as the secret police have ever and everywhere cherished as a cardinal article of faith the theory that a suppressed *émeute* is the surest provision against a successful revolution. A suppressed *émeute*, they no doubt argue, affords in the first place an edifying opportunity for an exhibition of the might and majesty of the ruling power, and in the second, a convenient justification for the summary arrest of all persons obnoxious to the Government. Whether experience does not show that, having sown the wind, the promoters of immature risings most often reap the whirlwind, is possibly a moot question. On a certain Sunday afternoon in the beginning of January, 1848, agents sent from Milan mixed with the holiday crowd in the public places of Pavia, and raised cries of "Down with Ferdinand." The trap was suspected, and at first the bait did not take. The military and the gendarmes brought out to quell the desired disturbance seemed likely to find nothing to do. But at length a scuffle between a soldier and a townsman gave the wished-for excuse, and a troop of cavalry charged down the streets. Several students were wounded, and many arrests were made during the night. The day after intelligence was received of the revolution which had broken out at Palermo on the 12th of January—a revolution which is particularly memorable, because, as Carlyle has remarked, it set the torch to Europe. The youth of Pavia assembled in the

church of the Gesù to return thanks for the victory of the Palermitan insurgents. The heads of the Italian movement were apprehensive lest its progress should be retarded by ill-considered and precipitate action ; and the Pavesi were urgently advised to keep quiet until some decisive blow could be struck. But there was small chance of the students taking heed of these sage counsels, especially when some fresh cause for irritation was constantly cropping up. At the funeral of a citizen, whose death had occurred in the recent events, and whose body the students were accompanying to the grave, an incident took place that led to serious consequences. An Austrian officer ostentatiously kept his cigar in his mouth whilst passing close to the coffin, which so raised the indignation of one of the spectators that by a well-aimed box on the ear he dashed the offending weed to the ground. The officer drew his sword, and a row ensued, ending in a bayonet charge, in which two students were killed. A little later the university was closed, and the students dispersed to their homes. Benedetto Cairoli had already betaken himself to Piedmont, having been warned that his arrest had been decided upon ; but Ernesto was able to remain in safety under his father's roof, his fifteen years saving him from suspicion.

On the 18th of March began those famous "Five Days" of Milan, in which the unorganised, and at the outset all but unarmed citizens, overthrew Radetzky and his host. In the opening of the contest, the Milanese had no weapons save a few hundred fowling-pieces. The Austrian force has been variously computed, but the lowest reckoning sets it at 15,000 men, with sixty or seventy pieces of artillery. There were six squadrons of cavalry, and the castle contained war materials of all sorts. No impartial looker-on in his senses would have predicted, when the first shots were fired in the afternoon of the 18th, that five days later the Austrians would be crushed and flying. But in that tremendous life and death struggle for freedom, the Milanese seemed endowed with superhuman power ; "their character," as Radetzky somewhat naïvely stated in his report, "had become quite transformed !" Thousands of barricades appeared as if by magic ; the very foundations of the city were torn up to construct them ; lads but just in their teens fought with the endurance of veterans ; white-haired men with the impetuosity of youth ; even women and children engaged in the conflict. When night fell, the

incessant rattle of the musketry, the cries and groans of the dying, the clang of bells flinging the sound of the tocsin out of seventy towers, and the roar of the furious storm which raged overhead, made such a symphony as human ears have rarely heard. Scenes of increasing terror were brought by the succeeding days and nights. The half-frenzied, half panic-stricken Croats were guilty of crimes unspeakable; the committal of these horrors spurred on the Milanese, not happily to retaliation (the enemy's abandoned wounded were kindly tended, and German residents were left unmolested)—but to renewed and desperate attacks. The dreadful drama culminated at midnight on the 22nd, when the Austrians evacuated the city, pursued by the deadly fire and triumphant shouts of the enfranchised citizens. The castle, the single point yet in the foreigner's hands, kept up meantime a violent cannonade, and burning houses lit the path of the retreating legions. "Never while I live," said an Austrian officer in after years, "shall I forget that Milan night!"

The English Vice-Consul reported that "the enthusiasm of the female part of the population, especially among the higher classes, surpasses, if possible, that of the other sex. They make the cartridges for the troops, go from house to house soliciting subscriptions for the Government, and attend the wounded at the hospitals, carrying them large supplies of lint and bandages, and seeking out and succouring the poor throughout the city." No excesses whatever, he states, were committed after the Austrians left. In a few days £30,000 was subscribed, and several rich capitalists agreed to furnish a loan of £800,000 without interest.

Venice expelled the Austrians on the day of their inglorious departure from Milan, and throughout all Italy they were now in flight. They retreated of their own accord from Pavia, where a Provisional Government was immediately formed. Carlo Cairoli was unanimously appointed mayor. Benedetto hastened home from Piedmont, and left again the same day with a company of volunteers who were on the march for Milan—his brother Ernesto taking it sorely to heart that he was not permitted to go too. All Lombardy was flocking to the capital. Thirty thousand volunteers poured through the gates almost at the moment that the Austrians went out of them; and assistance, in which still firmer hope was placed, was soon on its way. On

the 29th of March, seven days after the liberation of Milan, Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, crossed the Ticino at the head of his army and made his entry into Pavia through streets strewn with flowers and thronged by an applauding multitude. The people no longer entertained a doubt but that the stranger was gone for good.

Had the people only known the manner in which the coming campaign was to be conducted, they would have looked forward to it with other and sadder expectations. In the month of April there were hardly 50,000 Austrians left in Italy, and these were demoralised to the last degree by the succession of discomfitures they had suffered at the hands of the civil population. A whole precious month was wasted before any sort of decisive action was taken against this three-parts beaten opponent. The numerical strength of the Piedmontese army—supposed to amount to 72,000 men, but the figure stands somewhat too high to represent the available force—was squandered in uselessly garrisoning places in the occupied territory, and even the troops yet at liberty were never massed into anything approaching a compact body; in such wise there was not more than 25,000 men seen on any occasion to have been got together in the field. Austrian reinforcements invaded Italy, attacked Venetia, and effected a junction with Radetzky's army without being seriously interfered with; the volunteers were turned to no account—nay more, they were recalled from the passes of the Trentine Alps, where, with but slight support from the regular troops, they might have held in check an enemy vastly superior in numbers and organisation; the king's ministers refused the services of Garibaldi, the man of all others, according to the afterwards stated opinion of an Austrian commander, who could have reversed the ultimate fortunes of the war; to crown all, the infatuated policy of delay which marked the opening of the campaign was repeated after the brilliant successes of Pastrengo and Goito, and Austria was allowed to quietly and leisurely recruit her strength at a time when she regarded her position as so perilous that she would have gladly renounced Lombardy in return for peace, an arrangement which the British Government was asked to countenance, but which failed to obtain their approval because it involved the sacrifice of the independence of Venice.

In the middle of August the Sardinian king, with what was left of his army, recrossed the Ticino, and Radetzky could inform his master that every inch of Lombardy was restored to his empire. But though the stranger renewed his hold over the Lombard soil, though his ensign cast its shadow once more upon mountain and plain, upon palace and homestead, the Lombards were not his, at least not all. Three-fourths of its inhabitants streamed out of distracted Milan before the Austrians came back. From the whole province there was an enormous exodus, and in this exodus was included the Cairoli family, which sought refuge in the village of Groppello, just across the Piedmontese frontier. Thither went Benedetto to rejoin his parents. Before the recall of the volunteers he had been noted for cool courage in action, and had risen from the ranks to a captaincy; but heavy was the heart of the young man who returned from the war which he had fondly hoped would effect the regeneration of his country, to find the birthplace of his fathers again enslaved and the home of his childhood broken up and abandoned. The ensuing winter was clouded with private as well as patriotic anxiety for the Cairolis, for as it wore on, the health of the head of the family visibly declined. His spirit, however, remained free from the common egotism and the still commoner despondency of sickness. His mind was engrossed in the interests of Italy, and when, after the new year had set in, fresh efforts for freedom were prepared, he hailed them with the most sanguine satisfaction, fearing only lest death should cheat him out of witnessing in their triumph the fulfilment of the object to which he had given his last energies and a large portion of his well-earned fortune. Unhappily death came not too soon but too late to Carlo Cairoli. On the 23rd of March, 1849, a sound as of distant thunder announced the battle in which the Austrian and Italian forces were engaged upon the field of Novara. The sick man anticipated from hour to hour the arrival of the news of a decisive victory. A victory indeed was won—but the victors, as in the battle of Novara twenty-six years before, were Austria and the internal reaction. An endeavour was made to keep Carlo Cairoli in ignorance of what had happened, but without success, and the shock he underwent when he knew the truth was such that it was plain he could not survive it. He expressed the single desire to be taken to his native town to die; Marshal

d'Aspré—he who had so gallantly served his sovereign on the 23rd—willingly granted the needful permit, nor was this, it is pleasant to be able to add, the only mark of respect paid by that Austrian officer to the dying physician. But the doctors placed their veto on his removal, and in a few days he expired at Groppello under the blow of the great national sorrow. He was buried in a small private chapel attached to the house, dedicated to the Lombard saint, S. Carlo Borromeo, of whom a portrait surmounts the altar.

When the nineteenth century attained its meridian, Piedmont alone in Italy—did one say in Europe he would not go far wrong—appeared on the face of things to have gained aught by the cataclysm of revolution. For the rest, Italian and German princelings were dancing in a ring upon the charters they had sworn before God and man to defend; France had glossed her fine sentiments concerning a universal championship of freedom by letting Louis Napoleon dispose of her as he list; Austria, with the aid of 200,000 Russians, had made herself secure. Italy had been deluged in a sea of blood as pure as any that was ever shed for liberty; the best Italians who yet lived were wanderers and proscripts in foreign lands. Chief among the exiles was Joseph Mazzini, who returned saddened but not disheartened, because incapable of disheartenment, to the task of keeping alight the lamp of Italian nationality in the midst of the prevailing darkness. In 1850 there was set on foot by him a propagandist society called the National Committee—an outgrowth of the *Giovine Italia*, the principles of which it shared. The heads of this association were chosen from the elect of the patriots in every town. The Austrian authorities, whenever they could lay their hands on any of them, punished them with extreme severity, often with death. In Pavia, where the Cairolis were again living, Benedetto made himself the most active member of the committee, until the police, naturally suspicious of the ex-volunteer captain, contrived to get some clue to his proceedings. Warned in time, he escaped, as also did Ernesto, after whom the Austrians sought diligently when they found that his brother had eluded their grasp. The two Cairolis remained in exile, working indefatigably for their cause up to the time when the granting of a general amnesty to persons politically compromised enabled them to return to Lombardy. In

the meanwhile their mother remained quietly at Pavia, absorbed in the education of her younger children.

When in the spring of the year 1859 the Emperor of the French announced his intention of "making war for an idea," a phrase of which, by the by, Mazzini was the original inventor, there were some Italians who could not find it in their hearts to greet this new plan of liberation with the exultation of spirit with which they had hailed the spontaneous overthrow of Austrian power in '48. Still, a general feeling prevailed that a mistake had been made in the cold reception formerly given to French suggestions of assistance, the more so because the event had shown that there was no security against France playing the part of a most deadly enemy if she were not taken as an ally. And then the prospect, the approach of freedom after the last long spell of reanimated oppression, was of itself so delightful, that the bulk of the nation did not care to scrutinise the offer of imperial help too closely, did not think of looking the gift-horse in the mouth, but took him readily at the giver's own valuation. The day was indeed to come when the people should open their eyes in dismay and amazement at what a little more circumspection would have led them to fear from the first; but for the moment they were full to overflowing of unquestioning joy. The work of preparation was prosecuted with increasing energy as the crisis drew near. It was Benedetto Cairoli's business to keep up the communication between the patriots of his native town and the leaders at Genoa, and to this end he had to make many a secret and adventurous journey. Ernesto organised political manifestations in Pavia, in consequence of which he got a fortnight's imprisonment. On being set at liberty he crossed over into Piedmont and immediately enlisted in the First, later changing into the Second Regiment of the Cacciatori delle Alpi. Presently, when his other duties were brought to a conclusion, Benedetto followed him. Like his brother he enrolled himself as a common soldier. Garibaldi soon raised him from the ranks, but the fact that a man of his long services and former standing in the Volunteer force of '48 should have joined them as a matter of course, without dreaming of soliciting any more brilliant position, is characteristic of the stuff the corps of Cacciatori was made of. It was just as when on some grand occasion at the opera, first tenors and popular cantatrici take

a pride in singing even in the chorus: the reason, too, was the same—the “occasion” of the freeing of Italy was so grand, so memorable, that men were near forgetting the comparative magnitude of the individual part in which they figured. Luigi, next in age to Ernesto, and gifted with an exceptional taste for mathematical studies, had been learning the technicalities of military science at Ivrea. He entered upon the campaign as sub-lieutenant in the Aosta Brigade of the regular army. Enrico stayed in Lombardy up to the very last moment, engaged in the hazardous work of canvassing enrolments, but when the war actually began it found him in the same regiment which contained his two elder brothers. Giovanni, the youngest son of Adelaide Cairoli, fretted and chafed at home in Pavia at not being old enough to shoulder his musket, and some outburst of his youthful patriotism led to his being thrown into prison. As soon as he was released his mother sent him off to the School of Artillery at Turin.

On the 23rd of May the officers in the Austrian barracks at Varese were finishing their supper, when they were surprised by the sudden appearance of an uninvited visitor. “Who are you?” they asked. “I am Garibaldi, and you are my prisoners,” was the answer. Believing that the redoubtable chief was accompanied by his whole force, the officers promptly surrendered their small company into his hands. The truth was, that he had come into the town in advance of his men, and almost alone; but, half an hour later, the “Hunters of the Alps” arrived, and Varese was formally occupied in the name of Victor Emmanuel. The day following was spent by the townspeople in the wildest rejoicings and in enthusiastic fraternization between them and their deliverers. But the time for holiday-keeping was short; the *Cacciatori* were come to fight for their Lombard compatriots, not to feast at their expense. In the course of the 25th information was given of the approach of an Austrian army under Urban, and an improvised defence work, in the shape of a barricade, was thrown up on the road leading to Como, close to a place called Biumo Inferiore—this being the direction in which the enemy was expected. Among the most active of those who helped in its erection was Ernesto Cairoli, who repeatedly expressed his impatience for the moment which should bring him face to face with his country’s oppres-

sors. At dawn the Austrians came up, making the barricade the central point of their attack. They were, of course, well armed and well equipped, while precisely the opposite was the case with the Volunteers, who were about half—by some accounts less than half—their number. The Italians also laboured under the disadvantage of having no artillery; but their spirits were of the highest, and, bayonet in hand, they flung themselves on to the mouths of the enemy's heavy ordinance with a will and a dash that carried all before them. The brothers Cairoli were constantly at the front, animating their comrades by words and by example. At a quarter to six a.m., a friend of the family, Gaspare Polli, who was connected with the ambulance, chanced to meet Ernesto on the barricade, and enquired after his brothers. Ernesto replied that he had just seen Benedetto, who was safe and sound, but that he did not know what had become of Enrico. Hardly had he made this answer when "Forward!" was sounded along the ranks, and he hurried into the midst of the *mêlée*. The Austrians were no longer the attacking party, but the attacked. Pushing his way to the fore, Ernesto accidentally came across Enrico, and the brothers led the charge side by side: then the men near them heard a shout of "Viva l'Italia!" broken in utterance into a cry of pain, and saw the elder of the two fall lifeless into the arms of the younger with two bullets in his breast. Without opening his lips Enrico kissed the dead face and gave the body into hands which bore it away, himself hastily brushing from his eyes the tears that would not be kept back, and returning to the hottest of the fight. The battle having lasted three hours, ended, as all the world knows, in Urban's precipitate retreat.

"Through my mind," writes Garibaldi, "passed all the affliction of that mother who was so good and affectionate to her children, and to all who had the fortune to be near her. On the same day, my glance met that of Benedetto, the eldest brother, a gallant and modest officer, lovable as were all that lovable family. His eyes were fixed on mine, but neither of us spoke. Only I read in that sorrowful glance: '*my mother!*'"

There must always appear a sort of injustice in isolating the story of one man killed in battle from the story of his fellows,

in singling out his name for separate praise and honour, especially when this man was no great commander, no general soldier, on whose life hung important issues, but a simple officer, who simply did his duty with the rest. Yet our sympathies are in their nature so narrow that, for the most part, they require concentration on individual types and deeds of heroism, in order that our hearts may be quickened to a sense of generous and ennobling admiration; and if the thing must be done, we may assuredly look far before we find an instance when the doing of it will be less open to question than in this of the first of the Cairolis who shed his blood for Italy. There were possibly many who were his equals—his superior in pure and enlightened patriotism there could not have been. Ernesto Cairoli was a person who made a lasting impression even on casual acquaintances. It is said in the inscription to his memory in the chapel at Groppello, where, by his mother's wish, he was buried, that his face bore on it the stamp of "a melancholy and sublime aspiration;" his was, in fact, one of those ardent souls which seem enamoured of martyrdom. Could he have foreseen that he would die in the May morning of the first contest and the first victory, with the name of his country on his lips, he would certainly have been well pleased—nor was he without some kind of presentiment that he would not sit down to the banquet of freedom he went forth to prepare. "*Quand on est si près de la mort, tout rayonnante de gloire, qui vous sourit dans l'ombre, peut-être l'aperçoit-on ?*"

When the volunteers halted for a brief rest between long marches at Salasco, on the 15th of May, Ernesto made his will, a document which gives so touching an insight into his character that it may not be amiss to sketch its main clauses. After stating that he is a doctor of laws and private in the 2nd Regiment of the Cacciatori delle Alpi (General Garibaldi), the testator begins by entreating every member of his family to aid the Italian cause so far as in him lies—a cause which he is firmly convinced will triumph, because it is just and holy. Then follow his bequests. To his darling mother, the beloved example of all tenderness to her children, he leaves his watch, and a life interest in all he possesses, praying her to set apart a sum sufficient to cover a number of small legacies to be specified further on. To his well-beloved brother Benedetto, now serving

as sub-lieutenant in the Cacciatori delle Alpi, with heartfelt thanks for unceasing proofs of confidence and regard, he leaves a souvenir to be chosen by his *amatissima madre*; to each of his dear younger brothers, Luigi, Enrico, and Giovanni, "the first fighting in the Piedmontese army, the second a private in my company, the third still at home, owing to his tender years," a ring bearing his initials, also to be of his mother's choice. Ten of his friends, some fellow-citizens, some companions-in-arms, are asked to accept various keepsakes in token of his constant and grateful friendship; one among them, a painter, is moreover requested to undertake the execution of a work representing some patriotic subject for the School of Painting at Pavia, for which he is to receive 1,800 lire, a delicate way of helping an artist friend. An annual donation of 150 lire is to be presented to the most diligent and proficient pupil in the said school; 1,500 lire is bequeathed to necessitous families of his beloved native town who have lost one or more of their members in the wars of independence, the distribution of the money to be superintended by his "best of mothers" and by his heirs. The cook, the nurse, the parlour-maid, and the porter, are to receive in his name little gifts, varying from one hundred to six hundred francs, as a mark of his appreciation of their disinterested and affectionate behaviour to the family. Finally, the testator makes his brothers his heirs, adding a short paragraph expressive of the hope that to these "dearest brothers" their mother's life may long be spared; it is needless, he says, to commend her to their care and love, since they have ever and equally consecrated to her the most devoted, fervid, and tender gratitude for the inestimable blessings they owe her. He trusts that they likewise may see length of days, and winds up by wishing all good fortune "to our sacred Italy, *libera e indipendente*." It only remains to be told of this brave and gentle champion of freedom that, a few days after the engagement at Biumo Inferiore, Garibaldi, who before the fatal bullets struck him had notified his intention of specially recommending him in his report to the Minister of War, gave his army a new watchword—"Santo Cairoli."

When the Cacciatori delle Alpi were disbanded, Benedetto and Enrico Cairoli returned to their home, discouraged about their country and mourning for their brother; the first to devote

his time and talents once more unremittingly to the Italian cause, the second to take up the interrupted course of his surgical studies. They were presently joined by Luigi, who had thrown up his commission directly peace was declared. He took this step in the first flush of the general exasperation excited by the turn of events, but it is unlikely that in any case he would have found the normal routine of military life other than distasteful to him. He was an enthusiast for the true and the beautiful, whether they were made manifest in science or in art, and his sensitive and impressionable temperament was keenly alive to the poetry pervading nature in all her moods—life in all its phenomena. Without dreaming of considering himself a poet, he was fond of framing his ideas in verse; and one little poem of his which happens to have been preserved, bears touching testimony to the passionate veneration he entertained for his mother: “It is our mother,” he says in it, “who points to us the heavenward path, holding before our eyes a veillless light.” Again—“The fairest, holiest love is filial love; it is nature’s smile—it is the divine song upraised by the blessed ones in Paradise.” He was more in his element in the serene world of art and books than he could ever have been in camp or barracks.

Before Garibaldi started with the Thousand, Adelaide Cairoli, who was still dressed in deep mourning for Ernesto, paid him a private visit, in the course of which she presented him with 30,000 lire towards the expenses of the expedition. On the evening of the 5th of May, among the little host assembled on the shore of Quarto, to await the ships that Bixio was commissioned to bring under the veil of secresy from Genoa, stood Benedetto and Enrico Cairoli, who had conducted a goodly contingent from the town and University of Pavia. A modest memorial stone marks the place on the surf-washed rocks of the old Roman station which, since that evening, has become one of the myriad Italian spots where we “tread on history.” The men and boys gathered by the sea formed a motley throng, dissimilar in dress and social condition, devoid of training and organization, but at one in their perfect loyalty to the leader of their election, and uncontaminated by that common infirmity of revolutionary forces: the eagerness of all to command, the reluctance of all to obey. Such was the enthusiasm which prevailed that several business men, who had come from Genoa

solely with the purpose of seeing off their friends, and who had brought the keys of their offices in their pockets, intending to be back at their desks next morning, could not resist the impulse to set sail with the rest, when, after hours of feverish impatience, Bixio duly arrived with the *Piedmont* and *Lombard*. On the 7th, the first order of the day was issued, in which it was announced that the corps would adopt its old designation of "Hunters of the Alps," and that the cry was to be, "Italy and Victor Emmanuel." The expeditionary force was found to be composed of 170 Pavese, 150 Brescians and Bergamasques, 150 Milanese, 110 Venetian emigrants, 70 Genoese, 60 Parmesans and Piacentese, 50 Tuscans, 27 Modenese, and these were forthwith divided into seven companies; the seventh, made up entirely of volunteers from his native town, being entrusted to Benedetto Cairoli. Garibaldi landed at Marsala on the 11th of May, advancing on the 12th to Rambigallo, and thence taking the road to Salemi, where he hurriedly organized his force and amalgamated with it the recruits from the surrounding country. At Salemi, also, he assumed the title of dictator, "by the will of the Italian people and in the name of Victor Emmanuel."

At Calatafimi, Enrico Cairoli, with only four companies, made a dash upon one of the enemy's guns and took it. When the day was won, the General called for a special cheer in honour of the Pavese company; he would go anywhere, and attempt anything, he said, with such a band of heroes to support him. Twelve days later, in the taking of the Sicilian capital, when the bells of the churches were already proclaiming the certain victory of the side on which he fought, Benedetto was wounded in the leg. Witnessing his brother's misadventure, Enrico became all the more prodigal in acts of extravagant daring, and he also was soon struck down by a bullet, which fractured his skull. As he was being carried out of fire Garibaldi embraced him with fatherly affection, and appointed him staff-major on the spot. Enrico's case was at first regarded as hopeless, but by a fortunate chance the ball had touched no vital part, and its extraction—an operation undergone with great stoicism—was successfully accomplished. On the other hand, Benedetto's wound, though not imminently dangerous, turned out to be such as to lay the seeds for more or less life-long suffering.

During this eventful period Adelaide Cairoli lived at Gropello,

“like Cornelia at Misenum,” says an Italian writer, “telling the story of what her children and their comrades had done for their Sicilian brethren.” More especially she would speak of three young Palermitans—Salvadore, Pasquale, and Raffaele di Benedetto-Mignaro—who were the worthy companions in arms and in faith of her sons. Raffaele was severely wounded in the chest in the freeing of Palermo, but he recovered; it was reserved for him to die before Rome in 1867. The two others, who were in prison when the struggle of the 27th of May began, were set free by the people in the course of the day, when they rushed to the defence of the newly-erected barricades and both were killed. Thus far, the dreaded “worst” was absent in the news which reached Adelaide Cairoli of her own dear ones—though grievously injured, they were alive. But the shadow of death was also upon her house. Benedetto and Enrico being placed *hors de combat*, there remained no Cairoli fighting in the patriot army. This was not as it should be; so at least thought Luigi, who started instantly for Sicily. It must have cost him a double pang to leave the congenial repose of his quiet home for the perilous uncertainties of war, since he had lately given his heart to a beautiful girl, who returned his affection, and who was soon to become his wife. Luigi joined the volunteers as sub-lieutenant in Sirtori’s division. It is almost superfluous to add that he was noted for extreme valour in every action he took part in. Garibaldi mentions him as well as his brothers in the address to the ladies of Sicily, dated from Messina, in which he publicly signalizes Adelaide Cairoli as an example to them all. The enemy’s balls respected the life of the young student, who accompanied Sirtori to the mainland when the scene of operations was there transferred; but the Indian sun of Calabria proved more fatal than the Bourbon bullets. Worn out by forced marches under its burning rays, Luigi fell ill of fever at Cosenza: thence he was removed to Naples, where he died on the 13th of September, whilst the city was yet rejoicing in the first gladness of the freedom for which his life was a sacrifice. His body was buried at Groppello.

Benedetto’s convalescence was very slow, and he was still a great invalid when his mother received Garibaldi in the following spring, at her delightful villa on the Lago Maggiore. Nothing could exceed the General’s solicitude for his young friend; he lifted him about, settled him comfortably in the boat, was jealous

if any one else interfered in taking care of him. He was strong and vigorous then; it was before Aspromonte! One evening, after dinner, Garibaldi proposed to drink to the memory of Italian martyrs, for the moment not recollecting that Adelaide Cairoli was at his side. Suddenly he observed that she had become quite pale, and that tears were bursting from her eyes. He clasped her hand and kissed it, and then left the table, not able to hide his emotion. All night he walked up and down, reproaching himself; had she not suffered enough without his awakening her grief by his thoughtlessness?

From Garibaldi's point of view the liberation of the Two Sicilies was not a work complete in itself, but the means to an end, and the end was United Italy. The party of action grew to be more and more convinced that the questions of Roman and Venetian independence could only be settled by an appeal to arms, and that further they were bound to accept the responsibility of making this appeal, since there was no prospect of its emanating from the Government, though there were hopes that the latter might be induced or obliged to give assistance when once the enterprize was fairly started. These hopes were indirectly confirmed when Rattazzi, on being summoned to the premiership, requested Garibaldi to make a tour through the country in order to superintend the institution of the Tir National, or national shooting practice—a measure which appeared to have a strong political significance. People vaguely suspected that something was in the wind. Then more definite reports got afloat, and it was whispered that Garibaldi was planning an attack on the Trentino. Such was in reality the case, but the movement was abruptly and somewhat violently repressed by Government. Yet Garibaldi was encouraged to continue his tour, which everywhere took the character of a semi-royal progress. In the beginning of July he reached Sicily, and, foiled in his proposed attack on Austria, his thoughts went back to the old programme of an expedition which should start at Marsala and end at the Capitol. On the 19th of July he assembled a handful of his most faithful adherents in the cathedral of Marsala, where, with one voice, they raised the cry and took the oath of Rome or death. When he came out into the presence of the crowd he was greeted with loud acclamations; it seemed as though the people guessed that some act of peculiar

moment had been performed within the church. Near him walked a young man who attracted notice by his tall figure and handsome face, and the deep scar upon his forehead. This young man was Enrico Cairoli, who had not yet completed his twenty-second year, but whose character, which was naturally firm, serious, and constant, had been ripened into early development by sorrow. His brothers' deaths occasioned him no common grief, for he and they were united by an intimate spiritual sympathy which constituted a stronger bond than any mere ties of blood. He had spent long hours in solitary meditation beside their silent graves in the little chapel at Groppello. But he was not the one to make private trouble an excuse for shunning the active duties of life; and in the tedious time of his convalescence from his Sicilian wound he worked hard to qualify himself for the final medical examination—through which he passed with honours. He declined a tempting offer of the rank of major in the Royal army, being determined to adopt his father's profession. Not for one instant, however, did he hold himself exempt from the moral obligation of serving under the banner of his country's freedom whenever and wherever it might be raised; and thus in 1862 we find him back at his post in the van of Italian patriotism.

On the 1st of August Garibaldi joined a body of two or three thousand volunteers in the woods of Ficuzza. A Royal Proclamation was then published which denounced the expedition as treasonable; but there was a wide disposition to regard this and other measures launched against it in the light of so much dust flung in the eyes of foreign potentates. Everybody recollected how in 1860 the Sardinian army was professedly sent south "to combat the revolution personified in Garibaldi," and how somehow or other it ended by combating Lamoricière's Papalini instead. Circumstantial rumours were circulated of an understanding between the Prime Minister and the illustrious "rebel"—to this day it is the opinion of nine out of ten Italians that some such understanding did, at first, exist. Garibaldi was perfectly able to keep out of the way of the troops which were supposed—or were not supposed—to be in quest of him, and, what was still more surprising, was that he crossed over undisturbed into Calabria. His plan was to go on avoiding any encounter with the regulars, and to push forward with all

possible speed towards the Papal States. But threatening despatches arrived from Paris and, of a sudden, Rattazzi became most terribly in earnest. Somewhat after noon on the 29th of August the volunteers, not at present exceeding 1,000 or 1,500 men, stationed on the steeps of Aspromonte, discerned an advancing body of regulars. The Redshirts had been warned throughout in no case to use their arms against their brothers of the Italian Army, and Garibaldi repeated the injunction as he stood to the fore, looking through his spy-glass. When, on coming within range, the regulars began a sharp fusillade he passed down the front of his men exhorting them on no account to return it. The left and the centre heard his voice and obeyed; but before he could reach the extreme right, where Sicilian Picciotti were stationed, a responsive fire was opened from that quarter. It was at this juncture that Garibaldi was struck by two balls—one inflicting a slight, the other a very serious wound. He remained standing, uncovered his head, and waving his cap in the air, cried again to his men, “Don’t fire.” After he was led away to have his wounds examined under the shelter of a tree, his officers made every endeavour to carry out his orders, and no one strove more manfully or at greater personal risk against the horrors of civil conflict than Enrico Cairoli, who did all in his power by shouts, gestures, commands, and entreaties, to prevent resistance. “Cease firing” was sounded by the Garibaldian bugles, and in a few minutes the insubordinate Picciotti desisted; the whole calamitous affair ending about a quarter of an hour after it had begun. Hardly was the attack discontinued, when numbers of the regulars might be seen shaking hands and exchanging friendly greetings with the volunteers. Relations, acquaintances, old comrades, stumbled upon each other in this inauspicious meeting on the Bitter Mount. Enrico Cairoli hastened to where his General lay, and step by step he followed the litter, shaded with branches of wild laurel, on which Garibaldi was carried up rough and precipitous paths to the cabin of the shepherd Vincenzo, who, by a strange coincidence, recognised among his present visitors several volunteers to whom he had given refreshment when they were on their victorious march for Naples. Enrico did not leave Garibaldi until he was separated from him in the prison of Varignano and conveyed to a fort near Genoa. Here he was retained up to the issue of

the general amnesty, when he returned to Pavia, taking with him a stock of very painful memories.

All the Cairolis were engaged in the Austrian war of 1866; Benedetto and Enrico respectively as colonel and major in the 9th Regiment of Volunteers; Giovanni, who was now for the first time able to bear arms for his country, as subaltern in the regular army. After the stoppage of hostilities, Benedetto was decorated with the cross of an officer of the military order of Savoy, "for having shared in all the principal actions by the side of the general in command, notwithstanding that he was still suffering from wounds received in the former war." The silver medal for military valour was conferred upon Enrico in recognition of "intelligence and gallantry" displayed in the engagements of Condino and Bezzecca; and the Communal Council of Pavia made him one of its members as a mark of respect to the family. As for young Giovanni, he particularly distinguished himself on the fatal day of Custoza, when what the Archduke Albrecht called the "unendlich tapfer" of the Italian troops won the respect even of their victors.

Adelaide Cairoli had the happiness of seeing her three sons back under her roof without the slightest casualty having befallen them. Their good fortune was not extended to their cousins, the sons of Count Bono's second daughter, Ernesta Cavillani, one of whom was mortally wounded at Custoza, and another stricken with fatal illness whilst serving in the Trentino. Less lion-hearted than her sister, Signora Cavallini literally died of grief.

This year of 1866 brought independence to Venice, and only one great historic Italian city was left waiting for its freedom. It is astonishing how so many otherwise clear-sighted persons should still have refused to admit that *Roma capitale* was no Utopian dream, but one of those facts of the future which are no more doubtful than the facts of the past. There was, however, much more justification for uncertainty about the date of Rome's union with Italy. Behind the last remnant of the long disgrace of Europe, the mercenary force charged with the provisional defence of the Pope-King against his subjects—loomed the armies of the *grande nation*. To all save the few who believe there is a Nemesis on the watch for crowned as for uncrowned offenders, it seemed that the disposer of these armies

was never more firmly seated on his throne than when some twelve months after Sadowa he was presiding over the world's fair in the Champs de Mars. The hands of the Italian Government were tied by the September convention, and altogether the Roman question was at a species of dead-lock, as satisfactory to politicians who sought the prolongation of the existing state of affairs as it was the reverse to patriots who were impatient to see its end. And, apart from impatience, there were many who thought that the evil from which Italy was suffering had reached a stage when it was necessary to choose between trying an heroic remedy or allowing the mischief to become chronic. It appeared to them that in the former course there was less risk, or at least more hope, than in the latter, and the result was Garibaldi's Roman expedition. How far the Prime Minister approved, nay, supported the enterprise, is not known with any exactitude. It has been conjectured that by fits and starts he gave it both his approbation and his support. It has also been conjectured that had he been a Camillo Cavour instead of an Urban Rattazzi, Garibaldi would have entered Rome before a single French transport had left Toulon. The Italian army must perforce have followed him, and then nobody could have prevented the Romans from proclaiming Victor Emmanuel their king. Such was the grand possibility of the moment, and Napoleon's curious delay in despatching his troops almost favoured the idea that he himself was not totally averse from its realisation. But the Premier spoiled everything by his bungling, and the history of his administrations, which began with Novara and went on with Aspromonte, was to lead up to Mentana, though he had resigned when the final blow came.

The arrest of Garibaldi at Sinalunga on the 24th of September excited so strong a feeling throughout the country, that if the Government ever seriously meant to keep him shut up, they were soon induced to abandon the intention. A protest was presented to Parliament (one of the signers of which was Benedetto Cairoli), popular manifestations took place in great number; the very soldiers on guard over Garibaldi at Alessandria did nothing but shout, "Long live the hero of Italy!" and "Hurrah for Rome!" On the 27th it was announced that "in accordance with his own desire, seconded by the wish of the Government, the General was to return to Caprera;" and he left Alessandria

by special train for Genoa, where he was enthusiastically welcomed. There was no escort. Garibaldi had given his word that he would go to Caprera—questionless he would keep it; how long he meditated staying there was quite another thing. In the meantime the movement did not rest wholly in abeyance; but no event of importance occurred. At the time of which I write the Romans were without arms. It is essential to bear this fact well in mind in order to understand what follows. Had it stood alone, it would have gone very far to condemn them to inaction. It did not stand alone. In the past eighteen years the idea ever present with them, that the vast military resources of France were arrayed against their freedom, had told upon the spirit of the people, and the persons best fitted to fill their hearts with braver hope were far away. "What would you have?" said a poor old Roman to an English visitor, "all who can lead are in exile . . . all who have *la testa*." The natural leaders of the people of Rome were the 15,000 proscripts who for three years more were to taste the saltiness of *lo pane altrui*; the men who endeavoured to be their substitutes lacked authority and local knowledge. Still the greatest difficulty to be got over was the want of arms. Were this surmounted, it was not improbable that the citizens would recover their self-confidence, and show themselves able and ready to help in the efforts made on their behalf. Several clandestine attempts were made to supply the want; but the Papal police was on the alert, and they failed utterly. One expedient was yet untried—the introduction of arms from across the frontier by an armed force. This desperate measure, this forlorn hope, was planned and undertaken by Enrico Cairoli, faithful to his oath, "Rome or death."

The news spread like wildfire on the 20th of October that Garibaldi had escaped from Caprera in a canoe. The same day, in the town of Terni, while little children ran about the streets singing "*Andiamo a Roma santa*," Enrico Cairoli was completing the preparations for his heroic venture. At eight o'clock in the evening he and his companions—about seventy men from all parts of Italy—left that place, and after marching through the night, halted at ten next morning near Cantalupo. Each man received a franc with which to buy his breakfast. When they had rested a short while Enrico Cairoli read them an order of the day.

"The time draws near," he said, "when it will behove us to prove that we know how to *act*. If we are to succeed we must be organised; that is, we must agree to be placed under the conditions which permit of the greatest concentration or the widest extension of our force, conformable to the ground we shall have to traverse. I have decided, therefore, that our little band shall be constituted in the following manner:—One commander, E. Cairoli; one adjutant, E. de Verneda; one quartermaster, G. Muratti; three sectional commanders—Section I., G. Tabachi; section II., C. Isachi; section III., G. Cairoli. Every section to be composed of five sub-divisions, each made up of four persons and a head. Friends, I feel it to be once more my duty to remind you that the undertaking is difficult—more than hazardous—desperate. I know your valour. I will not speak to you of the peril, of the extreme fatigue, we shall have to go through. But if any one among you, from circumstances over which his will has no control, is not fit to follow us, let him frankly declare it, inasmuch as he would have the remorse of causing damage to the operation. Whosoever is indisposed or footsore is bound not to conceal it, for woe betide him if, persisting, his illness masters him when we are on other ground. He must choose . . . a different road, and we will salute him with, 'Adieu, till we meet in Rome!' We shall be *en route* at four o'clock."

The address is like its author—modest, generous, honourable. Once again, for the last time, the young captain spoke to his comrades, saying that all who followed him must be ready to lay down their lives, and bidding who would proceed to proceed, who would withdraw to withdraw. Not one of them turned his back on "Rome or death."

The rain was falling in torrents when the volunteers resumed their journey. Somewhat before midnight they stopped at a hostelry not far from Passo Sfondato, where they encountered several Italian cavalry officers who were eager to shake them by the hand and wish them well. Thence they marched to Passo Corese, which was reached at eight o'clock in the morning of the 22nd of October. A few minutes more and they had crossed the fictitious frontier line which they desired to blot out with their blood. A waggon accompanied them loaded with 300 muskets. The next halt was made on coming in sight of the

Tiber, upon whose waters one large boat and sundry smaller craft lay in readiness for them. They embarked at three o'clock, and the strength of the current bore them swiftly down the river. The rain had ceased; "never was anything more poetic than our voyage," writes Giovanni Cairoli; "even the tints of the sky had their influence in promoting that spiritual serenity which the lofty scope of our undertaking demanded, and which was therefore a duty. There was one of those beautiful after-glows enjoyed by the dwellers in Rome and the Agro, and characterised by the little golden clouds strewn over the sky, to which they give the pretty name of *lamps*. Perhaps it is the finest crepuscule to be seen in Italy: the Roman heavens are in that hour more interesting, more rich in mystic beauty, than the splendid sky which inspired Tasso's divine verse—the sky of Sorrento. Our souls were quiet; even the mental clouds which crossed them, now and then, at the thought of mother, or other dear ones, harmonised with the golden flocks overhead, because they too seemed sunlit: ours by the sun of liberty that guided our perilous enterprise."

Through the night profound stillness prevailed, but few if any of the travellers slept. Enrico Cairoli stood at the prow, silent and thoughtful, his face turned fixedly towards Rome, as though his eyes sought the outline in the darkness. At the mouth of the Teverone there was stationed a boat carrying a Papal guard; a party of volunteers boarded it, disarmed the men, and took them prisoner. By two o'clock the Seventy were close to Ponte Molle (Pons Milvius), a couple of miles from the Porta del Popolo. It was here that they expected to receive certain instructions by means of signals from the patriotic agents within the city. They listened attentively, and kept a sharp look-out, but there was not a sound except the tinkling of distant bells, nor were there any lights visible in the starless night. The absence of these signals, which was the prime cause of the failure of the expedition, has never been thoroughly accounted for, but it is pretty clear that there must have existed some misunderstanding between Cairoli and the Insurrectionary Committee.

The uncertainty in which they were placed prevented the Seventy from moving a step forwards or backwards, and as the night wore on their position became hourly more critical. Still

they did not renounce the luxury of hoping for the best. Enrico Cairoli's present plan—if action could any way be concerted with the Insurrectionary Committee—was to convey the muskets into Rome under cover of the night, to arm 300 picked citizens, who were to be in waiting on the bank of the river, and to join with them in heading an immediate rising. By the light of subsequent events we can estimate the importance of this scheme had it proved practicable: a revolution in Rome on the 23rd of October would have meant no more and no less than Garibaldi's triumphal entry after his victory at Monte Rotondo on the 24th.

Cold and wet with the heavy mist of the autumnal night, the Seventy watched and waited for the return of a boatman—an old Redshirt—who was sent to obtain news of the condition of the city. The man did indeed return, but he had nothing encouraging to tell. It seemed that, by a fatality which could not have been foreseen, the expedition had arrived just twenty-four hours too late. The revolutionary movement, which was on the verge of breaking out the day before, had been stifled in its birth; Rome was tranquil. A young artist named Candida was now sent to the committee to inquire what remained to be done, but he did not come back. At length day dawned, and the dawn brought with it almost the certitude of death and defeat. As it was obviously necessary to quit the boats, the volunteers landed on the left bank of the Tiber, and retired to a marshy field under the Monti Parioli. They explored the environs, and, finding them unoccupied, their captain ordered them to ascend the height. The third section, with Giovanni Cairoli in command, was the first to gain the summit, the others quickly following. The mists had cleared away—the morning was as bright and balmy as a day in June. From the hill-top the dome of St. Peter's could be seen glistening in the earliest rays of the sun, and there went up from the little band a spontaneous cry of "*Là è Roma!*" More than one of the Seventy looked on Rome that day for first and a last time.

On the Monti Parioli there is a vineyard with a farmhouse and buildings belonging to the Gloria family, and here it was that the volunteers took up their position. After a while a scout noticed a body of Pontifical Dragoons on the Roman high-road, but it turned suddenly and retraced its steps. Enrico Cairoli sent a third messenger into Rome, a native of Trieste called

Muratti, who went in by the *Porta del Popolo*, putting the sentries off their guard by addressing them in German. From what may be gathered from the statement of the Insurrectionary Committee, it seems that by the hour when Muratti reached them—about one o'clock—the gates were closed, and further egress from the city was impossible. The answer they would have made had they been able to transmit any communication, was to the effect that they would strain every nerve in the course of the ensuing night to bring out a number of Roman youths, as near as might be corresponding to that of Cairoli's muskets, with a view to arranging an attack upon one of the gates. Had this answer reached the Seventy, it could not have altered their fortunes. Between four and five o'clock, when they had almost come to the conclusion that for the moment at least they were safe, Giovanni Cairoli, who was stationed on the highest ground, informed Enrico that numerous bands of Papal soldiers were advancing in the direction of *Vigna Gloria*. The enemy's force was composed partly of Papal Zouaves, partly of men of the *Antibes Legion*, in which it was said there were many French soldiers in receipt of pay from the Imperial exchequer. The attack was quickly opened, but so vigorously was it repelled that the Papalini fell back—to return, however, supported by fresh reinforcements. Enrico Cairoli gave the command to charge with the bayonet, and rushed forward at the head of his men to the cry of "*Viva Roma, Viva Garibaldi!*" Giovanni, whom chance had thrown a little in the rear, shouted to his brother, "Wait a minute, Enrico, let us go together." Nothing heeding, Enrico pursued his way, and Giovanni overtook him only in time to catch him in his arms, wounded in the cheek and in the breast. "Dastardly French!" he had cried as the foreign bullets shot him down. Whilst Giovanni was bearing his burden out of the confusion, a ball struck him in the forehead, and, his strength failing him, he sank to the ground, his arms still clasped about his brother's neck. He battled with his faintness, so that he might hear the few sentences Enrico was able to stammer forth: "I am dying, you know, Giovannino; I am dying. Let me be buried by Ernesto and Luigi. Greet Mamma—Benedetto—my friends. The problem is solved . . ." The younger brother mistook the exhaustion caused by loss of blood for the approach of death, and he answered, "I am also dying, Enrico." As

they lay there, the Pope's mercenaries thrust their bayonets again and again into their flesh. The diminishing remnant of the Seventy went on gallantly resisting its threefold superior opponent. The Papalini tried without success to get between the house and the volunteers, who, at the end of half-an-hour's hard fighting, took up their stand within the building, intending to defend it to the last man. To their surprise the firing very soon ceased, and they discovered, on coming out, that the enemy had disappeared. The attack was not renewed, so they applied themselves to collecting their dead and wounded, who amounted to about a third of their full number. They found that their captain had been dead some time. Giovanni, who for a while had lost his consciousness, was employed in trying to succour a wounded fellow-citizen. The dead and wounded were placed under shelter, and their comrades stayed with them for the best part of the night, hourly expecting a fresh assault. As nothing of the kind occurred, Giovanni urged on them the wisdom of retiring from a position which plainly could not be tenable for long, and they dispersed, a few at a time, taking with them such of the wounded as could be moved. The rest, including Giovanni, were left in charge of three companions. The bulk of those who departed got across the frontier into the Italian kingdom; two or three lost their way and were made prisoners; several were arrested on entering the city, under the delusion that something might still be done. The remaining dead and wounded were conveyed in rude country carts down the streets of Rome in the course of the following day—the day upon which Garibaldi's ill-fed, ill-armed boys routed the Papal troops at Monte Rotondo. Rather more than a week after, the Garibaldini were well-nigh getting another success, when the big battalions of France hurried up to try experiments with their new breech-loader. "The chassépôts did wonders." The name of Napoleon became connected with a new victory—that of Mentana. Three years later an Emperor and a Pope lost their thrones, France lost two provinces, and Italy gained one. These were among the "wonders" wrought by General de Failly's chassépôts.

Giovanni Cairoli's friends had to endure weeks of cruel uncertainty as to whether he was alive or dead. Then strange rumours got abroad: he was said to be in one of the Roman hospitals, and to have had a remarkable interview with Pio

Nono. All mystery was at length dispelled by his arriving—unlooked for as a ghost—at the Florence railway station, with his hair cropped and his clothes soiled and ragged, but “in pretty good case,” so it was reported, “for a man who had received only six weeks before a rifle bullet in his head and four bayonet thrusts in his body.” Some of his wounds were still open. He had never conversed with the Pope, for the good reason that the latter never visited the hospital where he was lying; he had, however, seen and spoken to Monsignor Stonor, an ecclesiastic belonging to a noble English Catholic family, who showed much kindness towards the wounded Redshirts. The Papal authorities treated Giovanni as a political prisoner, not as a prisoner of war, and the strongest efforts were made to extort from him a promise never more to bear arms against the Pope’s Government. One fine day he was unexpectedly sent off to Florence, which he reached in the state above described, and which he left again at once for Groppello, where his arrival had been preceded by the sad ceremony of the home-bringing of Enrico’s remains. Powerful influence was believed to have been exerted to obtain his release. For more than a year hopes were cherished that his injuries were not incurable, and even that their cure was already far advanced; but in the beginning of 1869 acute symptoms set in of a kind that destroyed all prospect of recovery. The next eight months formed one prolonged death agony, supported without a murmur of complaint or regret. Not in his worst paroxysms of excruciating pain did Giovanni Cairoli repent having renounced all things that he might die for Rome. Yet his life was well worth living: as youngest born he had been ever as it were the spoiled child of the family, and the greater world outside his private circle had smiled on him hardly less kindly than the little world within it. A captain of artillery when he was scarcely twenty-three, with a high reputation for personal gallantry and the prestige of a name synonymous with patriotism, he was sure to attain brilliant and early distinction in his profession. But these reflections, if he made them, weighed lightly on his mind; his only real sorrow was the grief he involuntarily caused his mother by his sufferings. At his dying hour his brain was crowded with confused thoughts of the great objects of his political faith, and in his delirium he spoke of Italy and Garibaldi, of Enrico and victory and Rome. He

died on the 11th of September, 1869, a few days after his twenty-sixth birthday. The wound in his head had healed long before. What killed him was an internal injury due to the bayonet thrusts inflicted by the Pope's soldiers whilst he was stretched helpless on the ground listening to his brother's last messages of love.

"After the sons, the mother died." So ends the sublime story of martyrdom written in the book of Maccabees, once said by Mazzini to seem as if it was meant expressly for the Italians. The words adapt themselves singularly to the story told in these pages, and, still keeping to the language of the old Hebrew author, we may add:—"The mother was marvellous above all, and worthy of honourable memory." Adelaide Cairolis could not well be made the subject of an elaborate biography. Her name can find no place in heated discussions as to the fitness or capacity of women for a share in public life. Her mission on earth was at once so high and so humble that it removes her out of the sphere of contested opinion. She sought no sort of publicity; she was mild, courteous, charitable—the model of every domestic virtue. She never knew the quickened pulses, the intenser consciousness, the swift, ardent life, which is their portion who are the makers of history. Sorrow came to her in its nakedness—it was her lot to stand aside and to suffer. Nevertheless it was by no accidental circumstance that her sons were what they were; they did but obey the precepts she had given them, and act in accordance with the code of duty she had laid down. As one after the other of the children who had been the charge and comfort of her widowhood went forth to convert her teaching into deeds—as one after the other they were brought back lifeless to her door, she was aware that as she had sown so she had reaped; and she was content, accounting herself, if most unhappy, yet most enviable. The deepening of the furrows of care, the saddening of the calm smile, alone betrayed the anguish of the mother wrestling with the fortitude of the patriot. Adelaide Cairolis's patriotism was broad and simple, and untainted by the transient irritations of party politics. In her youth, she saw her country possessed of nothing except a splendid past; she desired for it the advent of a commensurate future. She saw it divided, oppressed, impotent; she desired that it might be united, free, powerful—in

a word, that Italy might exist. And, believing that she was of the generation which should witness this thing brought about, she esteemed no sacrifice too great. Love of country was not, with her, a vague or spasmodic sentiment: it was the master-passion of her life—of the woman of seventy as of the girl of seventeen. In trials like hers, all the sympathy in the world can give no consolation, if by that is implied a lightening of the load of sorrow; at the same time, she took a melancholy pleasure in the tokens of loving homage sent to Groppello from every part of the Peninsula, recognising them as a proof that Italy remembered with gratitude the faithful service of her sons. These mementoes she arranged in the room that contained the tattered and riddled accoutrements in which the brothers had fought and fallen. She was careful to acknowledge even the slightest testimony of respect and good will. Replying to one of the many addresses presented after the affair of Vigna Gloria she wrote the following lines, which have a pathetic interest:—

“May the blood of my darling Enrico, and of my other and our other martyrs, not have been shed in vain. In the confident hope that better days will come, and that at no distant date, for our unfortunate country, I find the courage to live and struggle on, supported by the tender affection of my two dear survivors.”

One of these “dear survivors” was to be taken from her, and at the loss of her youngest born, the strong brave heart gave way. After Giovanni’s death, Adelaide Cairoli was never the same; she strove valiantly to regain the grave cheerfulness which had characterised her through life, but the task was beyond her power. She lived, however, until the 17th of March, 1871. By that time Rome was the capital of Italy—the problem was solved.

“There are emotions,” said Benedetto Cairoli, in thanking those who came to Groppello to attend the ceremony of unveiling his mother’s statue, “which forbid words; but your hearts will understand me. The feeling that prompted this display of affection will tell you how impossible it is for me to give just expression to my gratitude. In this house—that was once the refuge of my sorrows, and that even now, after the new birth of home consolations, is made the dwelling of my choice, alike by

the ties of memory and by the bonds of duty—soul and mind are often under the empire of those transporting thoughts which out-soar the earthly horizon ; but the lips hold their peace. . . . I turn, in the first place, to the promoters of the monument. The honours rendered to the holy woman who gave her life many times over to the fatherland in the lives of her children, are to me the most availing balm against the blows of fortune ; but I am aware of the higher scope embraced in the initiative of our worthy municipality. By the act of leaving an enduring mark of its tribute to the glorious dead, not alone does it console the survivors—it speaks also to the multitude, and as it were transmits a lesson to posterity. For in honouring the virtue of sacrifice with lasting testimony of admiration, you point to it as an example.” Having alluded to the time “when the devotion of mothers prepared the country’s triumph,” he went on : “The union of all classes and parties in homage paid to martyrdom is a symbol of the sublime faith that inspired it, and of the sentiment of nationality which welded together the arms and the conscience of all in the hour of battle. The comfort I have to-day received is an encouragement to duty—from whose path, however, I have not swerved, because it was illuminated by a light issuing from these tombs.”

Piety for the dead, hope for the country, for himself duty. In November, 1877, he was the first speaker at another sad festival, the uncovering of the memorial to all who died in the campaign that ended at Mentana. The morning of the gathering was dull and overcast, but as Benedetto Cairoli mounted the steps of the monument, raised six or seven feet above the crowd, a clear ray of sunshine burst from the stormy sky, falling full upon his grey-streaked hair, whilst it threw into relief the names of the slain engraved in red letters on the stone, and the bright tints of the flags grouped near its base—old Rome’s crimson and orange mingling with the Italian tricolour. A murmur of “Bello ! bello !” passed from mouth to mouth among the Roman folk—their ancestors’ true children in readiness to accept an omen. They might well exclaim “Bello !” as they gazed at that illuminated face which a painter or sculptor would have fixed upon who had sought for a life-time the outward semblance of a hero. No one could help noticing the finely-shaped, massive head, the large, expressive eyes, the regular profile, above all,

the kind calm mouth ; while few who knew him, whatever were their opinions, were long able to resist the charm of his manner, the conciliation of his voice. In him was something that made one feel that he was separated from the generality—a feeling a man inspires now and then, at intervals, in which no doubt first originated the name of saint. His critics were wont to say that he soared in such blue ether as to be ignorant of the needs incidental to our grosser atmosphere. Dumb animals trusted him instinctively—a magpie which he nursed when wounded stayed about the house for years, with other furred and feathered favourites. Probably not a soul nourished the least personal dislike towards Cairoli. When travelling in Austria, near the end of his life, the aristocracy and the high military and civil authorities went out of their way to treat him with a distinction extraordinary in that exclusive empire. He was himself one of the few Italians who do not think it necessary to introduce public differences into private life. He was on the best terms with the curé of his village, with whom he would often sit down to a game of cards ; and he had at least one intimate friend among the higher clergy within the Vatican. It was remarked that when he was in power, the Italian religious missions in the East were liberally protected. A pretty story is told of how when wounded in 1860 at the Ponte dell' Ammiraglio at Palermo, he was at first taken into the humble abode of a poor priest, Padre Conforto, who watched him night and day till he was removed to the Palazzo Reale, where his first succourer went often to visit him. When he returned to Palermo in 1881 as Prime Minister, and entered by the king's side the palace where he formerly lay wounded, he sent instantly to find and fetch the good priest, who soon appeared in the grand reception room, shy and confused amid a throng of government officials and court functionaries. Cairoli went straight to him, and after embracing him, made him sit beside him, and scolded him for never having turned the old friendship to account. “ Why did you never write to me ? ” he complained.

On Benedetto Cairoli's private life the fierce light which surrounds public men beat without discovering a flaw—but still it beat. It would be an affectation of reserve were I to pass over in silence that “ new birth of home consolations ” of which he spoke so thankfully. He had spent his youth for Italy alone,

and he had never thought of love or marriage, till on his mother's death-bed she gave him the advice, and almost the command, to marry. His friends, knowing this, looked about for a wife for him—one young lady who was asked whether she would marry him, answered that she would not “because he could not dance with her.” Then, as ever after, he had to walk with a stick in consequence of the wounds received at Palermo. Clearly she was no hero-worshipper and no wife for a hero. Ultimately he met one who proved more than a fitting—an incomparable—helpmate; one who from her earliest girlhood had cherished the ideal of a spotless knight whose eyes had never been cast on another woman, and who had vowed, if she did not find him, to wed no one. The Contessa Elena Sizzo, daughter of a Trentine nobleman, achieved what seemed impossible; she brought back sunshine into her husband's life. Brilliant, accomplished, full of tact and sympathy, she devoted all her gifts to lightening his burdens and embellishing his home. And he remained for her to the end always the realisation of her girlhood's dream—the perfect hero, the spotless knight, or rather, as the years wore on, she saw in his character a sweetness and supporting strength which she had not dreamt of. “My husband was more than ever an angel for me,” she wrote at the death of her father in 1880.

Benedetto Cairoli belonged to the party which, had it been theirs to choose, would have established Italian unity on a republican basis, but which maintained that “no one has the right to substitute his own will or that of his section for the national will.” With Mazzini, who wrote these words, they said to Victor Emmanuel: “We will have one, united Italy—will you unite her? if so, we will stand by you.” The point they had to decide was whether the king was acting up to his part in the unwritten pact; whether he was a patriot striving for the good of his country, cost what it might to him, or a royal dice-thrower, led on, but at the said time hampered, by ambition? Some of the republican party took the first view; some took the second. Cairoli was among the former, and on twenty fields between the Alps and Sicily he fought ungrudgingly in the name of the sovereign “who,” to use his own eloquent words, “risked his peace and life and throne to listen to the cry of grief ascending from his people.” Every new instalment of the secret

history of those days confirms this appreciation of Victor Emmanuel's character, and shows him, not only morally, but also intellectually, to have been something very different from the daring soldier with few brains—a passive instrument in the hands of an astute minister, which was once the common European estimate of him.

Cairoli's gospel was one of concord; he was never tired of urging that without moral unity, political unity can avail nothing. His parliamentary life began on the day on which he sailed with the *Thousand* for Marsala—the 5th of May, 1860—when he was elected for the constituency of Brivio. The first time he voted in the little Turinese Chamber of Deputies (not the least worth visiting now of Italy's memorial places) was the occasion of a striking scene. He was then thirty-five, fair, and young-looking for his years—physical suffering gives a look of youth before it has time to age—his wounds, still most painful, made it impossible for him to rise, which is the custom when voting, and quite unconscious of the effect he was about to produce, he held up his crutch instead. A thrill went through the Chamber; flowers were thrown down on him from the balconies; Brofferio, poet and historian, pressed forward to kiss him—even Cavour, the impassable, applauded warmly from the ministerial bench.

Next year, and ever after, he was returned for his native town, Pavia, to which he was always faithful, though elected in Rome and other large cities with the option of choosing his constituency. He held no ministerial office till 1878. It was at the last New Year's Day reception of Victor Emmanuel that he was introduced to the Crown Prince Humbert, who expressed his gratification at making his acquaintance, and remarked that he well remembered young Giovanni, who had served under his command at Custoza. Eight days later Humbert was King of Italy. In the month of March, a change of ministry became unavoidable, and Cairoli, who had just been appointed Speaker to the Chamber, was called upon to form a Cabinet. During his short tenure of the Speaker's chair, he addressed the House in terms which convey his unflagging confidence in the vitality and stability of the State, be the ups and downs of parliamentary government what they might. "Parties dissolve, one assembly succeeds to another, the ministers pass away; but the nation, born in tears, matured in martyrdom, built up by the valour of her sons—this

is an edifice that does not crumble to decay, this is a Pharos whose light grows not dim." Of the choice that had been made of himself, he said: "There are persons who represent programmes, names which, without any special merit in those who bear them, express a loftier meaning, a high idea, through the light reflected on them from the graves of the dead. They remind the living of the blood that sealed the right sanctioned by the plebiscites after triumphing on the battle-field, bearing aloft a glorious banner under which are gathered hearts, hands, and human wills, resolved to fulfil a sacred duty." After some delay a ministry was formed, and Cairoli entered upon the cares of office. It was no secret that the young king was well satisfied to have for his adviser a man for whom he entertained the most profound esteem, but it is unlikely that the proffered trust was accepted without somewhat of regret. Cairoli had now to exchange the simple heroic part of the soldier always ready to give his life for his country for the perplexing, the almost contaminating, rôle of the statesman. He had to quit the quiet of home life for the wearing exigencies of official routine, which from the uncertain state of his health could not fail to be peculiarly trying to him. The time of his accession to the Presidency of the Council was one of unexampled difficulty; there was a new king of tried courage but of untried capacity, full of upright intention but in a way unknown to his people; there was a new Pope, whose policy might introduce a grave and unfamiliar element into the politics of the Italian kingdom; there were in Europe rumours of wars and of settlements which must cause Italy disappointment if not peril; worse than all, the existing Chamber of Deputies was so constituted as to leave small hopes for the accomplishment of any important legislation. Cairoli brought to the task not laurels only, but the rarer white flower of an unsullied reputation, nor did that flower lose its blossoms in the air of an official residence. Politically, few ministers have been more attacked; personally, no one ever said a word against him.

It would not be profitable to follow step by step the course of his two administrations: one lasting from March 24th to December 19th, 1878, and the other (during which he was Foreign Minister as well as President of the Council) from July 14th, 1879, to May 29th, 1881. His own description of

himself as "più onesto che abile" was often quoted against him by people of whom, perhaps, the reverse might have been said, and the climax of fault-finding was reached when the French occupation of Tunis took all Italy, including the Government, by surprise. Cairoli fell from power rather than make explanations which would have further embittered the feeling between the two countries; but he is reported to have remarked to the French ambassador, the day before he resigned, that he was the last Italian minister who would be friendly to France.

His ministerial life will be probably best remembered now that he is dead and beyond the cries of parties, by the circumstance which made him the saviour of his king.

On the 17th of November, 1878, King Humbert made his entry into Naples, accompanied by the Queen, the boy Crown Prince, and Benedetto Cairoli. It seems that the latter accidentally took his seat in the carriage opposite the King, etiquette requiring that place to be occupied by the Crown Prince; on finding out his mistake he offered to change, but the answer was that it did not signify. When the procession had reached S. Giovanni à Carbonara, a number of petitioners pressed round the carriage, which was quite unprotected, the King having forbidden the mounted escort to ride beside it. It was then that a man named Passanante, advancing under the pretence of presenting a petition, pulled out a dagger, and dealt a blow at the King, who caught it in his arm as he sprang to his feet and struck his assailant with his sword. The man aimed another blow, this time at the heart, but at the same moment Queen Margaret uttered a cry of "Cairoli, save the King!" and the Prime Minister threw himself upon the would-be assassin, whose knife ran deep into his flesh. He held him by his hair as in a vice, in spite of his violent struggles, till an officer of cuirassiers rode up and secured him.* In two minutes the procession moved on, no one noticing anything particular in the bearing of the occupants of the royal carriage, except that Cairoli was smiling radiantly. During the half-hour's drive to the palace he lost much blood: the stab he had intercepted would have cut the femoral artery had it borne in the slightest degree more that direction. It was the same leg

* When the King was assassinated at Monza, very many Italians exclaimed: "If Cairoli had been there, he would have saved him!"

that had been crippled in the war of liberation in Sicily. On the 22nd, the King went to him in his bed and gave him the gold medal for military valour, with many affectionate expressions. The Sunday after he travelled with the royal family to Rome, though his wound was not properly healed, a step which went near to imperilling his recovery. Happily the fever and local inflammation that set in, subsided, and he was able in the early days of December to receive in the Chamber the curious coincidence of an ovation such as has been seldom witnessed, and a defeat which sealed the fate of his first ministry.

After he was attacked by his fatal complaint, heart disease, he took little part in active affairs, and became more and more looked upon as one superior to the ephemeral disputes of the hour. A French writer, M. Ranc, of the *République Française*, said accurately of him, that "he was the most beautiful personification of the Italian revolutionary legend." While he lived, Italy felt that she had still a living glory which nothing in her history overshadowed, and the Italians, who have been called ultra-practical and materialistic, clung with passionate anxiety to the life of this man who was great because he was good. He had only to rally from an attack of illness to be greeted with astonishing exhibitions of affection, which might have made a stranger ask what recent signal benefit he had conferred on his countrymen.

After one of these partial recoveries, the King sent him the highest honour in his power to give, the Order of the Annunciata, the knights of which are called the sovereign's cousins. Always scrupulous about the duties of courtesy as about all other duties, he insisted on dragging himself to the Quirinal, though still very ill, to tender his thanks in person. Benedetto Cairoli was amongst the very few whom King Humbert addressed with the familiar "thou" and by his Christian name. In truth, he was "Benedetto" for all around him, for every old comrade-in-arms or poor fellow-townsmen as for the King.

A mark of homage, which pleased him the better because it was paid as much to his family as to himself, was the petition, promptly granted, of the village of Groppello to be called in future "Groppello-Cairolis."

He suffered much from insomnia, and in one of these sleepless

nights he smilingly asked a friend who was sitting up with him what he thought about making one's will—was it lucky or unlucky? “With us in Rome,” said the friend, Federico Napoli, “they say that it is lucky,” and he went on laughing and storytelling in order to amuse the invalid. But after a little while Cairoli returned to the subject, and said that he wished to make his will that night, nor would he be persuaded to put it off till the morrow. Napoli gave him writing materials, and he wrote, read and sealed the document, and gave it into his friend's custody with the remark, “You have done me a real favour; now I feel easier, I feel better.” Before long he went quietly to sleep. In this will, which was published after his death, he leaves his entire fortune to the Contessa Elena, “who was the smile of his life and his continual comfort,” barring bequests to the infant schools of Gropello, Pavia, and Belgirate and to the poor of Gropello.

He had thought of making larger charitable bequests, but the reduction of his once considerable fortune did not allow of it. It is calculated that he left something less than a third of what his mother possessed when her husband died. During the time that he was Prime Minister he had drawn on his capital more than £4,000, because he devoted his official salary to defraying expenses commonly borne by the State, such as the payment of secretaries, the cost of carriages, illuminations, &c. He even paid £160 a year for the apartment—a modest one—which he occupied at the Consulta, the vast reception rooms of which were only used on State occasions. While he thus saw his fortune diminishing, it never occurred to him—as it occurred to most men of all classes in the speculating madness which followed the transference of the capital to Rome—to try and make money by the new state of things. He never lent even his name to anything of the nature of a financial speculation. It followed that men whose minds were engrossed in stocks and investments hardly found themselves in their element with him; artists and authors, on the contrary, were at home in his house; he was intensely fond of music, and would even sit down and play when the conversation waxed loud enough to give him courage. During the time that they lived in Rome, he and his wife were to be seen at most “first nights” at the opera, and later, whenever his illness relaxed its hold on him, he would not miss the

chance of being present at musical events. He was delighted with the production of Verdi's *Otello*—the last time I saw him he expressed to me his boundless admiration for that triumph of Italian art.

Latterly there had to be a cessation of the old, pleasant, informal life at Belgirate, where every evening one saw gathered a friendly little society, the Contessa Elena charming every one by her bright presence, and the host by his cordial greeting and conversation, in which there was never a trivial or unkind word. Yet even when the stairs were too much for him, rather than disappoint his visitors, Cairoli would talk to them from the balcony which adjoined his private room.

He would not give up his visits to Gropello, though the cold damp climate of the plains of Piedmont was the worst possible for his health. While he was staying there in the early part of 1889, he grew seriously worse, and for months neither he nor his wife, who was the most devoted of nurses, was visible except to the oldest friends of the family. In the summer, the King begged him to accept once more the hospitality of the royal villa at Capodimonte above Naples, where the life-giving air had done wonders for him in the previous year. Somewhat unwillingly he consented, and for a short time after his arrival he seemed much better. Then he became worse, and he was heard to say frequently, "Why did not you let me die quietly at Gropello?" Yet an immediate catastrophe was not feared. On the 7th of August, however, his condition was admitted to be serious, and next morning he had a fainting fit from which he did not recover. Just before it came on, he had tried to rise from his bed, and had said to some one who wished to support him: "I am a soldier; I should know how to get up by myself."

He was taken from Naples to Gropello, where he would have liked so well to die. His wife faced the terrible ordeal of that journey, which even respect for her sorrow could not prevent from being almost a triumphal progress. Her own desire was that all should be done simply and privately; in such hours the hearts most deeply wounded in a national loss must envy the poorest peasant who may stand and weep alone beside his disregarded dead!

Lives like these must be viewed as a whole if their true value is to be appraised. We see in them a text that transcends its

illustrations; they show us a steady realisation of a high ideal that is finer than the finest isolated actions. The Cairolis made their father's name a part of the inheritance of Italy, and to their share falls the honour most worth coveting. "There is an honour, likewise," says Bacon, "which may be ranked amongst the greatest, which happeneth rarely—that is, of such as sacrifice themselves to death or danger for the good of their country."

The answer — (It is very simple)

True Allegory has nothing to do with justice

main

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